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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

WITH LIFE.

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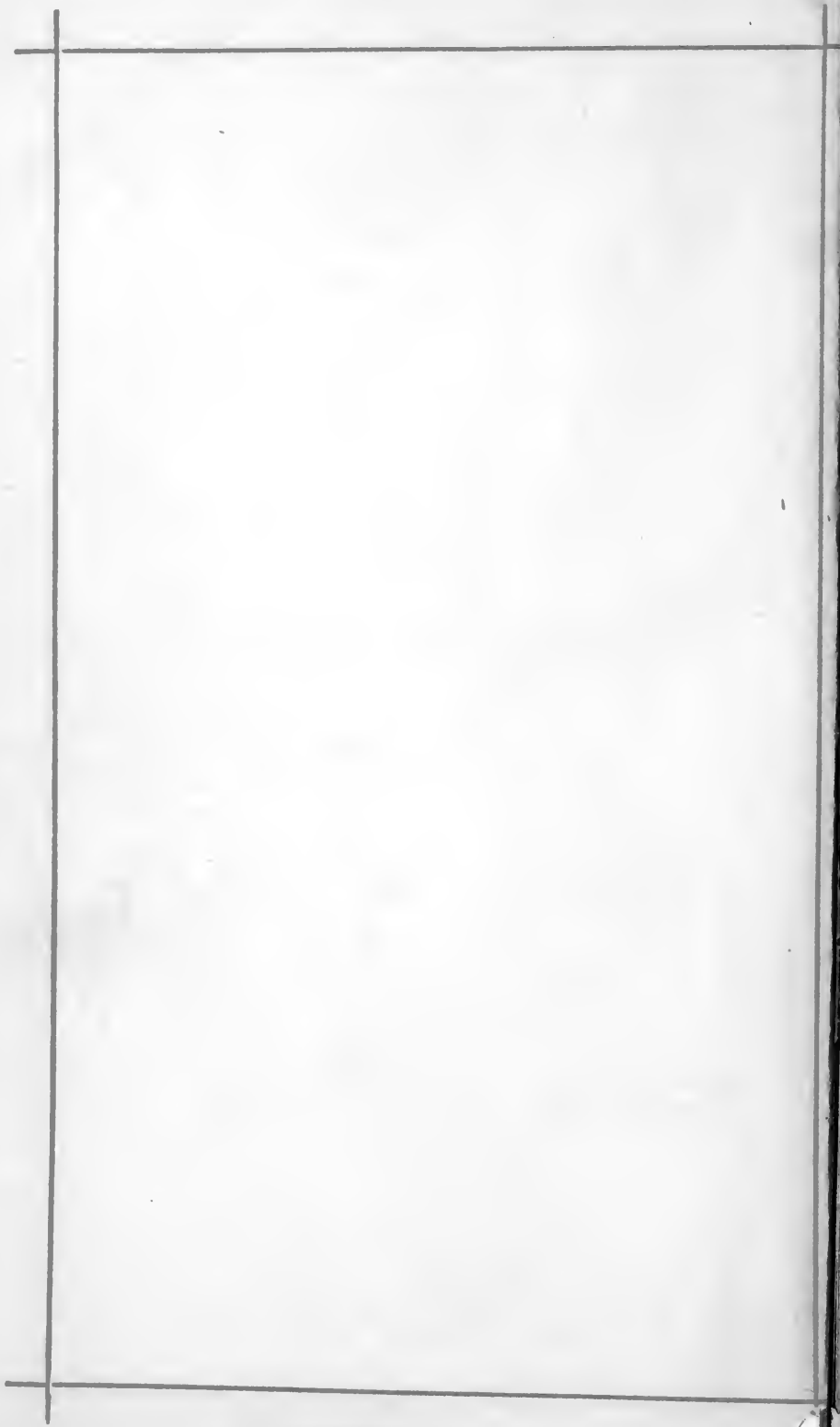
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LIFE
OF
JOHN MILTON.



THE
LIFE OF JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born on the morning of the 9th December 1608, in Bread Street, London.

He was of an ancient Oxfordshire family that lost its estates during the "Wars of the Roses." His grandfather, a violent Romanist, was keeper of the forest of Shotover near Halton, in the ancestral county of the Miltons; and his father, on being disinherited for becoming a Protestant, established himself in London as a scrivener. To this profession he applied himself with so great success that he was at length able to retire from it with a considerable fortune; but, at the same time, he cultivated the polite arts, particularly music, of which he was both a performer and a composer. Milton's father therefore belonged to that superior order of minds in which a taste for the beautiful coexists with a just appreciation of the useful, so that the gratification of the one interferes not with the pursuit of the other. His mother too is said to have been an excellent woman; and thus our poet enjoyed the inestimable blessing of being brought up under good parents. As his father, having suffered for changing his religion, no doubt strenuously maintained the rights of conscience, so this circumstance in the family history must be held as having recommended religious liberty to the future championship of the son.

Before being sent to St Paul's School, London, he was instructed at home by Thomas Young, a puritan, who afterwards became chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburgh, and this connexion probably tended to bias Milton's young mind

against the established order of things in church and state. In his early studies Milton manifested, instead of the waywardness usually attributed to genius, rather the laboriousness which is allowed to be the appanage of talent; for we are informed that from his twelfth year he used to study till midnight, an excessive application which, if it made him a first-rate classical scholar by 1625, when he went to Christ's College, Cambridge, also weakened his eyesight, and indeed was probably the remote cause of the total blindness with which he was ultimately affected.

He remained seven years at the University, taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1629, and that of Master of Arts in 1632. Whether Milton was a favourite at Cambridge may be doubted from his subsequent hostility to the Universities; but it is not true, as some of his opponents in fierce controversy afterwards alleged, that he was expelled, though Dr Johnson inclines to think that he was rusticated for some misdemeanour of which Milton himself however seems not to have been ashamed. It is superfluous to say that he became a proficient in mathematics; but it is important to observe that his poetical exercises during these years of academic discipline, were characterized by the same maturity of thought and dignity of expression which pervade his later compositions. He therefore misjudged himself when, at the age of 23, he wrote, in a fit of dejection perhaps,

“ But my late spring no bud or blossom show'th,”

and forecast his capabilities more justly at the age of nineteen, when in a vacation exercise he addresses the English language as desiring to make it the vehicle of some long and lofty flight. It would appear from the following extract, that the outlines of some grand conception, if not of *Paradise Lost* itself, were already floating in his brain:—

“ Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
 My service in some greater subject use,
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door
 Look in, and see each blissful deity
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,

Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire ;
 Then passing through the scenes of watchful fire,
 And misty regions of wide air next under,
 And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
 May tell at length how green eyed Neptune raves,
 In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When beldame Nature in her cradle was ;
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest
 Are held with his melodious harmony
 In willing chains and sweet captivity."

Milton's parents had destined him for the church ; but, at the close of his University career, he positively declined taking orders. This does not appear to have resulted from the absence of serious impressions ; for, on his twenty-fourth birthday, he wrote thus solemnly of all he might have acquired,—

" All is, if I have grace to use it so
 As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye."

He objected to the "servitude and forswearing" connected in his view with the clerical office ; and it may therefore be concluded that he was unwilling to shackle his freedom of investigation by subscription to articles about some of which he might still have misgivings, or his freedom of action by formally identifying himself with an ecclesiastical system to which he already entertained a hostile disposition.

On leaving the University in 1632, he retired to his father's country residence at Horton, near Colebrook, Buckinghamshire, where he spent five years in a thorough review of both ancient and modern literature, music being his chief relaxation during this interval of learned retirement, as in his later years it was his chief solace. To this period belong his *Comus*, *Arcades*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*. The first of these pieces, a *Mask*, was suggested by the Earl of Bridgewater's daughter missing her way during the night in the forest of Haywood ; and, as it was represented at Ludlow Castle on Michaelmas

Ever 1634, by the young lady herself and her two brothers, and in 1637 was printed, though without the author's name, it brought Milton's genius, so conspicuously displayed in it, under the notice of distinguished men. One of these was Sir Henry Wotton, formerly ambassador to the republic of Venice; and to him Milton was indebted for directions and introductory letters when the death of his mother in 1638 set him at liberty to gratify a long cherished desire of travelling on the Continent. It is said that Sir Henry endeavoured to impress upon Milton a maxim of prudence which will never be out of date till despotism is extinct, recommending as it does to the Englishman abroad, "*i peusieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto,*" *i. e.*, close thoughts and an open countenance.

Milton's route lay through Paris, Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, and Rome, to Naples, and thence back through Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan, Geneva, and Paris. In Paris he was introduced to the learned Hugo Grotius, but he seems not to have been much interested by that city, and to have hastened on to Italy, where he formed friendships with many distinguished literati, especially at Florence. Some of these attachments are commemorated in the Latin and Italian Odes exchanged between the parties. No one does he appear to have esteemed more highly than Deodati, a theologian of Geneva; witness the "*Epitaphium Damonis,*" composed on occasion of his death. But of all Milton's interviews with great men abroad, the most interesting to posterity, perhaps also the most influential in his own experience, was with the famous Galileo, whom he found "a prisoner in the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensors thought."

On setting out Milton had intended to pursue his travels from Naples into Sicily and Greece; but hearing of the differences between the King and the Parliament in England, and feeling that he had a part to act in the opening drama, he gave up his original plan, and returned after an absence of only fifteen months. It seems strange that, having hastened his return from patriotic considerations, he should have engaged almost immediately in the laborious and time-engrossing work

of tuition; for we find him very soon quietly established in Aldersgate Street, and afterwards in a larger house in the Barbican, with two nephews, and the sons of several intimate friends, under his care. His father being still alive, Milton's allowance was probably small; and as no man could have been fitter than he was to instruct youth, so he could not have selected a more honourable calling in order to eke out an adequate subsistence. This occupation, however, did not prevent him from doing battle for the Puritans with his pen; and some idea may be formed of his literary activity from the number of works published by him in one year, 1641, viz., two books on "Reformation in England;" a tract on "Prelatical Episcopacy," in answer to one by Archbishop Usher; a treatise entitled "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy," and "Animadversions" on a "Defence" by Bishop Hall. These works display, in a remarkable degree, that constitutional self-confidence which enabled Milton to differ from current as well as traditional opinions without the least misgiving; and there occurs in his "Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy," a passage exemplifying that prophetic anticipation of leaving "something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die," which so often impels great minds to attempt great things. "This," he says, "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation." Here again is another dim foreshadowing of Paradise Lost.

In 1643, at the age of thirty-five, Milton married the eldest daughter of Richard Powell, a wealthy royalist and justice of the peace in that part of Oxfordshire where his own grandfather had been under-ranger. Notwithstanding Milton's personal beauty, on account of which he had been called at Cambridge "the lady of Christ's College," it soon appeared that

Mrs Milton preferred the society of her father's house to that of her husband; for within a month after the marriage she desired to visit her relations, and Milton consented, requiring only that she should return at Michaelmas. That season, however, came and went without her reappearance; Milton wrote letter after letter inviting her back, but received no answer, and at length sent a messenger, who was insulted and dismissed. In any circumstances, a young lady accustomed to successive rounds of gaiety cannot be expected to like frugal housekeeping and studious quiet; and in those times the union of a royalist's daughter with a Puritan champion must have been peculiarly liable to disturbance from the violent political animosities which divided their respective families. Still no justification can be found for Milton's wife refusing to return to him, nor can any one take exception to his indignant anger when all his invitations were contemptuously neglected. As if searching for a remedy, he now applied his mind to the consideration of matrimony and divorce, and soon came to the conclusion that divorce was lawful in cases like his own. The fearlessness with which he maintained this view is highly characteristic of Milton and his age, for they were both heroic. In 1644 he published his "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," as also the "Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce;" and in the following year his "Tetrachordon," an examination of the four chief passages in Scripture which treat of marriage. When these works issued from the press, the Westminster Assembly of Divines was sitting, and they called the attention of the House of Lords to the strange doctrine they contained. Milton was in consequence summoned to appear before their Lordships, but was almost immediately dismissed. The Presbyterian party, which prevailed in the Assembly, became obnoxious to him from this time; and he himself, reducing theory to practice, commenced paying his addresses to an accomplished young lady, as if he had actually obtained a divorce. News of this probably induced the Powells to attempt a reconciliation between Milton and his wife, which was effected by the latter suddenly appearing in his presence, when in the house of a relation, and imploring his forgiveness on her

knees. He did not withstand her entreaties long; and from 1647, when their reunion took place, they lived together till 1652, when she died in childbed. Milton consoled himself for her loss, if indeed he needed consolation, by marrying soon after Catharine, daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney; but within the year this lady died too, and, like the former, in childbed. It is pleasing to observe that, if Milton was capable of resentment, he could also heartily extend forgiveness. His first wife's relations, if they did not instigate her to leave him, at all events encouraged her in refusing to return to him; yet he sheltered her father and brothers in his house, when they with other royalists were in danger, and used all his influence with the republican government in their behalf.

Deeply interesting as from his personal concern in them Milton's speculations on divorce must have been to him, they did not engross all his time and attention during the four years of separation from his wife. To this period belong his letter on Education, also his "Areopagitica, a speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing," published in 1644; and a collection of his poems, Latin and English, published in 1645. When his wife rejoined him, he was living in a house in Holborn, the back of which looked into Lincoln's Inn Fields, and here he remained in studious retirement till 1649, when the clamour of the Presbyterians about the decapitation of Charles I. provoked him to bring before the public what may be called a defence of regicide, under the title "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates." This work was followed by "Remarks on the articles of peace between Ormond and the Irish rebels."

About this time Milton was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, at a salary of £200 a year; and in this capacity he carried on the correspondence of the Government with Foreign powers till the restoration. To be nearer the Government Offices he removed from Holborn to Scotland Yard, and afterwards to a handsome house overlooking St James' Park. Besides discharging his official duties with singular ability, Milton constituted himself the literary champion of the commonwealth. When that affecting book, the "Eikon Basilike," *i. e.*, Royal Image or Portrait, began to stir up the regrets of the

people for their late king, Milton quickly produced his "Eikonoklastes," or Image-breaker, to neutralize it: when Salmasius, a learned professor of Leyden, at the request of Charles II., published his defence of that prince's father, and of monarchy in general, Milton undertook to answer it, though warned that such application would cost him his eyesight, and in 1651 completed his "Defence of the People of England," for which the then government presented him with £1000; and again when the "Cry of Royal Blood to Heaven," by Peter du Moulin, afterwards prebendary of Canterbury, appeared, Milton immediately commenced a "Second Defence," which was published in 1654.

Being completely blind, Milton from this time preferred seclusion to the bustle of official life. That he should now have turned his thoughts to the composition of a grand epic, in fulfilment of early aspirations, is not surprising, as his isolation from the visible world might even contribute to the vastness and sublimity of his poetic imaginings; but that he should have set himself to continue and prepare for the press a history of England, and a Latin Thesaurus, without being able himself to consult authorities, is almost incredible, and tempts the remark, that his courage outran his discretion. His History of England, brought down to the Norman Conquest, was printed in 1670, and his Latin Thesaurus, which was not in a sufficiently forward state for publication as he left it, was embodied in the Cambridge Dictionary that appeared in 1693.

Had the commonwealth remained secure, Milton would probably never have re-entered the arena of controversy; but, knowing it to be imperilled by the weak administration of Richard Cromwell, and imagining that his advice might arrest the popular reaction, he published successively in 1659, and in the early part of 1660, a treatise on "Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes," "Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the Church," a "Ready and easy way to establish a free commonwealth," and a critique on a sermon entitled "The fear of God and the King." Thus resolutely did Milton lift up his voice to the last for that cause to which he had devoted his life: but the inevitable 29th May 1660 came, and Charles II. was restored. Upon this Milton secreted himself in

a friend's house in Bartholomew's Close, and it is even said that, to screen him more effectually from the vengeance of the triumphant royalists, a report was circulated of his death, and the pomp of his supposed funeral gone through. It is certain that, within a month after the king's return, it was ordered by the House of Commons that his Majesty be humbly moved to suppress Milton's "Eikonoklastes" and "Defence of the People of England," and that the attorney-general be instructed to proceed by indictment against the author, who, for that purpose, should be given in custody to the serjeant-at-arms attending the House. Accordingly, on the 27th August 1660, the two publications above mentioned were burned by the common hangman at the Old Bailey; and, though the time when Milton was taken into custody is uncertain, we find an order of the House of Commons for his release, on payment of certain fees, bearing date 15th December 1660. He raised objections to the amount of these fees, and a committee was appointed to examine his complaint, which proves at once the sturdy independence of his own bearing, and the deference shown him by his old adversaries now in power. If any purpose of revenge was ever entertained against Milton by the royalist party, it must have been speedily abandoned, for his name was not on the excepted list in the "Act of Oblivion" passed in August 1660, and by this omission his safety was publicly guaranteed. According to some, this indemnity was chiefly owing to the influence at court of Sir William Davenant, for whose release, when taken prisoner in 1650, Milton effectually interceded. Independently of this, however, Charles II., with all his faults, was a man more likely to compassionate than to persecute an adversary already disabled by nature.

Having lost with the secretaryship his handsome residence overlooking St James' Park, Milton now a second time took a house in Holborn, from which he soon removed to Jewin Street, leading into Aldergate Street, where he had established himself twenty years before on returning from the Continent. He had three daughters living with him, but on account of their mother's early death, and their father's blindness, their education had been neglected, and they were consequently as unfit

as they are said to have been unwilling, with the exception of Deborah the youngest, to perform the irksome service required from them by Milton, that, viz., of reading to him in various languages, and writing from his dictation. Accordingly in 1661 he married, as his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, of a genteel family in Cheshire, and related to his friend Dr Paget, who indeed recommended her to him. This lady, who survived him in a state of widowhood fifty-five years, nursed him with assiduous care, but never won the affections of his daughters; so that, though thrice married, Milton seems to have enjoyed throughout life but little domestic happiness.

Completely retired from the arena of politics, Milton bent all his powers to the completion of *Paradise Lost*, which he is supposed to have begun in 1655 after the publication of his "Second Defence," and when he had become totally blind. It would appear from verses presented to the Marquis of Villa by Milton, before leaving Naples, that he had once thought of making the renowned King Arthur the hero of a great poem, and it is certain from manuscripts preserved at Cambridge that, after selecting *Paradise Lost* for his theme, he had at first intended an allegorical drama, in the manner of the so-called mysteries or miracle plays which abounded in England about the time of the Reformation. Whether he worked at all upon these outlines, and when he ultimately decided on the epic form is not known; but the spectacle of Milton hesitating and groping his way, like other purblind mortals, is recommended to the attention of those, who, because genius is often impulsive, conclude that it is independent of labour, experience, and forethought.

As he could not himself use the pen, Milton was in the habit of composing in his mind twenty or thirty lines at a time, which he then dictated to his wife, or any other person who might be with him capable of acting as his amanuensis. The whole was completed in 1665; but the agreement for its sale to Mr Symons the publisher bears a much later date, 27th April 1667. According to this document Milton was to receive £5 on handing over the manuscript, and the same sum on the sale of 1300 copies of each of the first three impressions, none of which

were to exceed 1500. Within two years after the appearance of the first edition, Milton became entitled to the second sum of £5, which implies a rapid and extensive sale highly creditable to the small reading class of those times, especially when the hostility of the prevailing party to the author is considered. The second edition was published in 1674, the year of the poet's death, the third in 1678, and in 1680 Milton's widow, to whom the copy-right then belonged, sold it to Symons for £8. These sums now appear exceedingly paltry; but it must be remembered that Milton's *Paradise Lost* was then under review, though it be now in popular estimation above it.

While Milton resided in Jewin Street, Dr Paget introduced to him young Ellwood, a quaker, who considered himself abundantly repaid for the labour of reading to Milton by the comments which he had thus the opportunity of hearing on difficult passages and subjects. In 1665 this youth was tutor in the family of a wealthy quaker near Chalfort, in Buckinghamshire; and Milton was induced to remove from London, where the plague was raging, to a cottage which Ellwood took for him in the same neighbourhood. Here the young quaker, on handing back to Milton after perusal the complete manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, observed, "Thou hast said a great deal upon *Paradise Lost*, what hast thou to say upon *Paradise Found*?" and this was what suggested to Milton the idea of "*Paradise Regained*," which, as also "*Samson Agonistes*," a tragedy in imitation of the ancients, was printed in 1671.

Milton's zeal as an author did not abate with the advance of life. In 1672 he published a treatise on *Logic*, according to the method of Peter Ramus, in the year following a treatise on *True Religion* and the best means of preventing the growth of Popery, as also a reprint of his juvenile poems, and in 1674, the year of his death, a series of familiar epistles in Latin, to which he added some academical exercises. On returning from Chalfort to London, he had taken up his residence in Bunhill Fields, and here he died on or about the 10th November. Though very temperate and regular in his mode of living, he had for several years been a victim to gout, and was so enfeebled by his sufferings that he expired without a groan, and almost unobserved

His body was interred in the chancel of St Giles Church, Cripplegate: in 1737 a monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey; but his memory is embalmed in his writings, and will endure till the English language, and even the fame of it, shall have passed away.

By the whole story of Milton's life, respect rather than affection is inspired; it is a constant development of strength; he does not so much buffet with the ills of life as simply override them; and we can feel little sympathy with a man who, though exposed to ordinary human calamities, betrays no sign of ordinary human weakness. The same exuberance of intellectual power, with the same absence of passion, and consequently the same powerlessness to excite human sympathy, is characteristic of Milton's writings. Rarely have learning so extensive and genius so exalted been united in one man; nor could genius and learning be employed in the maintenance of a nobler cause, or the celebration of a grander theme than those selected by Milton; yet, from the want of geniality, the perusal of his works, whether prose or poetry, is to most men an intellectual discipline, rather than an intellectual treat.

Had Milton written no poetry, he would still have been among the first of English controversialists; but the laurels with which posterity have crowned him are those of the poet, not of the combatant; and *Paradise Lost* is held to be the chief cornerstone in his self-erected monument, though he himself would not allow *Paradise Regained* to be of inferior execution. Many other poems excite a more powerful sympathy in the reader than *Paradise Lost*; but none make so great demands by sublimity of conception on his astonishment, and by dignity of style on his admiration. Exception has been taken to various parts of it; but these, as Addison observes, are like spots on the face of the sun.

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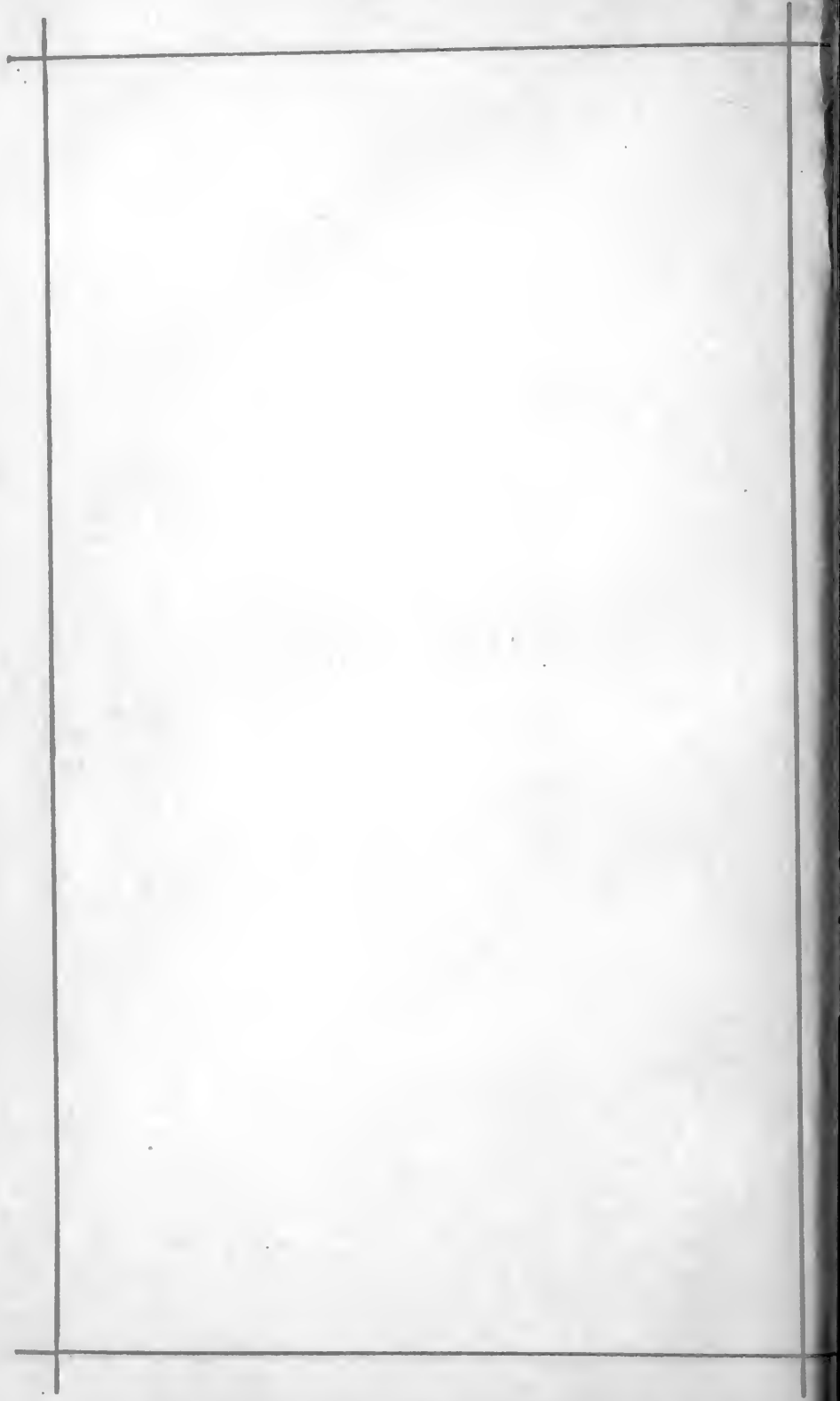
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PARADISE LOST



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into hell, described here, not in the centre, (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in place of utter darkness, fittest called Chaos: here Satan, with his angels, lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall: Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech. comforts them with hope yet of regaining heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world, and a new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in heaven. for, that angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

OF man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly mus; that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth

indication to muse

"Raise me to the height of this great argument"
"which is the subject of the poem"

Rose out of chaos: or, if Sion hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
 Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
 And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou knowest; thou from the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 And madest it pregnant: what in me is dark,
illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first, for heaven hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep tract of hell; say first what cause
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
 The infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels; by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
 If he opposed; and, with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,
 Raised impious war in heaven, and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded, though immortal: but his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought

to make clear
 the eternal
 rightness +
 justice of
 God's dealings
 w/ children

justify

Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him : round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :
At once, as far as angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild ;
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those flames
No light ; but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell : hope never comes
That comes to all : but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed :
Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious ; here their prison ordained
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
O, how unlike the place from whence they fell !
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns ; and weltering by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub. To whom the arch-enemy,
And thence in heaven called Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence, thus began :

“ If thou beest he ; but O, how fallen ! how changed
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
Myriads though bright ! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin : into what pit thou seest
From what height fallen, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder : and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,

And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of spirits armed,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,
 And shook his throne.] What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost; the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome;
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power
 Who from the terror of this arm so late
 Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,
 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath
 This downfall: since by fate the strength of gods
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
 Since through experience of this great event
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
 We may with more successful hope resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven."

So spake the apostate angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:
 "O prince, O chief of many throned powers,
 That led the embattled seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
 Fearless endangered heaven's perpetual King,
 And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate;
 Too well I see, and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow, and foul defeat,
 Hath lost us heaven, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as gods and heavenly essences
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less

Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so surice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls
 By right of war, whate'er his business be,
 Here in the heart of hell to work in fire
 Or do his errands in the gloomy deep?
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment?"

Whereto with speedy words the arch-fiend replied

"Fallen cherub, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil;
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.

But see, the angry Victor hath recalled
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of heaven: the sulphurous hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heaven received us falling; and the thunder,
 Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our foe.

Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves;
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there;
 And, reassembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy! our own loss how repair;
 How overcome this dire calamity;

to memory

sublimity
of language

(What reinforcement we may gain from hope ;
If not, what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That sparkling blazed ; his other parts besides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood ; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warred on Jove ·
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarsus held ; or that sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream :
Him, haply, slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moors by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays :
So stretched out huge in length the arch-fiend lay
Chained on the burning lake : nor ever thence
Had risen, or heaved his head ; but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs ;
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others ; and, enraged, might see
How all his malice served but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shown
On man by him seduced ; but on himself
Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty stature ; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, slope their pointing spires, and, rolled
In billows, leave in the midst a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight ; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burned
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire ;
And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side
Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,

Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,
 And leave a singed bottom all involved
 With stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate:
 Both glorying to have 'scaped the Stygian flood
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength,
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

To increase

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,"
 Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat
 That we must change for heaven; this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since he,
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid
 What shall be right; farthest from him is best,
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,
 Infernal world! and thou profoundest hell,
 Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
 A mind not to be changed by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in-itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be; all but less than he
 Whom thunder hath made greater? *Here at least M. say*
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
 Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
~~Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.~~
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 The associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy mansion; or once more
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet
 Regained in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"

So Satan spake, and him Beelzebub
 Thus answered: "Leader of those armies bright,
 Which but the Omnipotent none could have foiled,
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge
 Of battle when it raged, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive; though now they lie

Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amazed ;
No wonder, fallen such a pernicious height."

He scarce had ceased when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore : his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,
Behind him cast ; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening from the top of Fesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great amiral, were but a wand,
He walked with, to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marle, not like those steps
On heaven's azure, and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire :
Nathless he so endured, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and called
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranced
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arched, imbower ; or scattered sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red-sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating carcasses
And broken chariot-wheels : so thick bestrewn,
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He called so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded. " Princes, potentates,
Warriors, the flower of heaven, once yours, now lost,
If such astonishment as this can seize
Eternal spirits ; or have ye chosen this place
After the toil of battle to repose
Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find
To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven ?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conqueror ? who now beholds
Cherub and seraph rolling in the flood

Busiris

With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon
His swift pursuers from heaven-gates discern
The advantage, and descending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen."

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing; as when men went to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their general's voice they soon obeyed,
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,
Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile:
So numberless were those bad angels seen
Hovering on wing under the cope of hell,
"Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;
Till, at a signal given, the uplifted spear
Of their great sultan waving to direct
Their course, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain:
A multitude like which the populous north
Poured never from her frozen loins, to pass
Rhone or the Danaw, when her barbarous sons
Came like a deluge on the south, and spread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.
Forthwith from every squadron and each band
The heads and leaders thither haste where stood
Their great commander; godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, princely dignities;
And powers that erst in heaven sat on thrones,
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and rased
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve
Got them new names; till wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man
By falsities and lies the greatest part
Of mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and the invisible

Glory of him that made them to transform
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorned
 With gay religions, full of pomp and gold,
 And devils to adore for deities :

Then were they known to men by various names,
 And various idols through the heathen world.

✓ Say, muse, their names then known, who first, who last
 Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
 At their great emperor's call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof?
 The chief were those, who, from the pit of hell,
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their seats long after next the seat of God,
 Their altars by his altar, gods adored
 Among the nations round, and durst abide
 Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
 Between the cherubim; yea, often placed
 Within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
 Abominations; and with cursed things
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
 And with their darkness durst affront his light.
 First, Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
 Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears;
 Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
 Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire,
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
 Worshipped in Rabba and her watery plain,
 In Argob and in Bashan, to the stream
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
 His temple right against the temple of God
 On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
 And black Gehenna called, the type of hell.
 Next, Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
 From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
 Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
 The flowery dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
 And Eleale to the asphaltic pool.
 Peor his other name, when he enticed
 Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.

Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged
Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide ; lust hard by hate ;
Till good Josiah drove them thence to hell.
With these came they, who, from the bordering flood
Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baalim and Ashtaroth ; those male,
These feminine : for spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure ;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Not founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh ; but in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their aery purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
Their living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial gods ; for which their heads as low
Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came Ashtoreth, whom the Phœnicians called
Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns ;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs ;
In Sion also not unsung, where stood
Her temple on the offensive mountain built
By that uxorious king, whose heart, though large,
Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day ;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded : the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat ;
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,
His eye surveyed the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopped off c

In his own temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and shamed his worshippers :
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
And downward fish : yet had his temple high
Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gazar's frontier bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams.
He also against the house of God was bold :
A leper once he lost, and gained a king ;
Ahaz his sottish conqueror, whom he drew
God's altar to disparage and displace
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the gods
Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests, to seek
Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did Israel 'scape
The infection, when their borrowed gold composed
The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king
Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox ;
Jehovah, who in one night, when he passed
From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke
Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.
Belial came last, than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood,
Or altar smoked ; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filed
With lust and violence the house of God ?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage : and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hospitable door

Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.
 These were the prime in order and in might,
 The rest were long to tell though far renowned,
 The Ionian gods, of Javan's issue; held
 Gods, yet confessed later than heaven and earth,
 Their boasted parents: Titan, heaven's first-born,
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seized
 By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
 His own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
 So Jove usurping reigned: these first in Crete
 And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
 Of cold Olympus, ruled the middle air,
 Their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
 Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
 Of Doric land: or who with Saturn old
 Fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
 And o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.

✓ All these and more came flocking; but with looks
 Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss itself: which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue: but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
 Then straight commands, that at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions be upreared
 His mighty standard: that proud honour claim'd
 Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
 The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
 At which the universal host up-sent
 A shout, that ^{T. H. NEW.} tore hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air
 With orient colours waving: with them rose
 A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable: anon they move

In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as raised
 To height of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle ; and instead of rage,
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat :
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage
 With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil : and now
 Advanced in view they stand ; a horrid front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with ordered spear and shield ;
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose : he through the armed files
 Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse
 The whole battalion views, their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of gods ;
 Their number last he sums. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hardening in his strength,
 Glories : for never since created man
 Met such embodied force, as named with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warred on by cranes : though all the giant brood
 Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined
 That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side
 Mixed with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds
 In fable or romance of Uther's son
 Begirt with British and Armoric knights ;
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,
 Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
 By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed
 Their dread commander : he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower ; his form had yet not lost
 All her original brightness ; nor appeared
 Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
 Of glory obscured : as when the sun, new risen,

recollection of Homer's
 21 and 22 of Iliad

Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the archangel : but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched ; and care
Sat on his faded cheek ; but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge ; cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain :
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered : as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak : whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth : at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

“ O myriads of immortal spirits ! O powers
Matchless, but with the Almighty ; and that strife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter ! but what power of mind,
Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth
Of knowledge, past or present, could have feared,
How such united force of gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse ?
For who can yet believe, though after loss,
That all these puissant legions, whose exile
Hath emptied heaven, shall fail to reascend
Self-raised, and repossess their native seat ?
For me, be witness all the host of heaven,
If counsels different, or dangers shunned
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in heaven, till then as one secure
Sat on his throne upheld by old repute.

Reason of creation.

Consent, or custom ; and his regal state
 Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
 So as not either to provoke or dread
 New war, provoked ; our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not : that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new worlds ; whereof so rife
 There went a fame in heaven that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the sons of heaven :
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption ; thither or elsewhere ;
 For this infernal pit shall never hold
 Celestial spirits in bondage, nor the abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature : peace is despaired ;
 For who can think submission ? War, then, war,
 Open or understood, must be resolved."

He spake ; and, to confirm his words, out flew
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty cherubim ; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumined hell ; highly they raged
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms
 Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
 Belched fire and rolling smoke ; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf ; undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallic ore,
 The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,
 A numerous brigade hastened ; as when bands
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,
 Forerun the royal camp to trench a field,
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on :
Mammon the least erected spirit that fell
From heaven ; for e'en in heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific ; by him first

Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransacked the centre, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Opened into the hill a spacious wound,
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire
 That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those,
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,
 And strength and art, are easily outdone
 By spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toil
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross:
 A third as soon had formed within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells,
 By strange conveyance, filled each hollow nook;
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.
 Anon, out of the earth a fabric huge
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With golden architrave; nor did there want
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven:
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
 Nor great Alcairo, such magnificence
 Equalled in all their glories, to enshrine
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove
 In wealth and luxury. The ascending pile
 Stood fixed her stately height: and straight the doors,
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement; from the arched roof
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light

Building of
 pzdemonic

As from a sky. The hasty multitude
 Admiring entered; and the work some praise,
 And some the architect: his hand was known
 In heaven by many a towered structure high,
 Where sceptred angels held their residence,
 And sat as princes; whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
 Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell
 From heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnos the Ægean isle; thus they relate,
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before; nor aught availed him now
 To have built in heaven high towers; nor did he 'scape
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent
 With his industrious crew to build in hell,

*Darkness's
 full*

Meanwhile, the winged heralds, by command
 Of sovereign power, with awful ceremony
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim
 A solemn council, forthwith to be held
 At Pandemonium, the high capital
 Of Satan and his peers: their summons called
 From every band and squared regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest; they anon,
 With hundreds and with thousands, trooping came,
 Attended: all access was thronged: the gates
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall
 (Though like a covered field, where champions bold
 Wont ride in armed, and at the soldan's chair
 Defied the best of panim chivalry
 To mortal combat, or career with lance),
 Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air
 Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees
 In spring-time, when the sun with Taurus rides,
 Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
 In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
 Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank,
 The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
 New rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer

Their state affairs; so thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal spirits to smallest forms
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still, amidst the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions, like themselves,
The great seraphic lords and cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat;
A thousand demigods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then,
And summons read, the great consult began.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: a third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt, who shall be sent on this difficult search; Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell-gates: finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between hell and heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new world which he sought.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence: and, from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain war with Heaven: and, by success untaught,
His proud imaginations thus displayed:

“ Powers and dominions, deities of heaven;

For since no deep within her gulf can hold

Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,

I give not heaven for lost. From this descent;

Celestial virtues rising, will appear

More glorious and more dread than from no fall,

And trust themselves to fear no second fate.

Me though just right, and the fixed laws of heaven,

Did first create your leader; next, free choice,

With what besides, in council or in fight,

Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,

Thus far at least recovered, hath much more

Established in a safe unenvied throne,

Yielded with full consent. The happier state

In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw

Envy from each inferior ; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction ; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in heaven, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assured us ; and, by what best way,
 (Whether of open war, or covert guile,
 We now debate :) who can advise, may speak."

He ceased ; and next him Moloch, sceptered king,
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair :
 His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
 Equal in strength ; and rather than be less
 Cared not to be at all ; with that care lost
 Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse,
 He recked not ; and these words thereafter spake :

" My sentence is for open war : of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not ; them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now
 For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
 Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay ? No, let us rather choose,
 Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,
 O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer ; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear
 Infernal thunder ; and, for lightning, see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his angels ; and his throne itself
 Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments. But perhaps

The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat: descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy then;
 The event is feared; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction; if there be in hell
 Fear to be worse destroyed: what can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
 Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,
 We should be quite abolished, and expire.
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which, to the height enraged,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential; happier far
Than miserable to have eternal being:
Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
 To less than gods. On the other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
 For dignity composed, and high exploit:
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low:

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful ; yet he pleased the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began :

“ I should be much for open war, O peers,
 As not behind in hate ; if what was urged
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,
 Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, what revenge ? The towers of heaven are filled
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable : oft on the bordering deep
 Encamp their legions ; or, with obscure wing,
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprise. (Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heaven's purest light ; yet our great enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted ; and the ethereal mould,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
 Is flat despair.) We must exasperate
 The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us ; that must be our cure,
 To be no more. Sad cure ! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion ? And who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever ? how he can,
 Is doubtful ; that he never will, is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless ? Wherefore cease we then ?
 Say they who counsel war, We are decreed.

Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe,
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
 With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
 What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
 Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us? What if all
 Her stores were opened, and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
 Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
 Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
 Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view? He from heaven's height
 All these our motions vain sees and derides;
 Not more almighty to resist our might,
 Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of heaven
 Thus trampled, thus expell'd to suffer here
 Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,
 By my advice; since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
 The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
That so ordains: this was at first resolved,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
 I laugh, when those who at the spear are bold
 And venturous, if that fail them, shrink and fear

What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of their conqueror: this is now
 Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our súpreme foe in time may much remit
 His anger; and perhaps, thus far removed,
 Not mind us not offending, satisfied
 With what is punished; whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;
 Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light,
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting; since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:

"Either to disenthronè the King of heaven
 We war, if war be best, or to regain
 Our own right lost: him to unthrone we then
 May hope, when everlasting fate shall yield
 To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife:
 The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us
 Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
 Our envied sovereign, and his altar breathes
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task
 In heaven, this our delight; how wearisome
 Eternity so spent, in worship paid
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible, by leave obtained

Unacceptable, though in heaven, our state
 Of splendid vassalage ; but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Life to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easy yoke
Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
 We can create ; and in what place soe'er
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
 Through labour and endurance. This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne ; from whence deep thunders roar
 Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell !
 As he our darkness, cannot we his light
 Imitate when we please ? This desert soil
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold ;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence ; and what can heaven show more ?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements ; these piercing fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed
 Into their temper ; which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where ; dismissing quite
All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Seafaring men o'er-watched, whose bark by chance
 Or pinnance anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest : such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,
 Advising peace : for such another field
 They dreaded worse than hell : so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michaël
 Wrought still within them, and no less desire

'To found this nether empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to heaven.

Which when Beëlzebub perceived, than whom
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state ; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care ;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin : sage he stood
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake :

“ Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
Ethereal virtues ; or these titles now
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called
Princes of hell ? for so the popular vote
Inclines here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire ; doubtless, while we dream,
And know not that the King of heaven hath doomed
This place our dungeon ; not our safe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
Banded against his throne, but to remain
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,
Under the inevitable curb, reserved
His captive multitude : for he, be sure,
In height or depth, still first and last will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part
By our revolt ; but over hell extend
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
Us here, as with his golden those in heaven.
What sit we then projecting peace and war ?
War hath determined us, and foiled with loss
Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
Vouchsafed or sought ; for what peace will be given
To us enslaved, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
In doing what we most in suffering feel ?

Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep. ~~What if we find~~
 Some easier enterprise? There is a place,
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
 Err not) another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race, called Man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favoured more
 Of him who rules above; so was his will
 Pronounced among the gods; and by an oath,
 That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirmed.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould
 Or substance, how endued, and what their power,
 And where their weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or subtlety. Though heaven be shut,
 And heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lie exposed,
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it; here perhaps
 Some advantageous act may be achieved
 By sudden onset; either with hell fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants, or, if not drive,
 X Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confusion, and our joy upraise
In his disturbance; when his darling sons,
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Their frail original, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon. Advise, if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
 By Satan, and in part proposed; for whence,
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creator? But their spite still serves

His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes : with full assent
 They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews :
 " Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
 Synod of gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep,
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat ; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms
 And opportune excursion, we may chance
 Re-enter heaven ; or else in some mild zone
 Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
 Secure ; and at the brightening orient beam
 Purge off this gloom : the soft delicious air,
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
 Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send
 In search of this new world ? whom shall we find
 Sufficient ? who shall tempt with wandering feet
 The dark, unbottomed, infinite abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his aëry flight
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,
 Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
 The happy isle ? What strength, what art can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict sentries and stations thick
 Of angels watching round ? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage ; for, on whom we send
 The weight of all and our last hope relies."

This said, he sat ; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appeared
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt : but all sat mute,
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts ; and each
 In other's countenance read his own dismay,
 Astonished ; none among the choice and prime
 Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
 Alone, the dreadful voyage ; till at last
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
 Above his fellows, with monarchical pride,
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake :

" O progeny of heaven, empyreal thrones.

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With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light ;
 Our prison strong ; this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold ; and gates of burning adamant,
 Barred over us, prohibit all egress.
 These passed, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he 'scape into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape ?
 But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
 And this imperial sovereignty, adorned
 With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed
 And judged of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger, could deter
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike
 To him who reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest
 High honoured sits ? Go, therefore, mighty powers
 Terror of heaven, though fallen ; intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render hell
 More tolerable ; if there be cure or charm
 To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill mansion : intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all : this enterprise
 None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose
 The monarch, and prevented all reply ;
 Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refused) what erst they feared ;
 And, so refused, might in opinion stand
 His rivals ; winning cheap the high repute,
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
 Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose :

Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone ; and as a god
 Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven :
 Nor failed they to express how much they praised,
 That for the general safety he despised
 His own : for neither do the spirits damned
Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth which glory excites,
 Or close ambition, varnished o'er with zeal.
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief ;

As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
 Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow, or shower,
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men ! devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds, men only disagree-
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace ; and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy :
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,
 That, day and night, for his destruction wait.

The Stygian council thus dissolved ; and forth
 In order came the grand infernal peers :
 Midst came their mighty paramount, and seemed
 Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less
 Than hell's dread emperor, with pomp supreme,
 And god-like imitated state : him round
 A globe of fiery seraphim inclosed
 With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.
 Then of their session ended they bid cry
 With trumpets' regal sound the great result :
 Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,
 By herald's voice explained ; the hollow abyss
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of hell
 With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him, perplexed where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields ;
Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close ; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vast Typhœan rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind ; hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Cœthalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Cœta threw
Into the Euboic sea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall
By doom of battle ; and complain that fate
Free virtue should enthrall to force or chance.
Their song was partial ; but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing ?)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For eloquence the soul, song charms the sense)
Others apart sat on a hill retired,
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and apathy, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy :

Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm
Pain for a while, or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breast
With stubborn patience, as with triple steel.
Another part, in squadrons and gross bands,
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them easier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams:
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her wat'ry labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile: or else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns froze, and cold performs the effects of fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies haled
At certain revolutions, all the damned
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this Lethean sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink;
But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt

Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
 The ford, and of itself the water flies
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale
 They passed, and many a region dolorous,
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death.
 A universe of death; which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good;
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived,
 Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.

Meanwhile, the adversary of God and man,
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;
 Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
 Their spicy drugs: they on the trading flood,
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed
 Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
 Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
 And thrice threefold the gates: three folds were brass,
 Three iron, three of adamant rock
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape;
 The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair;
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed
 With mortal sting: about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung

A hideous peal ; yet, when they list, would crop,
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there ; yet there still barked and howled,
 Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
 Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. ~~The other shape,~~
~~If shape it might be called that shape had none~~
~~Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb ;~~
~~Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,~~
~~For each seemed either : black it stood as night,~~
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart ; what seemed his head,
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides ; hell trembled as he strode.
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,
 Admired, not feared ; God and his Son except, *wondered at*
 Created thing nought valued he, nor shunned ;
 And with disdainful look thus first began :

“ Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates ? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assured, without leave asked of thee :
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.”

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied :
 “ Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
 Unbroken ; and in proud, rebellious arms,
 Drew after him the third part of heaven’s sons
 Conjured against the Highest ; for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?
 And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
 Hell-doomed, and breathest defiance here and scorn.
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord ? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,

Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
 More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
 With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
 Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood,
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
 Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,
 "Against thy only son? What fury, O son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
 Against thy father's head? and knowest for whom;
 For him who sits above and laughs the while
 At thee ordained his drudge, to execute
 Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
 His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both."

She spake, and at her words the hellish pest
 Forbore; then these to her Satan returned:

"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
 Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends; till first I know of thee,
 What thing thou art thus double-formed; and why,
 In this infernal vale first met, thou callest
 Me father, and that phantasm callest my son:
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable than him and thee."

To whom thus the portress of hell-gate replied :
“ Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul? once deemed so fair
In heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combined
In bold conspiracy against heaven’s King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth ; till, on the left side opening wide,
Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,
Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,
Out of thy head I sprung ; amazement seized
All the host of heaven ; back they recoiled afraid
At first, and call’d me Sin, and for a sign
Portentous held me ; but, familiar grown,
I pleased, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,
Becamest enamoured, and such joy thou tookest
With me in secret, that my womb conceived
A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,
And fields were fought in heaven ; wherein remained
(For what could else ?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory ; to our part loss and rout,
Through all the empyréan : down they fell
Driven headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
Into this deep ; and in the general fall
I also ; at which time this powerful key
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my opening. Pensive here I sat
Alone ; but long I sat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,
Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transformed : but he my inbred enemy
Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart
Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out Death !
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed
From all her caves, and back resounded, Death !
I fled ; but he pursued (though more, it seems,

Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,
 Me overtook his mother all dismayed,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingendering with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou sawest, hourly conceived
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me; for, when they list, into the womb
 That bred them they return and howl, and gnaw
 My bowels, their repast; then bursting forth
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim Death, my son and foe; who sets them on,
 And me his parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involved; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,
 When ever that shall be; so fate pronounced.
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finished; and the subtle fiend his lore
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:
 "Dear daughter, since thou claimest me for thy sire,
 And my fair son here showest me the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in heaven, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
 Befallen us, unforeseen, unthought of; know,
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain
 Both him and thee, and all the heavenly host
 Of spirits, that in our just pretences armed,
 Fell with us from on high: from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole; and one for all
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 The unfounded deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wandering quest a place foretold
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss
 In the purlieu of heaven, and therein placed
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room; though more removed.

Lest heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this or aught
Than this more secret now designed, I haste
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and filled
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."

He ceased, for both seemed highly pleased, and Death
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
His famine should be filled; and blessed his maw
Destined to that good hour: no less rejoiced
His mother bad, and thus bespeak her sire:

"The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These adamantine gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To sit in hateful office here confined,
Inhabitant of heaven, and heavenly-born,
Here, in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrors and with clamours compassed round
Of mine own brood that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gavest me; whom should I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss, among
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the keyhole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound

The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus. She opened, but to shut
 Excelled her power: the gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a bannered host,
 Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
 With horse and chariots ranked in loose array:
 So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
 Before their eyes in sudden view appear
 The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
 Illimitable ocean, without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and height,
 And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night
 And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
 Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
 Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
 For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four Champions fierce
 Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
 Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
 Of each his faction, in their several clans,
 Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
 Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
 Of Barea or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring wings, and poise
 Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
 He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
 And by decision more embroils the fray
 By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
 Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
 The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
 Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
 Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more worlds;
 Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
 Stood on the brink of hell, and looked a while,
 Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
 He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed
 With noises loud and ruinous, (to compare
 Great things with small) than when Bellona storms,
 With all her battering engines bent to raze
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame
 Of heaven were falling, and these elements

In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity: all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: that fury staid,
Quenched in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land: nigh foundered on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspians, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold: so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare.
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length, a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence: thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign; and by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon! Rumour next and Chance,
And Tumult and Confusion all embroiled,
And Discord with a thousand various mouths.
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: "Ye powers
And spirits of this nethermost abyss,
Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy,

With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your realm ; but, by constraint
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds
 Confine with heaven ; or if some other place,
 From your dominion won, the ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound ; direct my course ;
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,
 All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
 To her original darkness, and your sway,
 (Which is my present journey), and once more
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night :
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge."

Thus Satan ; and him thus the Anarch old,
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,
 Answered : " I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading angel, who of late
 Made head against heaven's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard ; for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frightened deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded ; and heaven-gate
 Poured out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroached on still through your intestine broils
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night : first hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath,
 Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
 Hung o'er my realm, linked in a golden chain
 To that side heaven from whence your legions fell :
 If that way be your walk you have not far ;
 So much the nearer danger ; go, and speed ;
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain."

He ceased ; and Satan staid not to reply,
 But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity, and force renewed,
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,
 Into the wild expanse, and, through the shock
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round

Environed, wins his way ; harder beset
And more endangered, than when Argo passed
Through Bosphorus, betwixt the justling rocks :
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool steered.
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Moved on, with difficulty and labour he ;
But, he once past, soon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration ! Sin and death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss, whose boiling gulf
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,
From hell continued reaching the utmost orb
Of this frail world ; by which the spirits perverse
With easy intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good angels guard by special grace.
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night,
A glimmering dawn : here Nature first begins
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,
As from her outmost works a broken foe,
With tumult less, and with less hostile din,
That Satan with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,
Weighs his spread wings at leisure to behold
Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorned
Of living sapphire, once his native seat ;
And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendent world, in bigness as a star
Of smallest magnitude, close by the moon.
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge
Accursed, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind, clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created man free and able enough to have withstood his tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God returns praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards man: but God again declares, that grace cannot be extended towards man without the satisfaction of divine justice: man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for man: the Father accepts him, or dains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in heaven and earth; commands all the angels to adore him. They obey, and hymning to their harps in full choir, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this world's outermost orb; where wandering he first finds a place, since called the Limbo of Vanity: what persons and things fly up thither: thence comes to the gate of heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it: his passage thence to the orb of the sun; he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner angel; and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new creation, and man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed: alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;

Every attribute of
a great god & light
The morning of purity

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Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp ; but thou
 Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow
 Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equalled with me in fate,
 So were I equalled with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias, and Phineas, prophets old ;
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expunged and razed,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate : there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure empyréan where he sits
 High throned above all height, bent down his eye
 His own works, and their works, at once to view
 About him all the sanctities of heaven
 Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received
 Beatitude past utterance ; on his right
 The radiant image of his glory sat,

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His only Son ; on earth he first beheld
 Our two first parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the happy garden placed,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,
 In blissful solitude ; he then surveyed
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
 Coasting the wall of heaven on this side night
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet,
 On the bare outside of this world, that seemed
 Firm land embosomed without firmament,
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake :
 " Only-begotten Son, seest thou what rage
 Transports our adversary ? whom no bounds
 Prescribed, no bars of hell, nor all the chains
 Heaped on him there, nor yet the main abyss
 Wide interrupt, can hold ; so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now,
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way
 Not far off heaven, in the precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new-created world
 And man there placed, with purpose to essay
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert ; and shall pervert :
 For man will hearken to his glossing lies,
 And easily transgress the sole command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience ; so will fall
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault :
 Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me
 All he could have ; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all the ethereal powers
 And spirits, both them who stood, and them who failed ;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant faith or love,
 Where only what they needs must do appeared,
 Not what they would ? what praise could they receive,
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When will and reason (reason also is choice)

Useless and vain, of freedom both despoiled,
 Made passive both, had served necessity,
 Not me? They therefore, as to right belonged,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
 As if predestination over-ruled
 Their will, disposed by absolute decree
 Or high foreknowledge; they themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I; if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge, and what they choose; for so
I formed them free; and free they must remain,
 Till they enthral themselves; I else must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high decree
 Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained
Their freedom, they themselves ordained their fall. ✕
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-depraved; man falls, deceived
 By the other first; man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none: in mercy and justice both,
 Through heaven and earth, so shall my glory excel:
 But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance filled
 All heaven, and in the blessed spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.

Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious: in him all his Father shone
 Substantially expressed; and in his face
 Divine compassion visibly appeared,
 Love without end, and without measure grace,
 Which uttering, thus he to his Father spake:

"O Father, gracious was that word which closed
 Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace;
 For which both heaven and earth shall high extol
 Thy praises, with the innumerable sound
 Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne
 Encompassed shall resound thee ever blest.
 For should man finally be lost, should man,
 Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joined
 With his own folly? That be from thee far.

God is immovable

That far be from thee, Father, who art judge
 Of all things made, and judgest only right.
 Or shall the adversary thus obtain
 His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplished, and to hell
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,
 By him corrupted? or wilt thou thyself
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
 Be questioned and blasphemed without defence

To whom the great Creator thus replied:
 "O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed;
 Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely vouchsafed; once more I will renew
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthralled
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires;
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe;
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail
 His fallen condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
 Elect above the rest; so is my will:
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warned
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 The incensed Deity, while offered grace
 Invites; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavoured with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them, as a guide,
My unspire conscience; whom if they will hear
Light after light, well used, they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,

More scriptural passages

→*

On holiness

Penitence

Math. 3-13

They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste ;
 But hard be hardened, blind be blinded more,
 That they may stumble on and deeper fall ;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done ; man disobeying,
 Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high supremacy of Heaven,
 Affecting godhead, and, so losing all,
 To expiate his treason hath nought left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He, with his whole posterity, must die.
Die he or justice must ; unless for him
Some other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

Say, heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love ?
 Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust to save ?
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear ? ”

He asked, but all the heavenly choir stood mute,
 And silence was in heaven : on man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appeared,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudged to death and hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renewed :

“ Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
 Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought ?
 Happy for man, so coming ; he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins, and lost ;
 Atonement for himself, or offering meet,
 Indebted and undone, hath none to bring .
~~Behold me, then ; me for him, life for life,~~
~~I offer ; on me let thine anger fall ;~~
Account me man ; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
Freely put off, and for him lastly die
~~Well pleased ;~~ on me let Death wreak all his rage
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquished ; thou hast given me to possess

Life in myself for ever ; by thee I live,
 Though now to death I yield, and am his due
 All that of me can die : yet, that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul
 For ever with corruption there to dwell :
 But I shall rise victorious, and subdue
 My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil ;
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious of his mortal sting disarmed. / * * *
 I through the ample air in triumph high
 Shall lead hell captive maugre hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou, at the sight
 Pleased, out of heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes,
 Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave :
 Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,
 Shall enter heaven, long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured
 And reconcilment ; wrath shall be no more
 Thenceforth ; but in thy presence joy entire."

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shone

Filial obedience : as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offered, he attends the will
 Of his great Father. Admiration seized
 All heaven, what this might mean, and whether tend,
 Wondering ; but soon the Almighty thus replied :

" O thou in heaven and earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrath ! O thou
 My sole complacence ! well thou knowest how dear
 To me are all my works, nor man the least,
 Though last created ; that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save.
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost.
 Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their nature also to thy nature join ;

And be thyself man among men on earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth : be thou in Adam's room
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee,
As from a second root, shall be restored

cool 2
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 52 2
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1 Cor. 15:2

As many as are restored, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his sons ; thy merit,
 Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for man, be judged and die,
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.
 So heavenly love shall outdo hellish hate,
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem, what hellish hate
 So easily destroyed, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume
 Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all, to save
 A world from utter loss, and hast been found
 By merit more than birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being good,
 Far more than great or high ; because in thee
 Love hath abounded more than glory abounds,
 Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy manhood also to this throne ;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and man, Son both of God and man,
 Anointed universal King ; all power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy merits ; under thee, as head supreme,
 Thrones, principedoms, powers, dominions, I reduce :
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bid
In heaven, or earth, or under earth in hell.
 When thou, attended gloriously from heaven,
 Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning archangels to proclaim
 Thy dread tribunal : forthwith from all winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past ages, to the general doom
 Shall hasten ; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 Then, all thy saints assembled, thou shall judge
 Bad men and angels ; they arraigned, shall sink
 Beneath thy sentence ; hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile

Math = 8. 13
 I Shees 4. 16
 John 5. 21

The world shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 And, after all their tribulations long,
 See golden days fruitful of golden deeds,
 With joy and love triúmphing, and fair truth.
 Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by,
 For regal sceptre then no more shall need,
 God shall be all in all. But, all ye gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies ;
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me."

No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
 The multitude of angels, with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, heaven rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled
 The eternal regions : lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amarant and gold ;
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once
 In Paradise, fast by the tree of life,
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
 To heaven removed where first it grew, there grows,
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss through midst of heaven
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream ;
 With these that never fade the spirits elect
 Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with beams ;
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright
 Pavement that like a sea of jasper shone,
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
 Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took,
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
 Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
 Of charming symphony they introduce
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high :
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
 Melodious part, such concord is in heaven.

"Thee, Father, first they sung Omnipotent,
 Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
 Eternal King ; thee, Author of all being,
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sittest
 Throned inaccessible, but when thou shadest
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud

Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
 Yet dazzle heaven, that brightest seraphim
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
 Thee next they sang of all creation first,
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud
 Made visible the Almighty Father shines,
 Whom else no creature can behold; on thee
 Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides,
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
 He heaven of heavens and all the powers therein
 By thee created; and by thee threw down
 The aspiring dominations: thou that day
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot wheels, that shook
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks
 Thou drovest of warring angels disarrayed.
 Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
 Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes;
 Not so on man: him, through their malice fallen,
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline:
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail man
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined;
 He, to appease thy wrath and end the strife
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offered himself to die
 For man's offence. O unexampled love,
 Love nowhere to be found less than divine!
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin."
 Thus they in heaven, above the starry sphere,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Meanwhile upon the firm opacous globe
 Of this round world, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior orbs, inclosed
 From Chaos, and the inroad of darkness old,
 Satan alighted walks: a globe far off
 It seemed, now seems a boundless continent

Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of night
 Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky ;
 Save on that side which from the wall of heaven,
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains
 Of glimmering air, less vexed with tempest loud :
 Here walked the fiend at large in spacious field.
 As when a vulture on Imaüs bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanling kids,
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies towards the spring
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams :
 But in his way lights on the barren plains
 Of Sericana, where Chineses drive
 With sails and wind their cany waggons light :
 So, on this windy sea of land, the fiend
 Walked up and down alone, bent on his prey .
 Alone, for other creature in this place,
 Living or lifless, to be found was none,
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither, like aëreal vapours, flew
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin
 With vanity had filled the works of men ;
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or the other life ;
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,
 Nought seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;
 All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,
 Dissolved on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here :
 Not in the neighbouring moon, as some have dreamed ;
 Those argent fields more likely habitants,
 Translated saints, or middle spirits hold
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind.
 Hither of ill-joined sons and daughters born
 First from the ancient world those giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then renowned :
 The builders next of Babel on the plain
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :

Nation of a slender

Others came single : he, who to be deemed
 A god, leaped fondly into *Ætna* flames,
Empedocles ; and he, who, to enjoy
 Plato's *Elysium*, leaped into the sea,
 Cleombrotus ; and many more too long,
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars
 White, black, and gray, with all their trumpery
 Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek
 In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in heaven ;
 And they, who, to be sure of Paradise,
 Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,
 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguised ;
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed,
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
 The trepidation talked, and that first moved ;
 And now *Saint Peter* at heaven's wicket seems
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot
 Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when lo
 A violent cross wind from either coast
 Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry
 Into the devious air : then might ye see
 Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost
 And fluttered into rags ; then reliques, beads,
 Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,
 The sport of winds : all these, upwhirled aloft,
 Fly o'er the backside of the world far off,
 Into a *limbo* large and broad, since called
 The *Paradise of Fools*, to few unknown ✓
 Long after, now unpeopled, and untrod.
 All this dark globe the fiend found as he passed,
 And long he wandered, till at last a gleam
 Of dawning light turned thitherward in haste
 His travelled steps : far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of heaven a structure high ;
 At top whereof, but far more rich appeared
 The work as of a kingly palace-gate,
 With frontispiece of diamond and gold
 Embellished ; thick with sparkling orient gems
 The portal shone, inimitable on earth
 By model, or by shading pencil, drawn.
 The stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
 To *Padan-Aram*, in the field of *Luz*,

Dreaming by night under the open sky,
And waking cried, "This is the gate of heaven."
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There always, but drawn up to heaven sometimes
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon
Who after came from earth, sailing arrived,
Wafted by angels, or flew o'er the lake
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:
Direct against which opened from beneath,
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to the earth, a passage wide,
Wider by far than that of after-times
Over mount Sion, and, though that were large,
Over the Promised Land, to God so dear;
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,
On high behests his angels to and fro
Passed frequent, and his eye with choicc regard
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,
To Beërsheba, where the Holy Land
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore;
So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,
That scaled by steps of gold to heaven-gate,
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this world at once. (As when a scout,
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renowned metropolis
With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams:
Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,
The spirit malign, but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys, (and well might where he stood
So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade,) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears

Andromeda far off Atlantic seas,
Beyond the horizon ; then from pole to pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Downright into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemed other worlds ;
Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
Thrice-happy isles ; but who dwelt happy there
He staid not to inquire : above them all
The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,
Allured his eye ; thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament, (but up or down,
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,
Or longitude,) where the great luminary
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,
Dispenses light from far : they, as they move
Their starry dance in numbers that compute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp
Turn swift their various motions, or are turned
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe, and to each inward part
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep ;
So wondrously was set his station bright.
There lands the fiend, a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone ;
Not all parts like, but all alike informed
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire ;
If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear ;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen,
That stone, or like to that, which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound

In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,
 Drained through a limbec to his native form.
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breath forth elixir pure, and rivers run
 Potable gold, when with one virtuous touch
 The arch-chymic sun, so far from us remote,
 Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed,
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious, and effect so rare?
 Here matter new to gaze the devil met
 Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all sun-shine, as when his beams at noon
 Culminate from the equator, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,
 Nowhere so clear, sharpened his visual ray
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
 The same whom John saw also in the sun:
 His back was turned, but not his brightness hid;
 Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar
 Circled his head, nor less his locks behind
 Illustrious on his shoulders, fledge with wings,
 Lay waving round; on some great charge employed
 He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandering flight
 To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
 His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay;
 And now a stripling cherub he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
 Suitable grace diffused, so well he feigned
 Under a coronet his flowing hair
 In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore,
 Of many a coloured plume, sprinkled with gold;
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a silver wand.
 He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,
 Admonished by his ear, and straight was known
 The archangel Uriel, one of the seven

Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heavens, or down to the earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts:

"Uriel, for thou of those seven spirits that stand
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest heaven to bring,
Where all his sons thy embassy attend;
And here art likeliest by supreme decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye
To visit of this new creation round;
Unspeakable desire to see and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordained,
Hath brought me from the choirs of cherubim
Alone thus wandering. Brightest seraph, tell
In which of all these shining orbs hath man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration, him behold,
On whom the great Creator hath bestowed
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The universal Maker we may praise,
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes
To deepest hell, and, to repair that loss,
Created this new happy race of men
To serve him better; wise are all his ways."

So spake the false dissembler unperceived;
For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
And oft, though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems: which now for once beguiled
Uriel, though regent of the sun, and held
The sharpest sighted spirit of all in heaven;
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,
In his uprightness, answer thus returned:

" Fair angel, thy desire, which tends to know
 The works of God, thereby to glorify
 The great Work-master, leads to no excess
 That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
 From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,
 Contented with report, hear only in heaven :
 For wonderful indeed are all his works,
 Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance always with delight ;
 But what created mind can comprehend
 Their number, or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?
 I saw when at his word the formless mass,
 The world's material mould, came to a heap :
 Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
 Stood ruled, stood vast infinitude confined ;
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shonc, and order from disorder sprung :
 Swift to their several quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous elements, earth, flood, air, fire ;
 And this ethereal quintessence of heaven
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course ;
 The rest in circuit walls this universe.
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;
 That place is earth, the seat of man ; that light
 His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,
 Night would invade ; but there the neighbouring moon
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid heaven,
 With borrowed light her countenance triform
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,
 Adam's abode ; those lofty shades, his bower.
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires."
 Thus said, he turned ; and Satan, bowing low,
 As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,

Took leave, and toward the coast of earth beneath,
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success;
Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,
Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

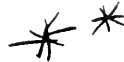
Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits in the shape of a cormorant on the tree of life, as highest in the garden, to look about him. The garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse, thence gathers that the tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them awhile to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel descending on a sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escaped the deep, and passed at noon by his sphere in the shape of a good angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furlous gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest; their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from heaven, flies out of Paradise.

O, FOR that warning voice, which he who saw
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
“ Woe to the inhabitants on earth !” that now,
While time was, our first parents had been warned
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare : for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell :
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt ; which nigh the birth
Now rolling boils in his tumultuous breast,
And like a devilish engine back recoils
Upon himself ; horror and doubt distract

His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
 The hell within him ; for within him hell
 He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
 One step, no more than from himself, can fly,
 By change of place : now conscience wakes despair,
 That slumbered ; wakes the bitter memory
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be
 Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
 Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixed sad ;
 Sometimes towards heaven, and the full-blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower :
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began :

“ O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Lookest from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world ; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads ; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
 Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
 Warring in heaven against heaven’s matchless King :
 Ah, wherefore ? he deserved no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
 What could be less than to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
 How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
 I ’s dained subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe :
 Forgetful what from him I still received,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
 Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?
 O had his powerful destiny ordained
 Me some inferior angel, I had stood
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
 Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power
 As great might have aspired, and me, though mean
 Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great

*upbraided
 to the sun*



Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
 Or from without, to all temptations armed.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
 Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
 Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

O, then, at last relent: is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
 None left but by submission; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. } Ah me! they little know

How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme
 In misery: such joy ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain,
 By act of grace, my former state; how soon
 Would height recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall; so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging peace:
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear

Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good : by thee at least
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As man ere long, and this new world shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his face
 Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair ;
 Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed
 Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld :

For heavenly minds from such distempers foul
 Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware,
 Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm,
 Artificer of fraud ; and was the first
 That practised falsehood under saintly show,
 Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge :
 Yet not enough had practised to deceive

Uriel once warned : whose eye pursued him down

The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount
 Saw him disfigured, more than could befall
 Spirit of happy sort ; his gestures fierce
 He marked, and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,

Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied ; and over-head up-grew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene ; and, as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops

The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung :
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round :

And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed ;
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,

When God hath showered the earth ; so lovely seemed
 That landscape : and of pure, now purer air

Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the Blest; with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles:
 So entertained those odorous sweets the fiend,
 Who came their bane: though with them better pleased
 Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume
 That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse
 Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent
 From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill
 Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;
 But further way found none, so thick entwined
 As one continued brake, the undergrowth
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed
 All path of man or beast that passed that way.
 One gate there only was, and that looked east
 On the other side: which, when the arch-felon saw,
 Due entrance he disdained; and, in contempt,
 At one slight bound high over-leaped all bound
 Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within
 Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
 Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
 In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
 Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold:
 Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
 Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
 Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,
 In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles:
 So clomb the first grand thief into God's fold;
 So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.
 Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life,
 The middle tree and highest there that grew,
 Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life
 Thereby regained, but sat devising death
 To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought

Tobit

a good feat
 of navigation

Of that life-giving plant, but only used
 For prospect, what well used had been the pledge
 Of immortality. So little knows
 Any but God alone, to value right,
 The good before him, but perverts best things
 To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.
 Beneath him with new wonder now he views,
 To all delight of human sense exposed,
 In narrow room, nature's whole wealth, yea more,
 A heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
 Of God the garden was, by him in the east
 Of Eden planted; Eden stretched her line
 From Auran eastward to the royal towers
 Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,
 Or where the sons of Eden long before
 Dwelt in Telassar: in this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained:
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold; and next to life,
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
 Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden-mould high-raised
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood.
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And now divided into four main streams,
 Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account;
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,

The river is the Tigris
 which is the source of
 the Euphrates

Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Imbrowned the noontide bowers: thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
 Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
 Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
 Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
 Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head, inclosed with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
 Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,

Godlike erect, with native honour clad,
In naked majesty seemed lords of all :
And worthy seemed ; ~~for in their looks divine~~ |
~~The image of their glorious Maker shone,~~
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed.)
Whence true authority in men ; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed ;
For contemplation he and valour formed ;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him :
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed ;
Then was not guilty shame : dishonest shame
Of nature's works, honour dishonourable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banished from man's life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence !
So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight
Of God or angel ; for they thought no ill :
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met ;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain side
They sat them down ; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour then sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline,

On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers :
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream ;
 Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles,
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems
 Fair couple, linked in happy nuptial league,
 Alone as they. About them frisking played
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;
 Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambolled before them ; the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed
 His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass
 Couched, and now filled with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun,
 Declined, was hasting now with prone career
 To the ocean isles, and in the ascending scale
 Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose ;
 When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
 Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad :
 " O hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold ?
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
 Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
 Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
 In them divine resemblance, and such grace
 The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured
 Ah ! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
 Your change approaches, when all these delights
 Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe ;
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy ;
 If happy, but for so happy ill secured
 Long to continue, and this high seat your heaven
 Ill fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe
 As now is entered ; yet no purposed foe
 To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
 Though I unpitied : league with you I seek,
 And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
 That I with you must dwell, or you with me,
 Henceforth : my dwelling haply may not please,

Like this fair Paradise, your sense : yet such
 Accept your Maker's work ; he gave it me,
 Which I as freely give ; hell shall unfold,
 To entertain you two, her widest gates,
 And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,
 Not like these narrow limits, to receive
 Your numerous offspring ; if no better place,
 Thank him who puts me loth to this revenge
 On you, who wrong me not, for him who wronged.
 And should I at your harmless innocence
 Melt as I do, yet public reason just,
 Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
 By conquering this new world, compels me now
 To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.²

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
 Down he alights among the sportful herd
 Of those four-footed kinds ; himself now one,
 Now other, as their shape served best his end
 Nearer to view his prey, and unespied,
 To mark what of their state he more might learn,
 By word or action marked : about them round
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare ;
 Then as a tiger, who by chance has spied
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
 Straight couches close, then rising, changes oft
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,
 Griped in each paw : when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
 Turned him, all ear to hear new utterance flow :

“ Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys,
 Dearer thyself than all ; needs must the Power
 That made us, and for us this ample world,
 Be infinitely good, and of his good
 As liberal and free as infinite ;
 That raised us from the dust, and placed us here
 In all this happiness, who at his hand
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform
 Aught whereof he hath need ; he who requires
 From us no other service than to keep
 This one, this easy charge ; of all the trees
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that only tree

Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life;
 So near grows death to life, whate'er death is,
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowest
 God has pronounced it death to taste that tree,
 The only sign of our obedience left
 Among so many signs of power and rule
 Conferred upon us, and dominion given
 Over all other creatures that possess
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights:
 But let us ever praise him, and extol
 His bounty, following our delightful task,
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers.
 Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied: "O thou for whom
 And from whom I was formed, flesh of thy flesh,
 And without whom am to no end, my guide
 And head! what thou hast said is just and right;
 For we to him indeed all praises owe,
 And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
 So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
 Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
 Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.
 That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
 Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,
 It started back; but pleased I soon returned,
 Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathy and love: there I had fixed
 Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
 Had not a voice thus warned me: What thou seest,
 What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;

Handwritten notes:
 Eve's
 Reflection
 Old Poem
 in
 Milton's

Handwritten note:
 That's the important
 word

With thee it came and goes ; but follow me,
 And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
 Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
 Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
 Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
 Mother of human race. What could I do,
 But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
 Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
 Under a plantain, yet methought less fair,
 Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
 Than that smooth watery image : back I turned ;
 Thou following criedst aloud, Return, fair Eve ;
 Whom flyest thou ? whom thou flyest, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear ;
 Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half. With that thy gentle hand
 Seized mine : I yielded ; and from that time see
 How beauty is excelled by manly grace,
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

So spake our general mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unreproved,
 And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned
 On our first father ; half her swelling breast
 Naked met his, under the flowing gold
 Of her loose tresses hid : he in delight
 Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
 Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
 On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
 That shed May flowers ; and pressed her matron lip
 With kisses pure : aside the Devil turned
 For envy ; yet with jealous leer malign
 Eyed them askance, and to himself thus 'plained :

"Sight hateful, sight tormenting ! thus these two,
 Imparadised in one another's arms,
 The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill
 Of bliss on bliss ; while I to hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 Among our other torments not the least,
 Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines.
 Yet let me not forget what I have gained
 From their own mouths ; all is not theirs, it seems ;

One fatal tree there stands, of knowledge called,
 Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?
 Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
 Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
 Can it be death? And do they only stand
 By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
 The proof of their obedience and their faith?
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with design
 To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
 Equal with gods: aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die; what likelier can ensue!
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
 Some wandering spirit of heaven by fountain-side,
 Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
 What further would be learned. Live while ye may
 Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
 Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed."

So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,
 But with sly circumspection, and began
 Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.
 Meanwhile, in utmost longitude, where heaven
 With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
 Slowly descended, and with right aspect
 Against the eastern gate of Paradise
 Levelled his evening rays: it was a rock
 Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
 Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
 Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
 The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
 Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
 Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
 Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
 About him exercised heroic games
 The unarmed youth of heaven, but nigh at hand
 Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
 Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold,
 Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
 On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
 In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
 Impress the air, and shows the mariner

From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds : he thus began in haste :

“ Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
God's latest image : I described his way
Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait ;
But in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks
Alien from heaven, with passions foul obscured :
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him : one of the banished crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep to raise
New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.”

To whom the winged warrior thus returned :
“ Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,
Amid the sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,
See far and wide : in at this gate none pass
The vigilance here placed, but such as come
Well known from heaven ; and since meridian hour
No creature thence : if spirit of other sort,
So minded, have o'erleaped these earthy bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowest it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.
But if within the circuit of these walks,
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know.”

So promised he ; and Uriel to his charge
Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised,
Bore him slope downward to the sun, now fallen
Beneath the Azores ; whether the prime orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rolled
Diurnal, or this less volúble earth,
By shorter flight to the east, had left him there
Arraying with reflected purple and gold
The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;

Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort, the hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
 Our eyelids : other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest ;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ;
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
 Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :
 " My author and disposer, what thou biddest
 Unargued I obey : so God ordains ;
 God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew : fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,

And these the gems of heaven, her starry train :
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light ; without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?”

“ To whom our general ancestor replied :
 “ Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,
 These have their course to finish round the earth
 By morrow evening, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things : which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence foment and warm,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grew
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise ;
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep :
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ! oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.”
 Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
 On to their blissful bower : it was a place
 Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
 All things to man's delightful use ; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade

Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Or costliest emblem : other creature here,
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed ;
 And heavenly choirs the hymenean sung,
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,
 More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endowed with all their gifts ; and O too like
 In sad event, when to the unwiser son
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
 Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
 Both turned, and under open sky adored
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole : " Thou also madest the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day
 Which we, in our appointed work employed,
 Have finished, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordained by thee ; and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promised from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

This said unanimous, and other rites
 Observing none, but adoration pure
 Which God likes best, into their inmost bower

Handed they went ; and, eased the putting off
 These troublesome disguises which we wear,
 Straight side by side were laid ; nor turned, I ween,
 Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites
 Mysterious of connubial love refused :
 Whatever hypocrites austerely talk
 Of purity, and place, and innocence,
 Defaming as impure what God declares
 Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.
 Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain
 But our destroyer, foe to God and man ?

Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
 Of human offspring, sole propriety
 In Paradise, of all things common else.
 By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
 Among the bestial herds to range : by thee
 Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
 Relations dear, and all the charities
 Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
 Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
 Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
 Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
 Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.
 Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights
 His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
 Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendeared.
 Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours, *Charles II*
 Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
 Or serenade, which the starved lover sings
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
 These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,
 And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
 Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,
 Blest pair ; and O yet happiest, if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more.

Now had night measured with her shadowy cone
 Half way up hill this vast sublunar vault,
 And from their ivory port the cherubim,
 Forth issuing at the accustomed hour, stood armed
 To their night watches in warlike parade ;
 When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake :

“ Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south
 With strictest watch ; these other wheel the north :

*the 11th's authority of courtesy
 here we see to preserve*

Our circuit meets full west." As flame they part,
 Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.
 From these, two strong and subtle spirits he called
 That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge :

" Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed
 Search through this garden, leave unsearched no nook,
 But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge,
 Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.
 This evening from the sun's decline arrived,
 Who tells of some infernal spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought ?) escapea
 The bars of hell, on errand bad no doubt :
 Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring."

So saying, on he led his radiant files,
 Dazzling the moon ; these to the bower direct
 In search of whom they sought : him there they found
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach
 The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams ;
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distempered, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
 Touched lightly ; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness : up he starts
 Discovered and surprised. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
 Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air ;
 So started up in his own shape the fiend.
 Back stept those two fair angels, half amazed
 So sudden to behold the grisly king ;
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon :

" Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to hell
 Comest thou, escaped thy prison ? and transformed,
 Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?"

" Know ye not then," said Satan, filled with scorn,
 " Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate

For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar :
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
The lowest of your throng ; or, if ye know,
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
Your message, like to end as much in vain ?”

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn :
“ Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,
Or undiminished brightness to be known,
As when thou stood'st in heaven upright and pure ;
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,
Departed from thee ; and thou resemblest now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.
But come, for thou, be sure, shalt give account
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable, and these from harm.”

So spake the cherub : and his grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible : abashed the Devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely ; saw, and pined
His loss ; but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impaired ; yet seemed
Undaunted. “ If I must contend,” said he,
“ Best with the best, the sender not the sent,
Or all at once ; more glory will be won,
Or less be lost.” “ Thy fear,” said Zephon bold,
“ Will save us trial what the least can do
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.”

The fiend replied not, overcome with rage ;
But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,
Champing his iron curb : to strive or fly
He held it vain : awe from above had quelled
His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, and closing stood in squadron joined,
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,
Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud :

“ O friends ! I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade ;
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded splendour wan ; who by his gait
And fierce demeanour seems the prince of hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest ;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.”

He scarce had ended, when those two approached,
 And brief related whom they brought, where found,
 How busied, in what form and posture couched.

To whom with stern regard thus Gabriel spake :
 " Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed
 To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge
 Of others, who approve not to transgress
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place ;
 Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ? "

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow :
 " Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,
 And such I held thee ; but this question asked
 Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,
 Though thither doomed ? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt
 And boldly venture to whatever place
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change
 Torment with ease, and soonest recompense
 Dole with delight, which in this place I sought ;
 To thee no reason, who knowest only good,
 But evil hast not tried : and wilt object
 His will who bounds us ? Let him surer bar
 His iron gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance : thus much what was asked.
 The rest is true, they found me where they say ;
 But that implies not violence or harm. "

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,
 Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied :
 " O loss of one in heaven to judge of wise,
 Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,
 And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed ;
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain
 However, and to 'scape his punishment !
 So judge thou still, presumptuous ! till the wrath,
 Which thou incurrest by flying, meet thy flight
 Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,
 Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
 Can equal anger infinite provoked.
 But wherefore thou alone ? Wherefore with thee
 Came not all hell broke loose ? is pain to them

Less pain, less to be fled; or thou than they
 Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!
 The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the fiend thus answered, frowning stern:
 "Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,
 Insulting angel! well thou knowest I stood
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid
 The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed.
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.
 But still thy words at random, as before,
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves
 From hard assays and ill successes past
 A faithful leader, not to hazard all
 Through ways of danger by himself untried. ✕
 I therefore, I alone first undertook
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy
This new-created world, whereof in hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
Better abode, and my afflicted powers
To settle here on earth, or in mid air;
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord
 High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,
 And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the warrior-angel soon replied:
 "To say, and straight unsay, pretending first
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced,
 Satan: and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Army of fiends, fit body to fit head.
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme!
 And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou
 Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored
 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?
 But mark what I areed thee now, Avaunt;
 Fly thither whence thou fled'st. If from this hour

Within these hallowed limits thou appear,
 Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chained,
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn
 The facile gates of hell too slightly barred."

So threatened he ; but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied :

" Then when I am thy captive talk of chains,
 Proud liminary cherub ! but ere then
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel
 From my prevailling arm, though heaven's King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers
 Used to the yoke, drawest his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the road of heaven star-paved."

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright
 Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded grove of ears which way the wind
 Sways them ; the careful ploughman doubting stands,
 Lest on the threshing floors his hopeful sheaves
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,
 Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved :
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest
 Sat horror plumed ; nor wanted in his grasp
 What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds
 Might have ensued, not only Paradise,
 In this commotion, but the starry cope
 Of heaven, perhaps, or all the elements
 At least had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,
 Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,
 Wherein all things created first he weighed,
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air
 In counterpoise ; now ponders all events,
 Battles and realms : in these he put two weights,
 The sequel each of parting and of fight :
 The latter quick up-flew, and kicked the beam ;
 Which Gabriel spying, thus bespake the fiend :

" Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowest mine ;
 Neither our own, but given : what folly then
 To boast what arms can do ? since thine no more

Than heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now
To trample thee as mire : for proof look up,
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,
Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak,
If thou resist." The fiend looked up, and knew
His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream ; he likes it not, yet comforts her : they come forth to their day-labours : their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise ; his appearance described ; his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower ; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve ; their discourse at table : Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy ; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from the first revolt in heaven, and the occasion thereof ; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the north, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd ; for his sleep
Was acry-light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on every bough ; so much the more
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest : he, on his side
Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces ; then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching whispered thus : " Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heaven's last best gift, my ever-new delight :
Awake : the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us ; we lose the prime to mark how spring
Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye
 On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake :
 "O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
 My glory, my perfection ! glad I see
 Thy face, and morn returned ; for I this night
 (Such night till this I never passed) have dreamed,
 If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,
 Works of day past, or morrow's next design,
 But of offence and trouble, which my mind
 Knew never till this irksome night : Methought
 Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk
 With gentle voice ; I thought it thine : it said,
 Why sleep'st thou, Eve ? now is the pleasant time,
 The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
 To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
 Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song ; now reigns
 Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
 Shadowy sets off the face of things ; in vain,
 If none regard ; heaven wakes with all his eyes,
 Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire ?
 In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
 I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;
 To find thee I directed then my walk ;
 And on, methought, alone I passed through ways
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree
 Of interdicted knowledge ; fair it seemed,
 Much fairer to my fancy than by day :
 And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood
 One shaped and winged like one of those from heaven
 By us oft seen : his dewy locks distilled
 Ambrosia ; on that tree he also gazed ;
 And, O fair plant, said he, with fruit surcharged,
 Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,
 Nor God, nor man ? Is knowledge so despised ?
 Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste ?
 Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offered good ; why else set here ?
 This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm
 He plucked, he tasted ; me damp horror chilled
 At such bold words vouch'd with a deed so bold :
 But he thus, overjoyed : O fruit divine,
 Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt,
 Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit
 For gods, yet able to make gods of men

appeal to heaven

And why not gods of men ; since good, the more
 Communicated, more abundant grows,
 The author not impaired, but honoured more ?
 Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve !
 Partake thou also : happy though thou art,
 Happier thou mayest be, worthier canst not be.
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods
 Thyself a goddess, not to earth confined,
 But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes
 Ascend to heaven, by merit thine, and see
 What life the gods live there, and such live thou.
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had plucked : the pleasant savoury smell
 So quickened appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide
 And varicus : wondering at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation ; suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep ; but Oh, how glad I waked
 To find this but a dream." Thus Eve her night
 Related, and thus Adam answered sad :

" Best image of myself, and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally ; nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung, I fear ;
 Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure. But know, that in the soul
 Are many lesser faculties, that serve
 Reason as chief : among these, Fancy next
 Her office holds ; of all external things,
 Which the five watchful senses represent,
 She forms imaginations, airy shapes,
 Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires
 Into her private cell. When Nature rests,
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancy wakes
 To imitate her ; but misjoining shapes,
 Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams ;
 Ill-matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances, methinks, I find
 Of our last evening's talk, in this thy dream.

Milton's Paradise Lost
 Book 4

seriously

But with addition strange; yet be not sad.
Evil into the mind of God or man
 May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind; which gives me hope
 That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
 Be not disheartened then, nor cloud those looks,
 That wont to be more cheerful and serene,
 Than when fair morning first smiles on the world;
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers
 That open now their choicest bosomed smells,
 Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheered;
 But silently a gentle tear let fall
 From either eye, and wiped them with her hair.
 Two other precious drops that ready stood,
 Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
 Kissed, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe, that feared to have offended.

So all was cleared, and to the field they haste.
 But first from under shady arborous roof
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, who, scarce up-risen,
 With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim,
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
 Lowly they bowed adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid
 In various style; for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung
 Unmeditated; such prompt eloquence
 Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse;
 More tunable than needed lute or harp
 To add more sweetness; and they thus began:

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair: Thyself how wondrous then,
 Unspeakable! who sittest above these heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,

Psychology

spontaneous rejoices
 is the only kind
 that exists.

see
 19th Psalm

Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crownest the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climbest,
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fallest
 Moon, that now meetest the orient sun, now fliest,
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
 Witness if I be silent morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still

To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark."

So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste,
Among sweet dews and flowers : where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reached too far
Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces : or they led the vine
To wed her elm ; she spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus employed beheld
With pity heaven's high King, and to him called
Raphael, the sociable spirit, that deigned
To travel with Tobias, and secured
His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.

" Raphael," said he, " thou hearest what stir on earth
Satan, from hell 'scaped through the darksome gulf,
Hath raised in Paradise ; and how disturbed
This night the human pair ; how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.
Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade
Thou findest him from the heat of noon retired,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose ; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happy state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free will, his will though free
Yet mutable : whence warn him to beware
He swerve not, too secure : tell him withal
His danger, and from whom ; what enemy,
Late fallen himself from heaven, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss ;
By violence ? no, for that shall be withstood ;
But by deceit and lies : this let him know,
Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonished, unforèwarned."

So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfilled
All justice : nor delayed the winged saint
After his charge received ; but from among
Thousand celestial ardours, where he stood
Veiled with his gorgeous wings, up-springing light

Fllew through the midst of heaven ; the angelic choirs,
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all the empyreal road : till, at the gate
Of heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide
On golden hinges turning as by work
Divine the sovereign Architect had framed.
From hence no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Star interposed, however small, he sees,
Not unconform to other shining globes,
Earth, and the garden of God, with cedars crowned
Above all hills. As when by night the glass
Of Galileo, less assured, observes
Imagined lands and regions in the moon :
Or pilot, from amidst the Cyclades
Delos or Samos first appearing, kens
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing,
Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan
Winnows the buxom air ; till within soar
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems
A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,
When, to enshrine his reliques in the sun's
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A seraph winged : six wings he wore to shade
His lineaments divine ; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breast
With regal ornament ; the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold,
And colours dipt in heaven ; the third his feet
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands
Of angels under watch ; and to his state,
And to his message high, in honour rise ;
For on some message high they guessed him bound.
Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm ;
A wilderness of sweets ; for
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will

Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.
 Him through the spicy forest onward come
 Adam discerned, as in the door he sat
 Of his cool bower, while now the mounted sun
 Shot down direct his fervid rays to warm
 Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs :
 And Eve within, due at her hour prepared
 For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please
 True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
 Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,
 Berry or grape : to whom thus Adam called :

“ Haste hither, Eve, and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those trees, what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving ; seems another morn
 Risen on mid-noon ; some great behest from heaven
 To us perhaps he brings, and will vouchsafe
 This day to be our guest. But go with speed,
 And, what thy stores contain, bring forth and pour
 Abundance, fit to honour and receive
 Our heavenly stranger ; well we may afford
 Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow
 From large bestowed, where nature multiplies
 Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows
 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.”

To whom thus Eve : “ Adam, earth's hallowed mould,
 Of God inspired ! small store will serve, where store,
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk :
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes :
 But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,
 Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice
 To entertain our angel-guest, as he
 Beholding shall confess, that here on earth
 God hath dispensed his bounties as in heaven.”

So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
 She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to choose for delicacy best,
 What order so contrived as not to mix
 Tastes not well joined, inelegant, but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change :
 Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
 Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields
 In India East or West, or middle shore
 In Pontus or the Punic coast. or where

Alcinous reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat
 Rough, or smooth rind, or bearded husk, or shell,
 She gathers, tribute large, and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the grape
 She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths
 From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed
 She tempers dulcet creams; nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground
 With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

Meanwhile our primitive great sire, to meet
 His god-like guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompanied than with his own complete
 Perfections; in himself was all his state,
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits
 On princes, when their rich retinue long
 Of horses led, and grooms besmeared with gold,
 Dazzles the crowd, and sets them all agape.
 Nearer his presence Adam, though not awed,
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,
 As to a superior nature, bowing low,
 Thus said: "Native of heaven, for other place
 None can than heaven such glorious shape contain;
 Since by descending from the thrones above,
 Those happy places thou hast deigned a while
 To want, and honour these, vouchsafe with us
 Two only, who yet by sovereign gift possess
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower
 To rest, and what the garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline."

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answered mild:
 "Adam, I therefore came; nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though spirits of heaven,
 To visit thee: lead on then where thy bower
 O'ershades; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,
 I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,
 With flowerets decked, and fragrant smells; but Eve
 Undecked save with herself, more lovely fair
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feigned
 Of three that in mount Ida naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from heaven; no veil
 She needed, virtue proof; no thought infirm
 Altered her cheek. On whom the angel "Hail!"

Bestowed, the holy salutation used
Long after to blest Mary, second Eve :

“ Hail, mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb
Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons,
Than with these various fruits the trees of God
Have heaped this table.” Raised of grassy turf
Their table was, and mossy seats had round,
And on her ample square from side to side
All autumn piled, though spring and autumn here
Danced hand in hand. A while discourse they hold
No fear lest dinner cool ; when thus began
Our author : “ Heavenly stranger, please to taste
These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom
All perfect good, unmeasured out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caused
The earth to yield ; unsavoury food perhaps
To spiritual natures ; only this I know,
That one celestial Father gives to all.”

To whom the angel : “ Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest spirits be found
No ingrateful food : and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require,
As doth your rational ; and both contain
Within them every lower faculty
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.
For know, whatever was created needs
To be sustained and fed : of elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the sea feed air, the air those fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the moon ;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged
Vapours not yet into her substance turned.
Nor doth the moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist continent to higher orbs.
The sun, that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimantal recompense
In humid exhalations, and at even
Sups with the ocean. Though in heaven the trees
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
Yield nectar ; though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifuous dews, and find the ground
Covered with pearly grain : yet God hath here

Varied his bounty so with new delights,
 As may compare with heaven; and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat.
 And to their viands fell; nor seemingly
 The angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
 Of theologians; but with keen despatch
 Of real hunger, and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate: what redounds, transpires
 Through spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
 Of sooty coal the empiric alchymist
 Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,
 Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,
 As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve
 Ministered naked, and their flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crowned; O innocence
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
 Then had the sons of God excuse to have been
 Enamoured at that sight; but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy
 Was understood, the injured lover's hell.

Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,
 Not burdened nature, sudden mind arose
 In Adam, not to let the occasion pass
 Given him by this great conference, to know
 Of things above his world, and of their being
 Who dwell in heaven, whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so far: whose radiant forms,
 Divine effulgence, whose high power, so far
 Exceeded human: and his wary speech
 Thus to the empyreal minister he framed:

"Inhabitant with God, now know I well
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man;
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast vouchsafed
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of angels, yet accepted so,
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?"

To whom the winged hierarch replied:
 "O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom
 All things proceed, and up to him return,
 If not depraved from good, created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Endued with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;
 But more refined, more spirituous, and pure.

*not created perfect
 but capable of
 attaining grace*

As nearer to him placed, or nearer tending
 Each in their several active spheres assigned,
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportioned to each kind. So from the root
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
 More aery, last the bright consummate flower
 Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,
 Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
 To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual; give both life and sense,
 Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,
 Discursive, or intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance. Time may come when men
 With angels may participate, and find
 No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare;
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,
 Improved by tract of time, and, winged, ascend
 Ethereal, as we; or may, at choice,
 Here or in heavenly Paradises dwell;
 If ye be found obedient, and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire,
 Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happy state
 Can comprehend, incapable of more."

*refinement & variety
 difference*

*General
 spirit
 to divine
 nature
 to
 man*

*Quintessence
 of spirit
 after death - I see
 is a sleep of spirit*

To whom the patriarch of mankind replied:
 " O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge, and the scale of nature set
 From centre to circumference; whereon,
 In contemplation of created things,
 By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
 What meant that caution joined, ' If ye be found
 Obedient?' Can we want obedience then
 To him, or possibly his love desert,
 Who formed us from the dust, and placed us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

To whom the angel: " Son of heaven and earth,
 Attend: that thou art happy, owe to God;

That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
 That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.
 This was that caution given thee; be advised.
God made thee perfect, not immutable;
And good he made thee; but to persevere
He left it in thy power; ordained thy will
By nature free, not overruled by fate
Inextricable, or strict necessity:
Our voluntary service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
 Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
 Can hearts, not free, be tried whether they serve
 Willing or no, who will but what they must
 By destiny, and can no other choose?
 Myself, and all the angelic host, that stand
 In sight of God, enthroned, our happy state
 Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds;
 On other surety none: freely we serve,
 Because we freely love, as in our will
To love or not; in this we stand or fall:
And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,
And so from heaven to deepest hell; O fall
From what high state of bliss, into what woe!"

To whom our great progenitor: "Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills
 Aerial music send; nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free;
 Yet that we never shall forget to love
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command
 Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts
 Assured me, and still assure: though what thou tellest
 Hath passed in heaven, some doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard;
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the sun
 Hath finished half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great zone of heaven."

Thus Adam made request: and Raphaël,
 After short pause assenting, thus began:

"High matter thou enjoimest me, O prime of men,
 Sad task and hard: for how shall I relate
To human sense the invisible exploits

Of warring spirits? how, without remorse,
 The ruin of so many glorious once
 And perfect while they stood? how last unfold
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
 This is dispensed; and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,

*compares things
of heaven in
terms of earth*

As may express them best; though what if earth
 Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?

“As yet this world was not, and Chaos wild
 Reign'd where these heavens now roll, where earth now rests
 Upon her centre poised; when on a day
 (For time, though in eternity, applied
 To motion, measures all things durable
 By present, past, and future), on such day
 As heaven's great year brings forth, the empyreal host

Of angels by imperial summons called,
 Innumerable before the Almighty's throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of heaven, appeared
 Under their hierarchs in orders bright:
 Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,
 Standards and gonfalons 'twixt van and rear
 Stream in the air, and for distinction serve
 Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees;
 Or in their glittering tissues bear emblaz'd
 Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love
 Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
 Orb within orb, the Father infinite,
 By whom in bliss imbosomed sat the Son,
 Amidst as from a flaming mount whose top
 Brightness had made invisible, thus spake:

*account of
the appearing*

“Hear, all ye angels, progeny of light,
 Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
 Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand.
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My only Son, and on this holy hill
 Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
 At my right hand; your head I him appoint;
 And by myself have sworn, to him shall bow
 A.l knees in heaven, and shall confess him Lord:
 Under his great vicergerent reign abide
 United, as one individual soul,

*When the heaven
was described in
7th & 8th page.*

*heavenly
powers*

For ever happy : him who disobeys,
 Me disobeys, breaks union, and that day,
 Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
 Into utter darkness, deep engulfed, his place
 Ordained without redemption, without end.'

"So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words
 All seemed well pleased ; all seemed, but were not all.
 That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred hill ;
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
 Of planets, and of fixed, in her all wheels
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular
 The most when most irregular they seem ;
 And in their motions harmony divine
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
 Listens delighted. Evening now approached
 (For we have also evening and our morn,
 We ours for change delectable, not need) ;
 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
 Desirous ; all in circles as they stood
 Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
 With angel's food, and rubied nectar flows
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heaven.
 On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crowned,
 They eat, they drink ; and in communion sweet
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure
 Of surfeit, where full measure only bounds
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who showered
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.
 Now when ambrosial night with clouds exhaled
 From that high mount of God, whence light and shade
 Spring both, the face of brightest heaven had changed
 To grateful twilight (for night comes not there
 In darker veil), and roseate dew's disposed
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest ;
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far
 Than all this globous earth in plain outspread
 (Such are the courts of God), the angelic throne,
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
 By living streams among the trees of life,
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reared,
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept
 Fanned with cool winds ; save those, who, in their course

Melodious hymns about the sovereign throne
Alternate all night long : but not so waked
Satan ; so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in heaven ; he of the first,
If not the first archangel, great in power,
In favour and pre-eminence, yet fraught
With envy against the Son of God, that day
Honoured by his great Father, and proclaimed
Messiah King anointed, could not bear
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impaired.
Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved
With all his legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unbeyed, the throne supreme,
Contemptuous ; and his next subordinate
Awakening, thus to him in secret spake :

“ ‘ Sleepest thou, companion dear ? What sleep can close
Thy eye-lids ? and rememberest what decree
Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips
Of heaven’s Almighty. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to impart ;
Both waking we were one ; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent ? New laws thou seest impose ;
New laws from him who reigns, new minds may raise
In us who serve, new councils, to debate
What doubtful may ensue : more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou,
Of all those myriads which we lead, the chief ;
Tell them, that by command, ere yet dim night
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me their banner wave,
Homeward, with flying march, where we possess
The quarters of the north ; there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King,
The Great Messiah, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.’

“ So spake the false archangel, and infused
Bad influence into the unwary breast
Of his associate : he together calls,
Or several one by one, the regent powers
Under him regent ; tells, as he was taught,
That the Most High commanding, now ere night,
Now ere dim night had disencumbered heaven.

The great hierarchal standard was to move ;
 Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
 Or taint integrity : but all obeyed
 The wonted signal, and superior voice
 Of their great potentate ; for great indeed
 His name, and high was his degree in heaven ;
 His countenance as the morning star that guides
 The starry flock, allured them, and with lies
 Drew after him the third part of heaven's host.
 Meanwhile the Eternal eye, whose sight discerns
 Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,
 And from within the golden lamps that burn
 Nightly before him, saw without their light
 Rebellion rising ; saw in whom, how spread
 Among the sons of morn, what multitudes
 Were banded to oppose his high decree ;
 And, smiling, to his only Son thus said :

“ ‘ Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
 In full resplendence, heir of all my might,
 Nearly it now concerns us to be sure
 Of our omnipotence, and with what arms
 We mean to hold what anciently we claim
 Of deity or empire : such a foe
 Is rising who intends to erect his throne
 Equal to ours throughout the spacious north ;
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to try
 In battle, what our power is, or our right.
 Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all employ
 In our defence ; lest unawares we lose
 This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.’

“ To whom the Son with calm aspect and clear,
 Lightning divine, ineffable, serene,
 Made answer : ‘ Mighty Father, thou thy foes
 Justly hast in derision, and, secure,
 Laughest at their vain designs and tumults vain,
 Matter to me of glory, whom their hate
 Illustrates, when they see all regal power
 Given me to quell their pride, and in event
 Know whether I be dexterous to subdue
 Thy rebels, or be found the worst in heaven.’

“ So spake the Son : but Satan with his powers
 Far was advanced on winged speed : an host
 Innumerable as the stars of night,

Or stars of morning, dew-drops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.
Regions they passed, the mighty regencies
Of seraphim, and potentates, and thrones,
In their triple degrees ; regions to which
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more
Than what this garden is to all the earth,
And all the sea, from one entire globose
Stretched into longitude ; which having passed,
At length into the limits of the north
They came ; and Satan to his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold :
The palace of great Lucifer (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted), which not long after, he,
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that mount whereon
Messiah was declared in sight of heaven,
The Mountain of the Congregation called
For thither he assembled all his train,
Pretending, so commanded, to consult
About the great reception of their King,
Thither to come ; and with calumnious art
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears :

“ ‘Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers
If these magnificent titles yet remain
Not merely titular, since by decree
Another now hath to himself engrossed
All power, and us eclipsed under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight-march, and hurried meeting here,
This only to consult ; how we may best,
With what may be devised of honours new,
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile !
Too much to one ! but double how endured,
To one, and to his image now proclaimed ?
But what if better counsels might erect
Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke ?
Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend
The supple knee ? Ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves
Natives and sons of heaven possessed before

By none ; and if not equal all, yet free,
 Equally free ; for orders and degrees
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.
 Who can in reason then, or right, assume
 Monarchy over such as live by right
 His equals ; if in power and splendour less.
 In freedom equal ? or can introduce
 Law and edict on us, who without law
 Err not ? much less for this to be our Lord,
 And look for adoration, to the abuse
 Of those imperial titles, which assert
 Our being ordained to govern, not to serve.'

“ Thus far his bold discourse without control
 Had audience ; when among the seraphim
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored
 The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe
 The current of his fury thus opposed :

“ O argument blasphemous, false, and proud !
 Words which no ear ever to hear in heaven
 Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate,
 In place thyself so high above thy peers.
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,
 That to his only Son, by right endued
 With regal sceptre every soul in heaven,
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due
 Confess him rightful king ? Unjust, thou sayest,
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let reign,
 One over all with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give law to God ? shalt thou dispute
 With him the points of liberty, who made
 Thee what thou art, and formed the powers of heaven
 Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being ?
 Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,
 And of our good and of our dignity
 How provident he is ; how far from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happy state, under one head more near
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals monarch reign :
 Thyself, though great and glorious dost thou count,
 Or all angelic nature joined in one,
 Equal to him, begotten Son ? by whom,

As by his word, the Mighty Father made
All things, even thee ; and all the spirits of heaven
By him created in their bright degrees,
Crowned them with glory, and to their glory named
Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
Essential powers ; nor by his reign obscured,
But more illustrious made ; since he the head,
One of our number thus reduced becomes ;
His laws our laws ; all honour to him done
Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
And tempt not these : but hasten to appease
The incensed Father and the incensed Son,
While pardon may be found in time besought.'

" So spake the fervent angel ; but his zeal
None seconded, as out of season judged,
Or singular and rash : whereat rejoiced
The apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied :

" ' That we were formed then, sayest thou ? and the work
Of secondary hands, by task transferred
From Father to his Son ? strange point and new !
Doctrine which we would know whence learned : who saw
When this creation was ? rememberest thou
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being ?
We know no time when we were not as now ;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised
By our own quickening power, when fatal course
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature
Of this our native heaven, ethereal sons.
Our puissance is our own : our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal : then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt the almighty throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carry to the anointed King ;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.'

" He said ; and, as the sound of waters deep,
Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause
Through the infinite host : nor less for that
The flaming seraph fearless, though alone
Encompassed round with foes, thus answered bold :

" ' O alienate from God, O spirit accursed.
Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread

Both of thy crime and punishment : henceforth
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke
Of God's Messiah ; those indulgent laws
Will not be now vouchsafed ; other decrees
Against thee are gone forth without recall :
That golden sceptre, which thou didst reject,
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise :
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,
Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learn,
~~When~~ who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.'
" So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he ;
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
Superior, nor of violence feared aught ;
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turned
On those proud towers to swift destruction doomed

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his angels. The first fight described : Satan and his powers retire under night : he calls a council ; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his angels to some disorder ; but they at length pulling up mountains, overwhelm both the force and machines of Satan yet the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory : he, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of heaven which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the deep : Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

“ ALL night the dreadless angel, unpursued,
Through heaven's wide champaign held his way ; till Morn,
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light. There is a cave
Within the mount of God, fast by his throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through heaven
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night ;
Light issues forth, and at the other door
Obsequious darkness enters, till her hour
To veil the heaven, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here : and now went forth the morn,
Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold
Ethereal ; from before her vanished night,
Shot through with orient beams ; when all the plain
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view :
War he perceived, war in procinet ; and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported : gladly then he mixed
Among those friendly powers, who him received
With joy and acclamations loud, that one,
That of so many myriads fallen yet one
Returned not lost. On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present

Before the seat supreme ; from whence a voice,
 From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard :
 " " Servant of God, well done ; well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintained
 Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms ;
 And for the testimony of truth hast borne
 Universal reproach, far worse to bear
 Than violence ; for this was all thy care,
 To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds
 Judged thee perverse : the easier conquest now
 Remains thee : aided by this host of friends,
 Back on thy foes more glorious to return,
 Than scorned thou didst depart ; and to subdue
 By force, who reason for their law refuse ;
 Right reason for their law, and for their king
 Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.
 Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince :
 And thou in military prowess next,
 Gabriel, lead forth to battle these my sons
 Invincible ; lead forth my armed saints,
 By thousands and by millions, ranged for fight,
 Equal in number to that godless crew
 Rebellious : them with fire and hostile arms
 Fearless assault ; and to the brow of heaven
 Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss,
 Into their place of punishment, the gulf
 Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide
 His fiery chaos to receive their fall.'

" So spake the Sovereign Voice, and clouds began
 To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll
 In dusky wreaths, reluctant flames, the sign
 Of wrath awaked ; nor with less dread the loud
 Ethereal trumpet from on high 'gan blow ;
 At which command the powers militant
 That stood for heaven, in mighty quadrate joined
 Of union irresistible, moved on
 In silence their bright legions, to the sound
 Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
 Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds
 Under their god-like leaders, in the cause
 Of God and his Messiah. On they move
 Indissolubly firm ; nor obvious hill,
 Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground

Their march was, and the passive air upbore
Their nimble tread. As when the total kind
Of birds, in orderly array on wing,
Came summoned over Eden to receive
Their names of thee; so over many a tract
Of heaven they marched, and many a province wide,
Tenfold the length of this terrene: at last,
Far in the horizon to the north appeared
From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched
In battailous aspect, and nearer view
Bristled with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields
Various, with boastful argument portrayed,
The banded powers of Satan hasting on
With furious expedition; for they weened
That self-same day, by fight, or by surprise,
To win the mount of God, and on his throne
To set the envier of his state, the proud
Aspirer; but their thoughts proved fond and vain
In the mid-way: though strange to us it seemed
At first, that angel should with angel war,
And in fierce hosting meet, who went to meet
So oft in festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,
Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout
Of battle now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst, exalted as a god,
The apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat,
Idol of majesty divine, inclosed
With flaming cherubim, and golden shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous throne, for now
"Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and front to front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudy van,
On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,
Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,
Came towering, armed in adamant and gold;
Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores:
"Oh heaven! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and reality
Remain not! wherefore should not strength and might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tried
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just
 That he, who in debate of truth hath won,
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike
 Victor; though brutish that contést and foul,
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so
 Most reason is that reason overcome.'

"So pondering, and from his armed peers
 Forth stepping opposite, half-way he met
 His daring foe, at this prevention more
 Incensed, and thus securely him defied:

"'Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have reached
 The height of thy aspiring unopposed,
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side
 Abandoned, at the terror of thy power
 Or potent tongue: fool! not to think how vain
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;
 Who out of smallest things could, without end,
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,
 Unaided, could have finished thee, and whelmed
 Thy legions under darkness: but thou seest
 All are not of thy train; there be, who faith
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then
 To thee not visible, when I alone
 Seemed in thy world erroneous to dissent
 From all: my sect thou seest; now learn too late
 How few sometimes may know, when thousands err.

"Whom the grand foe, with scornful eye askance.
 Thus answered: 'Ill for thee, but in wished hour
 Of my revenge, first sought for, thou returnest
 From flight, seditious angel! to receive
 Thy merited reward, the first assay
 Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue,
 Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose
 A third part of the gods, in synod met
 Their deities to assert; who, while they feel
 Vigour divine within them, can allow
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou comest
 Before thy fellows ambitious to win
 From me some plume, that thy success may show

Destruction to the rest ; this pause between
 (Unanswered lest thou boast), to let thee know,
 At first I thought that liberty and heaven
 To heavenly souls had been all one ; but now
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
 Ministering spirits, trained up in feast and song !
 Such hast thou armed, the minstrelsy of heaven,
 Servility with freedom to contend,
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.'

" To whom in brief thus Abdiel stern replied :
 ' Apostate ! still thou errest, nor end wilt find
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote :
 Unjustly thou depravest it with the name
 Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,
 Or nature : God and nature bid the same,
When he who rules is worthiest, and excels
Them whom he governs. This is servitude :
To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebelled
Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthralled ;
 Yet lewdly darest our ministering upbraid.
 Reign thou in hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve
 In heaven God ever-blest, and his divine
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed ;
 Yet chains in hell, not realms, expect : meanwhile
 From me returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight,
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.'

" So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell
 On the proud crest of Satan, that no sight,
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,
 Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge
 He back recoiled ; the tenth on bended knee
 His massy spear upstaid ; as if on earth
 Winds under ground, or waters, forcing way
 Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,
 Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized
 The rebel thrones, but greater rage, to see
 Thus foiled their mightiest ; ours joy filled, and shout,
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire
 Of battle : whereat Michaël bid sound
 The archangel trumpet ; through the vast of heaven
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung
 Hosanna to the Highest : nor stood at gaze
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined

The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,
 And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now
 Was never; arms on armour clashing brayed
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels
 Of brazen chariots raged; dire was the noise
 Of conflict; over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,
 And flying vaulted either host with fire.
 So under fiery cope together rushed
 Both battles main, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage. All heaven
 Resounded; and had earth been then, all earth
 Had to her centre shook. What wonder? when
 Millions of fierce encountering angels fought
 On either side, the least of whom could wield
 These elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all their regions: how much more of power
 Army against army, numberless to raise
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
 Though not destroy, their happy native seat;
 Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent,
 From his stronghold of heaven, high overruled
 And limited their might: though numbered such
 As each divided legion might have seemed
 A numerous host; in strength each armed hand
 A legion: led in fight, yet leader, seemed
 Each warrior single as in chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of battle, open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim war: no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argued fear; each on himself relied,
 As only in his arm the moment lay
 Of victory. / Deeds of eternal fame
 Were done, but infinite: for wide was spread
 That war, and various: sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then, soaring on main wing,
 Tormented all the air; all air seemed then
 Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale
 The battle hung; till Satan, who that day
 Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms
 No equal, ranging through the dire attack
 Of fighting seraphim confused, at length
 Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled
 Squadrons at once; ~~with huge two-handed sway~~

Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down
Wide-wasting such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,
A vast circumference. At his approach,
The great archangel from his warlike toil
Surceased, and glad, as hoping here to end
Intestine war in heaven, the arch-foe subdued,
Or captive dragged in chains; with hostile frown
And visage all inflamed first thus began:

“ ‘ Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnamed in heaven, now plenteous, as thou seest,
These acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thyself
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturbed
Heaven’s blessed peace, and into nature brought
Misery, uncreated till the crime
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instilled
Thy malice into thousands, once upright
And faithful, now proved false! But think not here
To trouble holy rest; heaven casts thee out
From all her confines. Heaven, the seat of bliss,
Brooks not the works of violence and war.
Hence then, and evil go with thee along,
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, hell;
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils,
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom;
Or some more sudden vengeance, winged from God,
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.’

“ So spake the prince of angels; to whom thus
The adversary: ‘ Nor think thou with wind
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turned the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquished; easier to transact with me
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats
To chase me hence? err not, that so shall end
The strife which thou callest evil, but we style
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,
Or turn this heaven itself into the hell
Thou fablest; here, however, to dwell free,
If not to reign; meanwhile thy utmost force,
And join him named Almighty to thy aid,
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.

“ They ended parle, and both addressed for

Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue
Of angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on earth conspicuous, that may lift
Human imagination to such height
Of godlike power ? for likest gods they seemed,
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,
Fit to decide the empire of great heaven.
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air
Made horrid circles ; two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite, while expectation stood
In horror : from each hand with speed retired,
Where erst was thickest fight, the angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion : such as, to set forth
Great things by small, if, nature's concord broke,
Among the constellations war were sprung
Two planets rushing from aspect malign
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound
Together both with next to almighty arm
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aimed
That might determine, and not need repeat,
As not of power at once ; nor odds appeared
In might or swift prevention : but the sword
Of Michael from the armoury of God
Was given him tempered so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheer ; nor stayed,
But with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared
All his right side : then Satan first knew pain,
And writhed him to and fro convolved ; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him : but the ethereal substance closed
Not long divisible ; and from the gash
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flowed
Sanguine, such as celestial spirits may bleed,
And all his armour stained, erewhile so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aid was run
By angels many and strong, who interposed
Defence, while others bore him on their shields
Back to his chariot, where it stood retired
From off the files of war : there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame,
To find himself not matchless, and his pride

Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he healed ; for spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins,
Cannot but by annihilating die ;
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more than can the fluid air :
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear,
All intellect, all sense ; and, as they please,
They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

“ Meanwhile in other parts like deeds deserved
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array
Of Moloch, furious king ; who him defied,
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound,
Threatened, nor from the Holy One of heaven
Refrained his tongue blasphemous ; but anon
Down cloven to the waist, with shattered arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and Raphaël, his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a rock of diamond armed,
Vanquished Adramelech and Asmadai,
Two potent thrones, that to be less than gods
Disdained, but meaner thoughts learned in their fight,
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail,
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy
The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence
Of Ramiel, scorched and blasted, overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and their names
Eternize here on earth ; but those elect
Angels, contented with their fame in heaven,
Seek not the praise of men : the other sort,
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom
Cancelled from heaven and sacred memory,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell.
For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise
And ignominy ; yet to glory aspires
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame :
Therefore eternal silence be their doom.

“ And now, their mightiest quelled, the battle swervod.

With many an inroad gored ; deformed rout
 Entered, and foul disorder ; all the ground
 With shivered armour strown, and on a heap
 Chariot and charioteer lay overturned,
 And fiery-foaming steeds ; what stood recoiled
 O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised,
 Then first with fear surprised, and sense of pain,
 Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sin of disobedience : till that hour
 Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.
 Far otherwise the inviolable saints,
 In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire,
 Invulnerable, impenetrably armed ;
 Such high advantages their innocence
 Gave them above their foes ; not to have sinned,
 Not to have disobeyed ; in fight they stood
 Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained
 By wound, though from their place by violence moved

“ Now night her course began, and over heaven
 Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,
 And silence on the odious din of war :
 Under her cloudy covert both retired,
 Victor and vanquished : on the foughten field
 Michaël and his angels prevalent
 Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires : on the other part,
 Satan with his rebellious disappeared,
 Far in the dark dislodged ; and, void of rest,
 His potentates to council called by night ;
 And in the midst thus undismayed began .

“ O now in danger tried, now known in arms
 Not to be overpowered, companions dear,
 Found worthy not of liberty alone,
 Too mean pretence ! but what we more affect,
 Honour, dominion, glory, and renown :
 Who have sustained one day in doubtful fight
 (And if one day, why not eternal days ?)
 What heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send
 Against us from about his throne, and judged
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly armed,
 Some disadvantage we endured and pain,

Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemned;
 Since now we find this our empyreal form
 Incapable of mortal injury,
 Imperishable, and though pierced with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigour healed.
 Of evil then so small, as easy think
 The remedy; perhaps more valid arms,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
 Or equal what between us made the odds,
 In nature none: if other hidden cause
 Left them superior, while we can preserve
 Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,
 Due search and consultation will disclose.'

"He sat; and in the assembly next upstood
 Nisroch, of principalities the prime;
 As one he stood escaped from cruel fight,
 Sore toiled, his riven arms to havoc hewn,
 And cloudy in aspect thus answering spake:

"Deliverer from new lords, leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as gods; yet hard
 For gods, and too unequal work we find,
 Against unequal arms to fight in pain,
 Against unpained, impassive; from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue; for what avails
 Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled with pain
 Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
 Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
 But live content, which is the calmest life:
 But pain is perfect misery, the worst
 Of evils, and, excessive, overturns
 All patience. He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm
 Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves
 No less than for deliverance what we owe.'

"Whereto with look composed Satan replied:
 'Not uninvited that, which thou aright
 Believeest so main to our success, I bring.
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this ethereal mould whereon we stand,
 This continent of spacious heaven adorned
 With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems, and gold;
 Whose eye so superficially surveys

These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
 Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
 Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touched
 With heaven's ray, and tempered, they shoot forth
 So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?
 These in their dark nativity the deep
 Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;
 Which, into hollow engines, long and round,
 Thick-rammed, at the other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
 From far, with thundering noise, among our foes
 Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
 To pieces, and o'erwhelm, whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmed
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
 Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn,
 Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;
 Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joined
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despaired.'

" He ended, and his words their drooping cheer
 Enlightened, and their languished hope revived.
 The invention all admired, and each, how he
 To be the inventor missed; so easy it seemed
 Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
 Impossible: yet, haply, of thy race
 In future days, if malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspired
 With devilish machination, might devise
 Like instrument to plague the sons of men
 For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.
 Forthwith from council to the work they flew;
 None arguing stood; innumerable hands
 Were ready; in a moment up they turned
 Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath
 The originals of nature in their crude
 Conception: sulphurous and nitrous foam
 They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art
 Concocted and adusted they reduced
 To blackest grain, and into store conveyed:
 Part hidden veins digged up (nor hath this earth
 Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,
 Whereof to found their engines and their balls
 Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire.
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious night,

Secret they finished, and in order set,
With silent circumspection, unespied.

“ Now when fair morn orient in heaven appeared.
Up^rose the victor-angels, and to arms
The matin trumpet sung : in arms they stood
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,
Soon banded ; others from the dawning hills
Looked round, and scouts each coast light-armed scour,
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe,
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in halt : him soon they met
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow
But firm battalion : back with speediest sail
Zophiel, of cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried :

‘ Arm, warriors, arm for fight ; the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day ; fear not his flight ; so thick a cloud
He comes, and settled in his face I see
Sad resolution, and secure : let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbéd shield,
Borne even or high ; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.’

“ So warned he them, aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment ;
Instant without disturb they took alarm,
And onward moved embattled : when, behold !
Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube
Training his devilish enginery, impaled
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while ; but suddenly at head appeared
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud :

“ ‘ Vanguard, to right and left the front unfeld ;
That all may see who hate us, how we seek
Peace and composure, and with open breast
Stand ready to receive them, if they like
Our overture, and turn not back perverse :
But that I doubt ; however, witness heaven,
Heaven witness thou anon, while we discharge
Freely our part : ye, who appointed stand,
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch

What we propound, and loud that all may hear.'

“ So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce
Had ended ; when to right and left the front
Divided and to either flank retired :
Which to our eyes discovered, new and strange,
A triple mounted row of pillars laid
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seemed,
Of hollowed bodies made of oak or fir,
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain felled),
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,
Portending hollow truce : at each behind
A seraph stood, and in his hand a reed
Stood waving tipt with fire ; while we, suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amused,
Not long ; for sudden all at once their reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscured with smoke, all heaven appeared,
From those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar
Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail
Of iron globes ; which, on the victor host
Levelled, with such impetuous fury smote,
That, whom they hit, none on their feet might stand.
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, angel or archangel rolled,
The sooner for their arms ; unarmed, they might
Have easily, as spirits, evaded swift
By quick contraction on remove ; but now
Foul dissipation followed, and forced rout ;
Nor served it to relax their serried files.
What should they do ? if on they rushed, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
And to their foes a laughter ; for in view
Stood ranked of seraphim another row,
In posture to displode their second tire
Of thunder : back defeated to return
They worse abhorred. Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision called :

“ O friends ! why come not on these victors proud ?
Erewhile they fierce were coming ; and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front

And breast (what could we more?), propounded terms
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance; yet for a dance they seemed
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps
For joy of offered peace: but I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result.'

"To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood:
'Leader! the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home;
Such as we might perceive amused them all,
And stumbled many: who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They show us when our foes walk not upright.'

"So they amongst themselves in pleasant vein
Stood scoffing, heightened in their thoughts beyond
All doubt of victory: Eternal Might
To match with their inventions they presumed
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,
And all his host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble: but they stood not long;
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty angels placed!)
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
(For earth hath this variety from heaven,
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale),

Light as the lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,
From their foundations loosening to and fro,
They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
Uplifting bore them in their hands: amaze,
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the mountains upward turned;
Till on those cursed engines' triple row
They saw them whelmed, and all their confidence
Under the weight of mountains buried deep;
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads
Main promontories flung, which in the air
Came shadowing, and oppressed whole legions armed;
Their armour helped their harm, crushed in and bruised

Into their substance pent, which wrought them pain
 Implacable, and many a dolorous groan ;
 Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
 Out of such prison, though spirits of purest light,
 Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
 The rest, in imitation, to like arms
 Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore :
 So hills amid the air encountered hills,
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire ;
 That underground they fought in dismal shade ;
 Infernal noise ! war seemed a civil game
 To this uproar ; horrid confusion heaped
 Upon confusion rose. And now all heaven
 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread ;
 Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits
 Shrined in his sanctuary of heaven secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, advised ;
 That his great purpose he might so fulfil,
 To honour his anointed Son avenged
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferred : whence to his Son
 The assessor of his throne, he thus began :
 “ ‘ Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved,
 Son, in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deity I am,
 And in whose hand what by decree I do,
 Second omnipotence ! two days are past,
 Two days, as we compute the days of heaven,
 Since Michael and his powers went forth to tame
 These disobedient : sore hath been their fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such foes met armed ;
 For to themselves I left them ; and thou knowest,
 Equal in their creation they were formed,
 Save what sin hath impaired ; which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend their doom ;
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found :
 War wearied hath performed what war can do,
 And to disordered rage let loose the reins,
 With mountains, as with weapons, armed ; which makes
 Wild work in heaven, and dangerous to the main.
 Two days are therefore past, the third is thine ;
 For thee I have ordained it ; and thus far
 Have suffered, that the glory may be thine

Of ending this great war, since none but thou
 Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace
 Immense I have transfused, that all may know
 In heaven and hell thy power above compare ;
 And, this perverse commotion governed thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things ; to be Heir, and to be King
 By sacred unction, thy deserved right.
 Go then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might ;
 Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
 That shake heaven's basis, bring forth all my war,
 My bow and thunder, my almighty arms
 Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;
 Pursue these sons of darkness, drive them out
 From all heaven's bounds into the utter deep :
 There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
 God, and Messiah, his anointed King.'

" He said, and on his Son with rays direct
 Shone full ; he all his Father full expressed
 Ineffably into his face received ;

And thus the filial Godhead answering spake ;

" O Father, O supreme of heavenly thrones,
 First, Highest, Holiest, Best ; thou always seekest
 To glorify thy Son ; I always thee,
 As is most just : this I my glory account,
 My exaltation, and my whole delight,
 That thou in me, well pleased, declarest thy will
 Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss.
 Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,
 And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
 Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee
 For ever ; and in me all whom thou lovest :
 But whom thou hatest, I hate, and can put on
 Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
 Image of thee in all things ; and shall soon,
 Armed with thy might, rid heaven of these rebelled ;
 To their prepared ill mansion driven down,
 To chains of darkness, and the undying worm,
 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
 Whom to obey is happiness entire.
 Then shall thy saints unmixed, and from the impure
 Far separate, circling thy holy mount,
 Unfeigned hallelujahs to thee sing,
 Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

" So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose

From the right hand of glory where he sat ;
 And the third sacred morn began to shine,
 Dawning through heaven. Forth rushed with whirlwind
 The chariot of Paternal Deity, [sound
 Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
 Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed
 By four cherubic shapes ; four faces each
 Had wondrous ; as with stars, their bodies all,
 And wings, were set with eyes ; with eyes the wheels
 Of beryl, and careering fires between ;
 Over their heads a crystal firmament,
 Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch.
 He, in celestial panoply all armed
 Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended ; at his right hand Victory
 Sat eagle-winged ; beside him hung his bow
 And quiver with three-bolted thunder stored ;
 And from about him fierce effusion rolled
 Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire :
 Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,
 He onward came ; far off his coming shone ;
 And twenty thousand (I their number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen .
 He on the wings of cherub rode sublime
 On the crystalline sky ; in sapphire throned,
 Illustrious far and wide ; but by his own
 First seen : them unexpected joy surprised
 When the great ensign of Messiah blazed
 Aloft by angels borne, his sign in heaven ;
 Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced
 His army, circumfused on either wing,
 Under their head embodied all in one.
 Before him Power Divine his way prepared ;
 At his command the uprooted hills retired
 Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went
 Obsequious ; heaven his wonted face renewed,
 And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.
 This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,
 And to rebellious fight rallied their powers,
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
 In heavenly spirits could such perverseness dwell
 But to convince the proud what signs avail,
 Or wonders move the obdurate to relent ?
 They, hardened more by what might most reclaim,

Grieving to see his glory, at the sight
Took envy ; and aspiring to his height,
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail
Against God and Messiah, or to fall
In universal ruin last ; and now
To final battle drew, disdainng flight,
Or faint retreat ; when the great Son of God
To all his host on either hand thus spake :

“ Stand still in bright array, ye saints ; here stand.
Ye angels armed ; this day from battle rest :
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause :
And as ye have received, so have ye done,
Invincibly : but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs ;
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints :
Number to this day's work is not ordained,
Nor multitude ; stand only, and behold
God's indignation on these godless poured
By me ; not you, but me, they have despised,
Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,
Because the Father, to whom in heaven supreme
Kingdom, and power, and glory appertains,
Hath honoured me, according to his will.
Therefore to me their doom he hath assigned :
That they may have their wish, to try with me
In battle which the stronger proves ; they all,
Or I alone against them ; since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excels ;
Nor other strife with them do I vouchsafe.’

“ So spake the Son, and into terror changed
His countenance too severe to be beheld,
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.
At once the four spread out their starry wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs
Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host.
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night : under his burning wheels
The stedfast empyréan shook throughout,
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon
Among them he arrived ; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent

Before him, such as in their souls infixed
 Plagues : they, astonished, all resistance lost,
 All courage ; down their idol weapons dropt ;
 O'er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode
 Of thrones and mighty seraphim prostrate,
 That wished the mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged four
 Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes ;
 One spirit in them ruled ; and every eye
 Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among the accursed, that withered all their strength,
 And of their wonted vigour left them drained,
 Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.
 Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked
 His thunder in mid volley ; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven :
 The overthrown he raised, and as a herd
 Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,
 Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued
 With terrors and with furies, to the bounds
 And crystal wall of heaven ; which, opening wide,
 Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed
 Into the wasteful deep : the monstrous sight
 Struck them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urged them behind : headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of heaven ; eternal wrath
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

" Hell heard the unsufferable noise, hell saw
 Heaven ruining from heaven, and would have fled
 Affrighted ; but strict fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
 Nine days they fell : confounded Chaos roared,
 And felt tenfold confusion in their fall
 Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 Encumbered him with ruin : hell at last
 Yawning received them whole, and on them closed ;
 Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.
 Disburdened heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.
 Sole Victor, from the expulsion of his foes,
 Messiah his triumphal chariot turned :

To meet him all his saints, who silent stood
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,
With jubilee advanced ; and, as they went,
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,
Worthiest to reign : He, celebrated, rode
Triumphant through mid heaven, into the courts
And temple of his mighty Father throned
On high ; who into glory him received,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.

“ Thus measuring things in heaven by things on earth,
At thy request, and that thou mayest beware
By what is past, to thee I have revealed
What might have else to human race been hid
The discord which befell, and war in heaven
Among the angelic powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebelled
With Satan ; he who envies now thy state
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereaved of happiness, thou mayest partake
His punishment, eternal misery ;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite done against the Most High,
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.
But listen not to his temptations, warn
The weaker ; let it profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience ; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell ; remember. and fear to transgress.”

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Michael at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his angels out of heaven, declared his pleasure to create another world, and other creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of angels, to perform the work of creation in six days; the angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof and his re-ascension into heaven.

Holy Spirit

DESCEND from heaven, Urania, by that name
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,
Above the flight of Pegaséan wing.
The meaning, not the name, I call: for thou
Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwellest; but, heavenly-born.
Before the hills appeared, or fountain flowed,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee, *From Hell*
Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,
Thy tempering: with like safety guided down,
Return me to my native element:
Lest from this flying steed unreined (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,
Erroneous there to wander, and forlorn.
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible diurnal sphere:
Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visitest my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east: still govern thou my song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

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1719 corrected to 1719

Count of Charles II

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
 Of that vile rout that tore the Thracian bard
 In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
 To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned
 Both harp and voice ; nor could the muse defend
 Her son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :
 For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Say, goddess, what ensued when Raphaël,
 The affable archangel, had forewarned
 Adam, by dire example, to beware
 Apostasy, by what befell in heaven
 To those apostates ; lest the like befall
 In Paradise to Adam or his race,
 Charged not to touch the interdicted tree,
 If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
 So easily obeyed amid the choice
 Of all tastes else to please their appetite,
 Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve,
 The story heard attentive, and was filled
 With admiration and deep muse, to hear
 Of things so high and strange ; things, to their thought
 So unimaginable, as hate in heaven,
 And war so near the peace of God in bliss,
 With such confusion : but the evil, soon
 Driven back, redounded as a flood on those
 From whom it sprung ; impossible to mix
 With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repealed
 The doubts that in his heart arose : and now
 Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know
 What nearer might concern him, how this world
 Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began ;
 When, and whereof created ; for what cause ;
 What within Eden, or without, was done
 Before his memory : as one whose drought
 Yet scarce allayed still eyes the current stream,
 Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,
 Proceeded thus to ask his heavenly guest :

“ Great things and full of wonder in our ears,
 Far differing from this world, thou hast revealed,
 Divine interpreter ! by favour sent
 Down from the empyréan, to forewarn
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach ;
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe

Immortal thanks, and his admonishment
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe
 Immutably his sovereign will, the end
 Of what we are. But since thou hast vouchsafed
 Gently, for our instruction, to impart
 Things above earthly thought, which yet concerned
 Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seemed,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps avail us known,
 How first began this heaven which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorned
 Innumerable ; and this which yields or fills
 All space, the ambient air wide interfused
 Embracing round this florid earth : what cause
 Moved the Creator, in his holy rest
 Through all eternity, so late to build
 In Chaos ; and the work begun, how soon
 Absolved ; if unforbid thou mayest unfold
 What we, not to explore the secrets ask
 Of his eternal empire, but the more
 To magnify his works, the more we know.
 And the great light of day yet wants to run
 Much of his race though steep ; suspense in heaven,
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
 And longer will delay to hear thee tell
 His generation, and the rising birth
 Of nature from the unapparent deep :
 Or if the star of evening and the moon
 Haste to thy audience, night with her will bring
 Silence ; and sleep, listening to thee will watch ;
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy song
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine.'

Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought ;
 And thus the godlike angel answered mild :

“ This also thy request, with caution asked,
 Obtain : though to recount almighty works
 What words or tongue of seraph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend ?
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
 To glorify the Maker, and infer
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
 Thy hearing ; such commission from above
 I have received, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond, abstain
 To ask ; nor let thine own inventions hope

Things not revealed, which the invisible King,
 Only Omniscient, hath suppressed in night,
 To none communicable in earth or heaven :
 Enough is left besides to search and know ;
 But knowledge is as food, and needs no less
 Her temperance over appetite, to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain :
 Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns
 Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

“ Know then, that, after Lucifer from heaven
 (So call him, brighter once amidst the host
 Of angels, than that star the stars among)
 Fell with his flaming legions through the deep
 Into his place, and the great Son returned
 Victorious with his saints, the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his throne beheld
 Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :

“ At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought
 All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
 This inaccessible high strength, the seat
 Of Deity supreme, us dispossessed,
 He trusted to have seized, and into fraud
 Drew many, whom their place knows here no more :
 Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,
 Their station ; heaven, yet populous, retains
 Number sufficient to possess her realms
 Though wide, and this high temple to frequent
 With ministeries due, and solemn rites :
~~But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm~~
~~Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,~~
~~My damage fondly deemed, I can repair~~
~~That detriment, if such it be to lose~~
~~Self-lost ; and in a moment will create~~
~~Another world, out of one man a race~~
~~Of men innumerable, there to dwell,~~
~~Not here ; till by degrees of merit raised,~~
~~They open to themselves at length the way~~
~~Up hither, under long obedience tried ;~~
~~And earth be changed to heaven, and heaven to earth,~~
~~One kingdom, joy and union without end.~~
 Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven ;
 And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee
 This I perform ; speak thou, and be it done !
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
 I send along ; ride forth, and bid the deep

Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth;
 Boundless the deep, because I am who fill
 Infinitude; nor vacuous the space,
 Though I, uncircumscribed myself, retire,
 And put not forth my goodness, which is free
 To act or not; necessity and chance
 Approach not me, and what I will is fate.'

"So spake the Almighty, and to what he spake,
 His Word, the filial Godhead, gave effect.
 Immediate are the acts of God, more swift
 Than time or motion, but to human ears
 Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive.
 Great triumph and rejoicing was in heaven,
 When such was heard declared the Almighty's will.
 Glory they sung to the Most High, good will
 To future men, and in their dwellings peace:
 Glory to him, whose just avenging ire
 Had driven out the ungodly from his sight
 And the habitations of the just; to him
 Glory and praise, whose wisdom had ordained
 Good out of evil to create; instead
 Of spirits malign, a better race to bring
 Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse
 His good to worlds and ages infinite.

"So sang the hierarchies: meanwhile the Son
 On his great expedition now appeared,
 Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crowned
 Of majesty divine: sapience and love
 Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
 About his chariot numberless were poured
 Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
 And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots winged
 From the armoury of God; where stand of old
 Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged
 Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,
 Celestial equipage; and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them spirit lived,
 Attendant on their Lord: heaven opened wide
 Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound,
 On golden hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
 And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
 On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore
 They viewed the vast immeasurable abyss

Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
 Up from the bottom turned by furious winds
 And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
 Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.

“ ‘ Silence, ye troubled waves, and thou, deep, peace,’
 Said then the omnific word ; ‘ your discord end !’

Nor staid ; but, on the wings of cherubim
 Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos, and the world unborn ;
 For Chaos heard his voice : him all his train
 Followed in bright procession, to behold
 Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand
 He took the golden compasses, prepared
 In God's eternal store, to circumscribo
 This universe, and all created things :
 One foot he centred, and the other turned
 Round through the vast profundity obscure ;
 And said, ‘ Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
 This be thy just circumference, O world !’

Thus God the heaven created, thus the earth,
 Matter unformed and void : darkness profound

Covered the abyss ; but on the wat'ry calm
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
 And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,
 Throughout the fluid mass ; but downward purged
 The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,
 Adverse to life : then founded, then conglobed
 Like things to like ; the rest to several place
 Disparted, and between spun out the air :
 And earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

“ ‘ Let there be light,’ said God ; and forthwith light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,
 Sprung from the deep ; and from her native east
 To journey through the aery gloom began,
 Sphered in a radiant cloud, for yet the sun
 Was not ; she in a cloudy tabernacle
 Sojourned the while. God saw the light was good ;
 And light from darkness by the hemisphere
 Divided : light the day, and darkness night,
 He named. Thus was the first day even and morn :
 Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
 By the celestial choirs, when orient light
 Exhaling first from darkness they beheld ;
 Birth-day of heaven and earth ; with joy and shout

The hollow universal orb they filled,
And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised
God and his works; Creator him they sung,
Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

“ Again, God said, ‘ Let there be firmament
Amid the waters, and let it divide
The waters from the waters ;’ and God made
The firmament expanse of liquid pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round ; partition firm and sure,
The waters underneath from those above
Dividing : for as earth, so he the world
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule
Of Chaos far removed ; lest fierce extremes
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame :
And heaven he named the firmament : so even
And morning chorus sung the second day.

“ The earth was formed, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryo immature involved,
Appeared not : over all the face of earth
Main ocean flowed, not idle ; but, with warm
Prolific humour softening all her globe,
Fermented the great mother to conceive,
Satiated with genial moisture ; when God said,
“ ‘ Be gathered now, ye waters under heaven,
Into one place, and let dry land appear.’ ”
Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave
Into the clouds ; their tops ascend the sky :
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters : thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprolled,
As drops on dust conglobing from the dry :
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,
For haste ; such flight the great command impressed
On the swift floods ; as armies at the call
Of trumpets (for of armies thou hast heard)
Troop to their standard ; so the wat’ry throng
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,
Soft ebbing : nor withstood them rock or hill ;
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide

With serpent error wandering, found their way,
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore ;
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,
All but within those banks, where rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.
The dry land, earth ; and the great receptacle
Of congregated waters, he called seas ;
And saw that it was good ; and said, ' Let the earth
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed,
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,
Whose seed is in herself upon the earth.'
He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green ;
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom, smelling sweet : and, these scarce blown,
Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field, and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit : last
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread
Their branches, hung with copious fruit, or gemmed
Their blossoms : with high woods the fields were crowned
With tufts the valleys, and each fountain-side ;
With borders long the rivers : that earth now
Seemed like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rained
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was ; but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up, and watered all the ground, and each
Plant of the field ; which, ere it was in the earth,
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem : God saw that it was good :
So even and morn recorded the third day.

“ Again the Almighty spake, ‘ Let there be lights
High in the expanse of heaven, to divide
The day from night ; and let them be for signs,
For seasons, and for days, and circling years ;
And let them be for lights, as I ordain
Their office in the firmament of heaven,
To give light on the earth ;’ and it was so.
And God made two great lights, great for their use

To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of heaven
To illuminate the earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great work, that it was good:
For of celestial bodies first the sun
A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,
Though of ethereal mould: then formed the moon
Globosc, and every magnitude of stars,
And sowed with stars the heaven, thick as a field:
Of light by far the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed
In the sun's orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid light; firm to retain
Her gathered beams, great palace now of light.
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light,
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;
By tincture or reflection they augment
Their small peculiar, though from human sight
So far remote, with diminution seen.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the moon,
But opposite in levelled west was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared
Spangling the hemisphere: then first adorned
With their bright luminaries that set and rose,
Glad evening and glad morn crowned the fourth day
"And God said, 'Let the waters generate
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul
And let fowl fly above the earth, with wings
Displayed on the open firmament of heaven.'
And God created the great whales, and each

Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by their kinds ;
And every bird of wing after his kind ;
And saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,
' Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas,
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill :
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth.'
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins, and shining scales,
Glide under the green wave, in sculls that oft
Bank the mid sea : part single, or with mate,
Graze the seaweed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray ; or sporting with quick glance,
Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold ,
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment ; or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal
And bended dolphins play : part huge of bulk,
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,
Tempest the ocean ; there leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land ; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,
Their brood as numerous hatch, from the egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rapture forth disclosed
Their callow young ; but feathered soon and fledge
They summed their pens ; and, soaring the air sublime,
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud
In prospect ; there the eagle and the stork
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build :
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their aery caravan, high over seas
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing
Easing their flight ; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds ; the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes :
From branch to branch the smaller birds with songs
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even ; nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays .

Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed
 Their downy breast ; the swan with arched neck,
 Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
 Her state with oary feet ; yet oft they quit
 The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower
 The mid aerial sky : others on ground
 Walked firm ; the crested cock whose clarion sounds
 The silent hours, and the other whose gay train
 Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue
 Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus
 With fish replenished, and the air with fowl,
 Evening and morn solemnized the fifth day
 " The sixth, and of creation last, arose
 With evening harps and matin ; when God said,
 ' Let the earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,
 Each in their kind.' The earth obeyed, and straight
 Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
 Limbed and full grown : (out of the ground up rose,
 As from his lair the wild beast, where he wons
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den ;
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked :
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green :
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad herds upsprung.
 The grassy clods now calved ; now half appeared
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free *arrested activity*
 His hinder parts, then springs, as broke from bonds,
 And rampant shakes his brindled mane ; the ounce,
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
 In hillocks : the swift stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head : scarce from his mould
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved
 His vastness : fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,
 As plants : ambiguous between sea and land
 The river-horse, and scaly crocodile.
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or worm : those waved their limber fans
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact
 In all the liveries decked of summer's pride,
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green
 These as a line their long dimension drew,
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace · not all

Minims of nature : some of serpent-kind,
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept
 The parsimonious emmet, provident
 Of future ; in small room large heart inclosed ;
 Pattern of just equality perhaps
 Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes
 Of commonalty : swarming next appeared
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
 With honey stored : the rest are numberless,
 And thou their natures knowest, and gavest them names,
 Needless to thee repeated ; nor unknown
 The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,
 Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes
 And hairy mane terrific, though to thee
 Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

“ Now heaven in her glory shone, and rolled
 Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
 First wheeled their course : earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovely smiled ; air, water, earth,
 By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walked,
 Frequent ; and of the sixth day yet remained :
 There wanted yet the master-work, the end
 Of all yet done ; a creature, who, not prone
 And brute as other creatures, but endued
 With sanctity of reason, might erect
 His stature, and upright with front serene
 Govern the rest, self-knowing ; and from thence
 Magnanimous to correspond with heaven,
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends ; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes,
 Directed in devotion, to adore
 And worship God Supreme, who made him chief
 Of all his works : therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (for where is not he
 Present ?) thus to his Son audibly spake :

“ Let us make now man in our image, man
 In our similitude, and let them rule
 Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
 Beast of the field, and over all the earth,
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.’
 This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee, O man,
 Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed
 The breath of life ; in his own image he

Created thee, in the image of God
 Express; and thou becamest a living soul.
 Male he created thee; but thy consort
 Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said,
 ' Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the earth,
 Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold
 Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,
 And every living thing that moves on the earth.
 Wherever thus created, for no place
 Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou knowest,
 He brought thee into this delicious grove,
 This garden, planted with the trees of God,
 Delectable both to behold and taste;
 And freely all their pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee: all sorts are here that all the earth yields,
 Variety without end; but of the tree,
 Which, tasted, works knowledge of good and evil,
 Thou mayest not; in the day thou eatest, thou diest
 Death is the penalty imposed; beware,
 And govern well thy appetite; lest sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant death.

" Here finished he, and all that he had made
 Viewed, and behold all was entirely good;
 So even and morn accomplished the sixth day:
 Yet not till the Creator, from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,
 Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode;
 Thence to behold this new-created world,
 The addition of his empire, how it showed
 In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair
 Answering his great idea. Up he rode,
 Followed with acclamation, and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned
 Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
 Resounded (thou rememberest, for thou heardest).
 The heavens and all the constellations rung,
 The planets in their station listening stood,
 While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
 ' Open, ye everlasting gates!' they sung,
 ' Open, ye heavens! your living doors; let in
 The great Creator from his work returned
 Magnificent, his six days' work, a world;
 Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deign
 To visit oft the dwellings of just men,
 Delighted; and with frequent intercourse

Thither will send his winged messengers
On errands of supernal grace.' So sung
The glorious train ascending: he through heaven,
That opened wide her blazing portals, led
To God's eternal house direct the way;
A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
Seen in the galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly, as a circling zone, thou seest
Powdered with stars. And now on earth the seventh
Evening arose in Eden, for the sun
Was set, and twilight from the east came on,
Forerunning night; when at the holy mount
Of heaven's high-seated top, the imperial throne
Of Godhead fixed for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down
With his great Father: for he also went
Invisible, yet stayed (such privilege
Hath Omnipresence), and the work ordained,
Author and End of all things; and, from work
Now resting, blessed and hallowed the seventh day,
As resting on that day from all his work.
But not in silence holy kept: the harp
Had work and rested not; the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice
Choral or unison: of incense clouds,
Fuming from golden censers, hid the mount.
Creation and the six days' acts they sung:
'Great are thy works, Jehovah! infinite
Thy power! what thought can measure thee, or tongue
Relate thee? Greater now in thy return
Than from the giant angels: thee that day
Thy thunders magnified; but to create
Is greater than created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, Mighty King, or bound
Thy empire? easily the proud attempt
Of spirits apostate, and their counsels vain,
Thou hast repelled; while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seeks
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence createst more good

Witness this new-made world, another heaven
From heaven-gate not far, founded in view
On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;
Of amplitude almost immense, with stars
Numerous, and every star perhaps a world
Of destined habitation ; but thou knowest
Their seasons : among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether ocean circumfused,
Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men.
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced !
Created in his image there to dwell
And worship him ; and in reward to rule
Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,
And multiply a race of worshippers
Holy and just ; thrice happy, if they know
Their happiness, and persevere upright !

“ So sung they, and the empyréan rung
With halleluiahs : thus was the sabbath kept.—
And thy request think now fulfilled, that asked
How first this world and face of things began.
And what before thy memory was done
From the beginning ; that posterity,
Informed by thee, might know : if else thou seekest
Aught no. surpassing human measure, say.”

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge: Adam assents; and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation; his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve: his discourse with the angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied:

“ What thanks sufficient, or what recompense
Equal, have I to render thee, divine
Historian, who thus largely hast allayed
The thirst I had of knowledge, and vouchsafed
This friendly condescension to relate
Things else by me unsearchable; now heard
With wonder, but delight, and as is due,
With glory attributed to the high
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,
Which only thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly frame, this world,
Of heaven and earth consisting: and compute
Their magnitudes; this earth a spot, a grain,
An atom, with the firmament compared
And all her numbered stars, that seem to roll
Spaces incomprehensible (for such
Their distance argues, and their swift return
Diurnal), merely to officiate light
Round this opacous earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all their vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning, I oft admire
How nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler bodies to create,
Greater so manifold, to this one use,
For aught appears, and on their orbs impose

Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated ; while the sedentary earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Served by more noble than herself, attains
 Her end without least motion, and receives,
 As tribute, such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light ;
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."

So spake our sire, and by his countenance seemed
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve
 Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,
 And touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high ; such pleasure she reserved,
 Adam relating, the sole auditress :
 Her husband the relater she preferred
 Before the angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses : from his lip
 Not words alone pleased her. O ! when meet now
 Such pairs in love and mutual honour joined ?
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended ; for on her, as queen,
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.
 And Raphael now, to Adam's doubt proposed,
 Benevolent and facile thus replied :

" To ask or search, I blame thee not ; for heaven
 Is as the book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
 His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years :
 This to attain, whether heaven move or earth,
 Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest
 From man or angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scanned by them who ought
 Rather admire ; or, if they list to try

Conjecture, he his fabric of the heavens
Hath left to their disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
Hereafter ; when they come to model heaven
And calculate the stars, how they will wield
The mighty frame ! how build, unbuild, contrive
To save appearances ; how gird the sphere
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb :
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest
That bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright, nor heaven such journeys run
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives
The benefit. Consider first, that great
Or bright infers not excellence : the earth
Though, in comparison of heaven, so small,
Nor glistering, may of solid good contain
More plenty than the sun that barren shines :
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,
But in the fruitful earth ; there first received,
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.
Yet not to earth are those bright luminaries
Officious ; but to thee earth's habitant.
And for the heaven's wide circuit, let it speak
The Maker's high magnificence, who built
So spacious, and his line stretched out so far,
That man may know he dwells not in his own ;
An edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest
Ordained for uses to his Lord best known.
The swiftness of those circles attribute,
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,
That to corporeal substances could add
Speed almost spiritual : me thou thinkest not slow,
Who since the morning-hour set out from heaven
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived
In Eden ; distance inexpressible
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting motion in the heavens, to show
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved ;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on earth.
God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,

If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world ; and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds ?
Their wandering course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest ; and what if seventh to these
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different motions move ?
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities ;
Or save the sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel
Of day and night ; which needs not thy belief,
If earth, industrious of herself, fetch day
Travelling east, and with her part averse
From the sun's beam meet night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light,
Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,
To the terrestrial moon be as a star,
Enlightening her by day as she by night
This earth ? reciprocal if land be there,
Fields and inhabitants ? her spots thou seest
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce
Fruits in her softened soil, for some to eat
Allotted there ; and other suns perhaps,
With their attendant moons, thou wilt descry,
Communicating male and female light ;
Which two great sexes animate the world,
Stored in each orb perhaps with some that live :
For such vast room in nature unpossessed
By living soul, desert, and desolate,
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each orb a glimpse of light conveyed so far
Down to this habitable, which returns
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not ;
Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,
Rise on the earth ; or earth rise on the sun ;
He from the east his flaming road begin ;
Or she from west her silent course advance,
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle, while she paces even,

And bears thee soft with the smooth air along ;
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid ;
Leave them to God above ; him serve and fear.
Of other creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever placed, let him dispose ; joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy fair Eve ; heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there ; be lowly wise :
Think only what concerns thee, and thy being ;
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition, or degree :
Contented that thus far hath been revealed
Not of earth only, but of highest heaven.'

 To whom thus Adam, cleared of doubt, replied :
" How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure
Intelligence of heaven, angel serene !
And freed from intricacies, taught to live
The easiest way ; nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,
And not molest us ; unless we ourselves
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain,
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove
Unchecked, and of her roving is no end ;
Till warned, or by experience taught, she learn,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom : what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence ;
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful ; whence, haply, mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask,
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deigned.
Thee I have heard relating what was done
Ere my remembrance Now, hear me relate
My story, which perhaps thou hast not heard ;
And day is not yet spent ; till then thou seest
How subtly to detain thee I devise :
Inviting thee to hear while I relate ;
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply ;
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven ;

And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
 Than fruits of palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both, from labour at the hour
 Of sweet repast ; they sauate, and soon fill,
 Though pleasant ; but thy words, with grace divine
 Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answered heavenly meek :
 " Nor are thy lips ungraceful, sire of men,
 Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee
 Abundantly his gifts hath also poured
 Inward and outward both, his image fair ;
 Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace
 Attends thee ; and each word, each motion, forms :
 Nor less think we in heaven of thee on earth
 Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire
 Gladly into the ways of God with man :
 For God, we see, hath honoured thee, and set
 On man his equal love ; say therefore on ;
 For I that day was absent, as befel,
 Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
 Far on excursion toward the gates of hell ;
 Squared in full legion (such command we had)
 To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
 Or enemy, while God was in his work ;
 Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,
 Destruction with creation might have mixed.
 Not that they durst without his leave attempt :
 But us he sends upon his high behests
 For state, as Sovereign King ; and to inure
 Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut,
 The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong ;
 But long ere our approaching heard within
 Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
 Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.
 Glad we returned up to the coasts of light
 Ere sabbath-evening : so we had in charge.
 But thy relation now ; for I attend,
 Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine !

So spake the godlike power, and thus our sire :
 " For man to tell how human life began
 Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
 In balmy sweat ; which with his beams the sun

Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
And gazed a while the ample sky ; till raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet : about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew ;
Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smiled ;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led :
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not ; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here ?
Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent ;
Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know.'
While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither,
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light : when answer none returned,
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down ; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived : one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam ; rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordained
First father ! called by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'
So saying, by the hand he took me raised.

And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain ; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, inclosed with goodliest trees
Planted with walks and bowers ; that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree,
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eat ; whereat I waked, and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadowed : here had new begun
My wandering, had not He, who was my guide
Up hither, from among the trees appeared,
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss ; he reared me, and, ' Whom thou soughtest I am
Said mildly, ' Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat :
Of every tree that in the garden grows
Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth :
But of the tree whose operation brings
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
Amid the garden by the tree of life,
Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence : for know,
The day thou eatest thereof, my sole command
Transgressed, inevitably thou shalt die,
From that day mortal ; and this happy state
Shalt lose, expelled from hence into a world
Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
Not to incur ; but soon his clear asp ect
Returned, and gracious purpose thus renewed :
' Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth
To thee and to thy race I give ; as lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in sea, or air ; beast, fish, and fowl.
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold
After their kinds ; I bring them to receive
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
With low subjection ; understand the same

Of fish within their wat'ry residence,
 Not hither summoned, since they cannot change
 Their element, to draw the thinner air.'
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low
 With blandishment; each bird stooped on his wing.
 I named them, as they passed, and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endued
 My sudden apprehension (but in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still:
 And to the heavenly vision thus presumed:

“O, by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
 Surpassest far my naming; how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,
 And all this good to man? for whose well-being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me
 I see not who partakes. In solitude

What happiness? who can enjoy alone,
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?’

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
 As with a smile more brightened, thus replied:

“What callest thou solitude? Is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air
 Replenished, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? Knowest thou not
 Their language and their ways? They also know,
 And reason not contemptibly: with these
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.’
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seemed
 So ordering: I, with leave of speech implored,
 And humble deprecation, thus replied:

“Let not my words offend thee, heavenly power,
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
And these inferior far beneath me set?
Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Given and received; but, in disparity,
 The one intense, the other still remiss,
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate

All rational delight ; wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort : they rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness :
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined :
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape ;
 Worse then can man with beast, and least of all.'

“ Whereto the Almighty answered, not displeas'd
 ‘ A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
 Thou to thyself propos'est, in the choice
 Of thy associates, Adam ! and wilt taste
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
 What thinkest thou then of me, and this my state ?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
 Of happiness, or not ? who am alone
 From all eternity ; for none I know
 Second to me or like, equal much less.

How have I then with whom to hold converse,
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferior, infinite descents
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee ?’

“ He ceased ; I lowly answer'd : ‘ To attain
 The height and depth of thy eternal ways
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things !
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
 Is no deficiency found : not so is man,
 But in degree ; the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite ;
 And through all numbers absolute, though one :
 But man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like, his image multiplied.
 In unity defective ; which requires
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone.
 Best with thyself accompanied, seekest not
 Social communication ; yet so pleas'd
 Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt
 Of union or communion. deified :
 I, by conversing, cannot these erect
 From prone ; nor in their ways complacence find.'
 Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found ; which gain'd

This answer from the gracious voice divine :

“ Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased ;
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself ;
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
 My image, not imparted to the brute :
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike ;
 And be so minded still : I, ere thou spakest,
 Knew it not good for man to be alone ;
 And no such company as then thou sawest
 Intended thee ; for trial only brought,
 To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet :
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.”

“ He ended, or I heard no more ; for now
 My earthly by his heavenly overpowered,
 Which it had long stood under, strained to the height
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense
 Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called
 By nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
 Of fancy, my internal sight ; by which,
 Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood :
 Who stooping opened my left side, and took
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh : wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed :
 The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands :
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Man-like, but different sex ; so lovely fair,
 That what seemed fair in all the world, seemed now
 Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained
 And in her looks ; which from that time infused
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspired
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappeared, and left me dark ; I waked
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :

*Woman hated M.
is speaking*

When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned
 With all that earth or heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable; on she came,
 Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice; nor uninformed
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud:

“ ‘ This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfilled
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair! but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts! nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
 Before me: Woman is her name; of man
 Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.’

“ She heard me thus; and though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retired,
 The more desirable; or, to say all,
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turned:
 I followed her; she what was honour knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approved
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
 I led her blushing like the morn: (all heaven,
 And happy constellations, on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the evening-star
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.

“ Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
 Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such
 As, used or not, works in the mind no change,

Nor vehement desire ; these delicacies
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
 Walks, and the melody of birds : but here
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,
 Commotion strange ! in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmoved ; here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
 Or nature failed in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain ;
 Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
 More than enough ; at least on her bestowed
 Too much of ornament, in outward show
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.
 For well I understand in the prime end
 Of nature her the inferior, in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel ;
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both, and less expressing
 The character of that dominion given
 O'er other creatures (yet when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best :
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded ; wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows ;
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally ; and, to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic placed."

To whom the angel with contracted brow :
 " Accuse not nature, she hath done her part ;
 Do thou but thine ; and be not diffident
 Of wisdom ; she deserts thee not if thou
 Dismiss not her, when most thou needest her nigh
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent, as thou thyself perceivest.
 For, what admirest thou, what transports thee so ?
 An outside ? fair, no doubt, and worthy well
 Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love ;
 Not thy subjection : weigh with her thyself ;

Then value : oft times nothing profits more
 Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
 Well managed ; of that skill the more thou knowest,
 The more she will acknowledge thee her head,
 And to realities yield all her shows :
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
 So awful, that with honour thou mayest love
 Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
 But if the sense of touch, whereby mankind
 Is propagated, seem such dear delight
 Beyond all other ; think the same vouchsafed
 To cattle and each beast ; which would not be
 To them made common and divulged, if aught
 Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue
 The soul of man, or passion in him move.
 (What higher in her society thou findest
 Attractive, human, rational, love still ;
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true love consists not : love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges ; hath his seat
In reason ; and is judicious : is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou mayst ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure ; for which cause
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found.)
 To whom thus, half abashed, Adam replied :
 " Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kinds
 (Though higher of the genial bed by far,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem),
 (So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words, and actions mixed with love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned
 Union of mind, or in us both one soul ;
 Harmony to behold in wedded pair
 More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.
 Yet these subject not ; I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foiled,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing ; yet, still free,
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
 To love, thou blamest me not ; for love, thou sayest,
 Leads up to heaven, is both the way and guide ;
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask :
 Love not the heavenly spirits, and how their love

Express they? by looks only? or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"

To whom the angel, with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue,
Answer'd; "Let it suffice thee that thou know'st

Us happy, and without love no happiness.

Whatever pure thou in the body enjoyest

(And pure thou wert created), we enjoy

In eminence; and obstacle find none

Of membrane, joint or limb, exclusive bars,

Easier than air with air, if spirits embrace,

Total they mix, union of pure with pure

Desiring; nor restrained conveyance need,

As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.

But I can now no more; the parting sun

Beyond the earth's green cape and verdant isles

Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.

Be strong, live happy, and love! but first of all

Him, whom to love is to obey, and keep

His great command; take heed lest passion sway

Thy judgment to do aught which else free will

Would not admit: thine, and of all thy sons,

The weal or woe in thee is plac'd; beware!

I in thy persevering shall rejoice,

And all the blest: stand fast; to stand or fall

Free in thine own arbitrement it lies.

Perfect within, no outward aid require;

And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose; whom Adam thus

Followed with benediction. "Since to part,

Go, heavenly guest, ethereal messenger,

Sent from whose sovereign goodness I adore!

Gentle to me and affable hath been

Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever

With grateful memory: thou to mankind

Be good and friendly still, and oft return!"

So parted they, the angel up to heaven

From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.



BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan having encompassed the earth, with meditated guile returns, as a mist, by night into Paradise; enters into the serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart: Adam consents not, alleging the danger, lest that enemy, of whom they were forewarned, should attempt her found alone: Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength; Adam at last yields: the serpent finds her alone: his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking; with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech, and such understanding, not till now the serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain tree in the garden he had attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both: Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the tree of knowledge forbidden: the serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments, induces her at length to eat; she, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not; at last brings him of the fruit; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit: the effects thereof in them both; they seek to cover their nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

No more of talk where God or angel guest
With man, as with his friend, familiar used
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast; permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change
Those notes to tragic; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of man, revolt
And disobedience: on the part of heaven
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given, 16
That brought into this world a world of woe,
Sin and her shadow death, and misery
Death's harbinger: sad task, yet argument
Not less but more heroic than the wrath
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall; or rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused;
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplexed the Greek, and Cytherea's son;
If answerable style I can obtain
Of my celestial patroness, who deigns 25

Her nightly visitation unimplored,
 And dictates to me slumbering ; or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated verse :
Since first this subject for heroic song
Pleased me long choosing, and beginning late ;
 Not sedulous by nature to indite
 Wars, hitherto the only argument
 Heroic deemed ; chief mastery to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights. *34*
 In battles feigned ; the better fortitude
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom
 Unsung ; or to describe races and games,
 Or tilting furniture, imblazoned shields,
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
 At joust and tournament ; then marshalled fears
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneschals ;
 The skill of artifice or office mean,
 Not that which justly gives heroic name *40*
 To person or to poem. Me, of these
Nor skilled, nor studious, higher argument
Remains ; sufficient of itself to raise
That name, unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing
Depressed ; and much they may, if all be mine,
Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.

The sun was sunk, and after him the star
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring
 Twilight upon the earth, short arbiter *50*
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end
 Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round ;
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent
 On man's destruction, maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.
 By night he fled, and at midnight returned
 From compassing the earth ; cautious of day,
 Since Uriel, regent of the sun, descried
 His entrance, and forewarned the cherubim
 That kept their watch ; thence full of anguish driven,
 The space of seven continued nights he rode
 With darkness : thrice the equinoctial line
 He circled : four times crossed the car of night
 From pole to pole traversing each colure ;

Evaluation

On the eighth returned ; and on the coast averse
 From entrance or cherubic watch, by stealth
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
 Now not, though sin, not time, first wrought the change, ¹⁰
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part
 Rose up a fountain by the tree of life :
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose,
 Satan, involved in rising mist ; then sought
 Where to lie hid ; sea he had searched, and land
 From Eden over Pontus and the pool
 Mœotis, up beyond the river Ob ; ⁸⁰
 Downward as far antarctic : and in length
 West from Orontes to the ocean barred
 At Darien ; thence to the land where flows
 Ganges and Indus ; thus the orb he roamed
 With narrow search ; and with inspection deep
 Considered every creature, which of all
 Most opportune might serve his wiles ; and found
 The serpent subtlest beast of all the field.
 Him after long debate, irresolute
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose ⁹⁰
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom
 To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
 From sharpest sight : for, in the wily snake
 Whatever sleights, none would suspicious mark,
 As from his wit and native subtlety
 Proceeding ; which, in other beasts observed,
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power
 Active within, beyond the sense of brute.
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief
 His bursting passion into plaints thus poured : ¹⁰⁰
 “ O earth, how like to heaven, if not preferred
 More justly, seat worthier of gods, as built
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old !
 For what god, after better, worse would build ?
 Terrestrial heaven, danced round by other heavens
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,
 Light above light, for thee alone as seems,
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams
 Of sacred influence ! As God in heaven
 Is centre, yet extends to all ; so thou, ¹¹⁰
 Centring, receivest from all these orbs : in thee,
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth

Of creatures animate with gradual life
 Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in man.
 With what delight could I have walked thee round,
 If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
 Of hill, and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,
 Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crowned,
 Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these 120
Find place or refuge; and the more I see
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries: all good to me becomes
Bane, and in heaven much worse would be my state.
 But neither here seek I, no, nor in heaven
 To dwell unless by mastering heaven's Supreme;
 Nor hope to be myself less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound: 130
For only in destroying I find ease
To my relentless thoughts; and, him destroyed,
 Or won to what may work his utter loss,
 For whom all this was made, all this will soon
 Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe;
 In woe then, that destruction wide may range:
 To me shall be the glory scle among
 The infernal powers, in one day to have marred
 What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days
 Continued making; and who knows how long 140
 Before had been contriving? though perhaps
 Not longer than since I, in one night, freed
 From servitude inglorious well nigh half
 The angelic name, and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers: he, to be avenged,
 And to repair his numbers thus impaired,
 Whether such virtue spent of old now failed
 More angels to create, if they at least
 Are his created, or, to spite us more,
 Determined to advance into our room 150
 A creature formed of earth, and him endow,
 Exalted from so base original,
 With heavenly spoils, our spoils: what he decreed,
 He effected; man he made, and for him built
 Magnificent this world, and earth his seat,
 Him lord pronounced; and, O indignity!
 Subjected to his service angel-wings,
 And flaming ministers to watch and tend

Their earthly charge : of these the vigilance
 I dread ; and, to elude, thus wrapt in mist 140
 Of midnight vapour glide obscure, and pry
 In every bush and brake, where hap may find
 The serpent sleeping ; in whose mazy folds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.

O foul descent ! that I, who erst contended
With gods to sit the highest, am now constrained
 Into a beast ; and mixed with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the height of deity aspired !

But what will not ambition and revenge 170
 Descend to ? Who aspires, must down as low
As high he soared ; obnoxious, first or last,
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils :

Let it ; I reckon not, so it light well aimed,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envy, this new favourite
 Of heaven, this man of clay, son of despite,
 Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised
From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid." 180

So saying, through each thicket dank or dry,
 Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on
 His midnight search, where soonest he might find
 The serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found
 In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
 His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles :

Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,
 Nor nocent yet ; but, on the grassy herb,
 Fearless unfeared he slept : in at his mouth
The devil entered ; and his brutal sense, 190
In heart or head, possessing, soon inspired
With act intelligential ; but his sleep
Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Now, when as sacred light began to dawn
 In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed
 Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
 From the earth's great altar send up silent praise
 To the Creator, and his nostrils fill

With grateful smell, forth came the human pair 200
 And joined their vocal worship to the choir
 Of creatures wanting voice ; that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs :
 Then commune, how that day they best may ply

Their growing work : for much their work outgrew
 The hands' despatch of two gardening so wide.
 And Eve first to her husband thus began :

“ Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,
 Our pleasant task enjoined ;” but till more hands

Aid us, the work under our labour grows, 210
 Luxurious by restraint ; what we by day
 Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
 One night or two with wanton growth derides
 Tending to wild. Thou therefore now advise,

Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present :

Let us divide our labours : thou, where choice
 Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
 The woodbine round this arbour, or direct
 The clasping ivy where to climb ; while I,
 In yonder spring of roses intermixed 230

With myrtle, find what to redress till noon :

For, while so near each other thus all day

Our task we choose, what wonder if so near

Looks intervene and smiles, or object new

Casual discourse draw on ; which intermits

Our day's work, brought to little, though begun

Early, and the hour of supper comes unearned ?”

To whom mild answer Adam thus returned :

“ Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond 240

Compare above all living creatures dear !

Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed,

How we might best fulfil the work which here

God hath assigned us ; nor of me shalt pass

Unpraised : for nothing lovelier can be found

In woman, than to study household good,

And good works in her husband to promote.

Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed

Labour, as to debar us when we need

Refreshment, whether food or talk between, 250

Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse

Of looks and smiles ; for smiles from reason flow,

To brute denied, and are of love the food ;

Love, not the lowest end of human life.

For not to irksome toil, but to delight,

He made us, and delight to reason joined.

These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands

Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide

As we need walk, till younger hands ere long

Assist us : but if much converse perhaps
 Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield : 260
 For solitude sometimes is best society,
 And short retirement urges sweet return.

But other doubt possesses me ; lest harm
 Befall thee severed from me ; for thou knowest
 What hath been warned us, what malicious foe
 Envyng our happiness, and of his own

Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault ; and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder ; 270

Hopeless to circumvent us joined, where each
 To other speedy aid might lend at need :

Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealty from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal love, than which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoyed by us excites his envy more :

Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, still shades thee, and protects.

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her husband stays, 280
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures."

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve,
 As one who loves and some unkindness meets.
 With sweet austere composure thus replied :

" Offspring of heaven and earth, and all earths' lord !
 That such an enemy we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,
 And from the parting angel overheard
 As in a shady nook I stood behind,
 Just then returned at shut of evening flowers. 290

But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
 His violence thou fearest not, being such
 As we, not capable of death or pain,
 Can either not receive, or can repel.

His fraud is then thy fear ; which plain infers,
 Thy equal fear, that my firm faith and love
 Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced :
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast, 300
 Adam, mis-thought of her to thee so dear ?"

To whom with healing words Adam replied :
 " Daughter of God and man, immortal Eve !

For such thou art; from sin and blame entire :
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 The attempt itself, intended by our foe.
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul; supposed
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof 310
 Against temptation: thou thyself with scorn
 And anger wouldst resent the offered wrong,
 Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
 If such affront I labour to avert
 From thee alone, which on us both at once
 The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare ;
 Or daring, first on me the assault shall light.
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn :
 Subtle he needs must be, who could seduce
 Angels; nor think superfluous others' aid. 320
 I, from the influence of thy looks, receive
 Access in every virtue ; in thy sight
 More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
 Of outward strength ; while shame, thou looking on,
 Shame to be overcome or over-reached,
 Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
 When I am present, and thy trial choose
 With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"
 So spake domestic Adam in his care
 And matrimonial love ; but Eve, who thought
 Less attributed to her faith sincere,
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewed :
 " If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit straitened by a foe,
Subtle or violent, we not endued
Single with like defence, wherever met ;
How are we happy, still in fear of harm ?
But harm precedes not sin : only our foe,
Tempting, affronts us with his foul esteem 330
Of our integrity ; his foul esteem
 Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns
 Foul on himself ; then wherefore shunned or feared
 By us ? who rather double honour gain
 From his surmise proved false, find peace within,
 Favour from heaven, our witness, from the event.
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed
Alone, without exterior help sustained ?

Acasagutia

Let us not then suspect our happy state
 Left so imperfect by the Maker wise,
 As not secure to single or combined.
 Frail is our happiness if this be so ;
 And Eden were no Eden thus exposed."

350

To whom thus Adam fervently replied :
 " O woman, best are all things as the will
 Of God ordained them ; his creating hand
 Nothing imperfect or deficient left
 Of all that he created, much less man,
 Or aught that might his happy state secure,
 Secure from outward force ; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power :
Against his will he can receive no harm.
But God left free the will ; for what obeys
Reason, is free ; and reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect ;
Lest, by some fair-appearing good surprised,
She dictate false ; and misinform the will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
 Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins,
 That I should mind thee oft ; and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve ;
 Since reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the foe suborned,
 And fall into deception unaware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warned.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoid
Were better, and most likely if from me
Thou sever not ; trial will come unsought,
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
 First thy obedience ; the other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest ?
 But, if thou think, trial unsought may find
 Us both securer than thus warned thou seemest,
Go ; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more ;
 Go in thy native innocence, rely
 On what thou hast of virtue ; summon all !
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine."

360

370

380

So spake the patriarch of mankind ; but Eve
 Persisted : yet submissive, though last, replied :
 " With thy permission then, and thus forwarned
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touch only ; that our trial, when least sought,
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared ;

390

The willinger I go, nor much expect
A foe so proud will first the weaker seek :
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.”
Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betook her to the groves ; but Delia's self
In gait surpassed, and goddess-like deport, 400
Though not as she with bow and quiver armed,
But with such gardening-tools as art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire, had formed, or angels brought.
To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorned,
Likest she seemed, Pomona when she fled
Vertumnus, or to Ceres in her prime,
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.
Her, long with ardent look his eye pursued
Delighted, but desiring more her stay. 410
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated : she to him as oft engaged
To be returned by noon amid the bower,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,
Of thy presumed return ! event perverse !
Thou never from that hour in Paradise
Foundest either sweet repast, or sound repose ;
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers' and shades, 420
Waited with hellish rancour imminent
To intercept thy way, or send thee back
Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss !
For now, and since first break of dawn, the fiend,
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come ;
And on his quest, where likeliest he might find
The only two of mankind, but in them
The whole included race, his purposed prey.
In bower and field he sought where any tuft
Of grove or garden plot more pleasant lay, 430
Their tendance, or plantation for delight ;
By fountain or by shady rivulet
He sought them both, but wished his hap might find
Eve separate ; he wished, but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanced ; when to his wish,
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
Half spied, so thick the roses blushing round

About her glowed, oft stooping to support
 Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay 440
 Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,
 Hung drooping unsustained; them she upstays
 Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while
 Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
 From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh.
 Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
 Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;
 Then volatile and bold, now hid, now seen,
 Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers
 Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve: 450
 Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned
 Or of revived Adonis, or renowned
 Alcinoüs, host of old Laërtes' son;
 Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king
 Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.
 Much he the place admired, the person more.
 As one who long in populous city pent,
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages and farms 460
 Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight
 The smell of grain, or teded grass, or kine,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound;
 If chance, with nymph-like step, fair virgin pass,
 What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more;
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:
 Such pleasure took the serpent to behold
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve
 Thus early, thus alone: ~~her heavenly form~~
Angelic, but more soft, and feminine,
Her graceful innocence, her every air
Of gesture, or least action, overawed
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought:
That space the evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remained
Stupidly good; of enmity disarmed,
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.
 But the hot hell that always in him burns
 Though in mid heaven, soon ended his delight, 470
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure, not for him ordained: then soon -
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts

Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites :

“ Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported, to forget
What hither brought us? hate, not love; nor hope
Of Paradise for hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure; but all pleasure to destroy, 2. 9 c
Save what is in destroying; other joy
To me is lost. Then, let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles; behold alone
The woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;
Foe not formidable! exempt from wound,
I not; so much hath hell debased, and pain 5 c
Enfeebled me, to what I was in heaven.
She fair, divinely fair, fit love for gods!
Not terrible, though terror be in love
And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under show of love well feigned;
The way which to her ruin now I tend.”

✓ So spake the enemy of mankind inclosed
In serpent, inmate bad! and toward Eve
Addressed his way: not with indented wave, 7 d
Prone on the ground, as since; but on his rear.
Circular base of rising folds, towered
Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass
Floated redundant: pleasing was his shape
And lovely: never since of serpent kind 5 2 c
Lovelier, not those that in Illyria changed
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god
In Epidaurus; nor to which transformed
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline was seen;
He with Olympias; this with her who bore
Scipio, the height of Rome. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but feared
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail;
So varied he, and of his tortuous train 1. 3 c

Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,
 To lure her eye ; she, busied, heard the sound
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used
 To such disport before her through the field,
 From every beast ; more duteous at her call,
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.
 He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,
 But as in gaze admiring : oft he bowed
 His turret crest, and sleek enamelled neck, 570
 Fawning ; and licked the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turned at length
 The eye of Eve, to mark his play ; he, glad
 Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue
 Organic, or impulse of vocal air,
 His fraudulent temptation thus began :

" Wonder not, sovereign mistress, if perhaps
 Thou canst, who art sole wonder ! much less arm
 Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,
 Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze 580
 Insatiate ; I thus single ; nor have feared
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore
 With ravishment beheld ! there best beheld,
 Where universally admired ; but here
 In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern 590
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee ? (and what is one ?) who should be seen
A goddess among gods, adored and served
By angels, numberless, thy daily train."

So glozed the tempter, and his proem tuned :
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,
 Though at the voice much marvelling ; at length,
 Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake :

" What may this mean ? language of man pronounced
 By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed ? 600
 The first, at least, of these I thought denied
 To beasts ; whom God, on their creation-day,
 Created mute to all articulate sound :
 The latter I demur ; for in their looks
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.
 Thee, serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
 I knew, but not with human voice endued ;

Redouble then this miracle, and say,
 How camest thou speakable of mute, and how
 To me so friendly grown above the rest
 Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight? — 580
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due."

To whom the guileful tempter thus replied:
 "Empress of this fair world, resplendent Eve!
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all
 What thou commandest; and right thou shouldst be obeyed
 I was at first as other beasts that graze
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,
 As was my food; nor aught but food discerned
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:
 Till, on a day roving the field, I chanced 590
 A goodly tree far distant to behold
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,
 Ruddy and gold: I nearer drew to gaze:
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,
 Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense
 Then smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats
 Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,
 Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their play.
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved 600
 Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,
 Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;
 For, high from ground, the branches would require
 Thy utmost reach or Adam's: round the tree
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung
 Tempting so high, to pluck and eat my fill 610
 I spared not; for, such pleasure till that hour,
 At feed or fountain, never had I found.
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
 Strange alteration in me, to degree
 Of reason in my inward powers; and speech
 Wanted not long; though to this shape retained
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep
 I turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind
 Considered all things visible in heaven,
 Or earth, or middle; all things fair and good; 620
 But all that fair and good in thy divine
 N

Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray
 United I beheld ; no fair to thine
 Equivalent or second ! which compelled
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared
 Sovereign of creatures, universal dame !"

So talked the spirited sly snake : and Eve,
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied :

" Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt 630
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved :
 But say, where grows the tree ? from hence how far
 For many are the trees of God that grow
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
 To us : in such abundance lies our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden nature of her birth."

To whom the wily adder, blithe and glad : 640
 " Empress, the way is ready, and not long ;
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past
 Of blowing myrrh and balm : if thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon."

" Lead then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly rolled
 In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,
 To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
 Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,
 Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night 650
 Condenses, and the cold environs round,
 Kindled through agitation to a flame,
 Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
 Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way
 To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool ;
 There swallowed up and lost, from succour far :
 So glistered the dire snake, and into fraud
 Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the tree 660
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe ;
 Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake :

" Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither.
 Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose virtue rest with thee ;
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
 But of this tree we may not taste nor touch

God so commanded, and left that command
Sole daughter of his voice: the rest, we live
Law to ourselves; our reason is our law." e 7 c

To whom the tempter guilefully replied:
" Indeed! hath God then said that of the fruit
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,
Yet lords declared of all in earth or air?"

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless: " Of the fruit
Of each tree in the garden we may eat;
But of the fruit of this fair tree amidst
The garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die."

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
The tempter, but with show of zeal and love
To man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on; and as to passion moved,
Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely and in act
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.
As when of old some orator renowned,
In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence
Flourished, since mute to some great cause addressed,
Stood in himself collected; while each part,
Motion, each art, won audience ere the tongue;
Sometimes in height began, as no delay
Of preface brooking, through his zeal of right:
So standing, moving, or to height up-grown,
The tempter, all impassioned, thus began:

" O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving plant,
Mother of science! now I feel thy power
Within me clear; not only to discern
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways
Of highest agents, deemed however wise.
Queen of this universe! do not believe
Those rigid threats of death: ye shall not die;
How should you? by the fruit? it gives you life
To knowledge; by the threatener? look on me,
Me, who have touched and tasted; yet both lives
And life more perfect have attained than fate
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot.
Shall that be shut to man, which to the beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty trespass? and not praise
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain
Of death denounced, whatever thing death be,
Deterred not from achieving what might lead

To happier life, knowledge of good and evil ;
 Of good, how just ? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned ?
 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just ;
 Not just, not God ; not feared then, nor obeyed
 Your fear itself of death removes the fear.
 Why then was this forbid ? Why, but to awe ?
 Why, but to keep ye low and ignorant,
 His worshippers ? He knows that in the day
 Ye eat thereof, your eyes that seem so clear,
 Yet are but dim, shall presently be then
 Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as gods,
Knowing both good and evil as they know.
 That ye shall be as gods, since I as man,
 Internal man, is but proportion meet ;
 I, of brute, human ; ye, of human, gods.
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on gods ; death to be wished,
 Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring,
 And what are gods, that man may not become
 As they, participating god-like food ?
 The gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds :
 I question it ; for this fair earth I see,
Warmed by the sun, producing every kind ;
Them, nothing : if they all things, who inclosed
 Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave ? and wherein lies
 The offence, that man should thus attain to know ?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree
 Impart against his will, if all be his ?
 Or is it envy ? and can envy dwell
 In heavenly breasts ? These, these, and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair fruit.
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste."

He ended ; and his words, replete with guile,
 Into her heart too easy entrance won :
 Fixed on the fruit she gazed, which to behold
 Might tempt alone ; and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd
 With reason, to her seeming, and with truth :
 Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked
 An eager appetite, raised by the smell
 So savoury of that fruit, which with desire

Inclined now grown to touch or taste,
 Solicited her longing eye ; yet first
 Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused :
 " Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,
 Though kept from man, and worthy to be admired ;
 Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay,
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.
 Thy praise he also, who forbids thy use,
 Conceals not from us, naming thee the tree
 Of knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil
 Forbids us then to taste ! but his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it infers the good
 By thee communicated, and our want :
 For good unknown sure is not had ; or, had .
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
 In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
 Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise ?
 Such prohibitions bind not. But, if death
 Binds us with after-bands, what profits then.
 Our inward freedom ? In the day we eat
 Of this fair fruit, our doom is, we shall die !
 How dies the serpent ? he hath eaten and lives,
 And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,
 Irrational till then. For us alone
 Was death invented ? or to us denied
 This intellectual food, for beasts reserved ?
 For beasts it seems : yet that one beast which first
 Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy
 The good befallen him, author unsuspect,
 Friendly to man, far from deceit or guile.
 What fear I then ? rather, what know to fear
 Under this ignorance of good or evil,
 Of God or death, of law or penalty ?
 Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,
 Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,
 Of virtue to make wise : what hinders then
 To reach, and feed at once both body and mind ?'
 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she ate '
Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk
 The guilty serpent ; and well might ; for Eve,
 Intent now wholly on her taste, nought else

Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,
 In fruit she never tasted, whether true
 Or fancied so, through expectation high
 Of knowledge; nor was godhead from her thought.

Greedily she engorged without restraint,
 And knew not eating death: satiate at length,
 And heightened as with wine, jocund and boon,
 Thus to herself she pleasingly began:

"O sovereign, virtuous, precious of all trees
 In Paradise! of operation blest
 To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,
 And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end
 Created; but henceforth my early care,
 Not without song, each morning, and due praise
 Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease
 Of thy full branches offered free to all;
 Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature

In knowledge, as the gods, who all things know
 Though others envy what they cannot give:
 For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown. Experience, next, to thee I owe,
 Best guide: not following thee, I had remained
 In ignorance; thou openest wisdom's way,
 And givest access, though secret she retire.

And I perhaps am secret: heaven is high,
 High, and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on earth; and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies
 About him. But to Adam in what sort
 Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with me; or rather not,
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power
 Without copartner? so to add what wants
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,
 And render me more equal; and perhaps,
 A thing not undesirable, sometime
 Superior; for, inferior, who is free?

This may be well: but what if God have seen
 And death ensue? then I shall be no more!
 And Adam, wedded to another Eve,
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
 A death to think! Confirmed then I resolve
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:

regardance - positive desire - x

evil beyond
 develop
 selfishness

Jealousy

So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life."

So saying, from the tree her step she turned.
But first low reverence done, as to the Power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infused
Into the plant scintial sap, derived
From nectar, drink of gods. Adam the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown ;
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delayed :
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Mishap'd him ; he the faltering measure felt ;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That morn when first they parted : by the tree
Of knowledge he must pass ; there he her met,
Scarce from the tree returning ; in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,
New gathered, and ambrosial smell diffused.
To him she hasted ; in her face excuse
Came prologue, and apology too prompt ;
Which, with bland words at will, she thus addressed :

850
" Hast thou not wonder'd, Adam, at my stay ?
Thee I have missed, and thought it long, deprived
Thy presence ; agony of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice ; for never more
Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought,
The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear :
This tree is not, as we are told, a tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Opening the way, but of divine effect
To open eyes, and make them gods who taste ;
And hath been tasted such : the serpent wise,
Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,
Hath eaten of the fruit ; and is become,
Not dead, as we are threatened, but thenceforth
Endued with human voice and human sense
Reasoning to admiration ; and with me
Persuasively hath so prevailed, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
The effects to correspond : opener mine eyes
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,

And growing up to godhead ; which for thee
 Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.
 For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss ;
 Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.
 Thou therefore also taste, that equal lot
 May join us, equal joy, as equal love ;
 Lest, thou not tasting, different degree
 Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce
 Deity for thee, when fate will not permit."

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told
 But in her cheek distemper flushing glowd.
 On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard
 The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,
 Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill
 Ran through his veins, and all his joints relaxed ;
 From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve
 Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed ;
 Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke :

" O fairest of creation, last and best 595
 Of all God's works, creature in whom excelled
 Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
 How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost,
 Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote !
 Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, but violate
 The sacred fruit forbidden ? / Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruined ; for with thee
* Certain my resolution is to die :
 † How can I live without thee ? how forego
 † Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,
 † To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?
 † Should God create another Eve, and I
 † Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
 † Would never from my heart : no, no ! I feel
 † The link of nature draw me ; flesh of flesh,
 † Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
 † Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbed
 Submitting to what seemed remediless,
 Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turned :

" Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,

And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared,
Had it been only coveting to eye
That sacred fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under ban to touch.
But past who can recall, or done undo?
Not God omnipotent, nor fate ~~yet so~~
~~Perhaps thou shalt not die, perhaps the fact~~
~~Is not so heinous now, foretasted fruit,~~
~~Profaned first by the serpent, by him first~~
Made common, and unhallowed, ere our taste:
Nor yet on him found deadly; he yet lives;
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as man,
Higher degree of life: inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attain
Proportional ascent; which cannot be
But to be gods, or angels, demi-gods.
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime creatures, dignified so high,
Set over all his works; which in our fall,
For us created, needs with us must fail,
Dependent made; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose;
Not well conceived of God, who, though his power
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth
Us to abolish, lest the adversary
Triumph, and say: 'Fickle their state whom God
Most favours; who can please him long? Me first
He ruined, now mankind; whom will he next
Matter of scorn, not to be given the foe.
However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
Certain to undergo like doom: if death
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The bond of nature draw me to my own;
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
Our state cannot be severed; we are one,
One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself.'
So Adam; and thus Eve to him replied:
"O glorious trial of exceeding love,
Illustrious evidence, example high!
Engaging me to emulate; but, short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,
Adam? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,

One heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof
 This day affords, declaring thee resolved,
 Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,
 Shall separate us, linked in love so dear,
 To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,
 If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ;
 Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,
 Direct, or by occasion) hath presented
 This happy trial of thy love, which else
 So eminently never had been known.
 Were it I thought death menaced would ensue
 This my attempt, I would sustain alone
 The worst, and not persuade thee, rather die
 Deserted, than oblige thee with a fact
 Pernicious to thy peace ; chiefly, assured
 Remarkably so late of thy so true,
 So faithful, love unequalled : but I feel
 Far otherwise the event ; not death, but life
 Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new joys,
 Taste so divine, that what of sweet before
 Hath touched my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh
 On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
 And fear of death deliver to the winds."

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy
 Tenderly wept ; much won, that he his love
 Had so ennobled, as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.
 In recompense (for such compliance had
 Such recompense best merits), from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing fruit
 With liberal hand : he scrupled not to eat,
Against his better knowledge ; not deceived,
But fondly overcome with female charm.
 Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
 In pangs ; and nature gave a second groan ;
 Sky loured ; and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
 Wept at completing of the mortal sin
 Original : while Adam took no thought,
 Eating his fill ; nor Eve to iterate
 Her former trespass feared, the more to sooth
 Him with her loved society ; that now,
 As with new wine intoxicated both,
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel
 Divinity within them breeding wings,
 Wherewith to scorn the earth : but that false fruit

Augur

Far other operation first displayed,
 Carnal desire inflaming; he on Eve
 Began to cast lascivious eyes; she him
 As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn:
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move:

“Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of sapience no small part;
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,
 And palate call judicious; I the praise
 Yield thee, so well this day thou hast purveyed.
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstained
 From this delightful fruit, nor know till now
 True relish, tasting, if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wished,
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.
 But come, so well refreshed, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious fare;
 For never did thy beauty, since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorned
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever; bounty of this virtuous tree!”

So said he, and forebore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent; well understood
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
 Her hand he seized; and to a shady bank,
 Thick over-head with verdant roof imbowered,
 He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
 And hyacinths; earth's freshest softest lap.
 There they their fill of love and love's disport
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
 The solace of their sin: till dewy sleep
 Oppressed them, wearied with their amorous play
 Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,
 That with exhilarating vapour bland
 About their spirits had played, and inmost powers
 Made err, was now exhaled; and grosser sleep,
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams
 Encumbered, now had left them; up they rose
 As from unrest; and, each the other viewing,
 Soon found their eyes how opened, and their minds
 How darkened; innocence, that as a veil
Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was gone;
 Just confidence, and native righteousness,

And honour, from about them, naked left
 To guilty shame; he covered, but his robe
 Uncovered more. So rose the Danite strong,
 Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap
 Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked
 Shorn of his strength; they destitute and bare
Of all their virtue: silent, and in face
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute:
 Till Adam, though not less than Eve abashed,
 At length gave utterance to these words constrained:

“O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear
 To that false worm, of whomsoever taught
 To counterfeit man's voice; true in our fall,
 False in our promised rising; since our eyes
Opened we find indeed, and find we know
Both good and evil; good lost, and evil got;
 Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know;
 Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,
 Of innocence, of faith, of purity,
 Our wonted ornaments now soiled and stained,
 And in our faces evident the signs
 Of foul concupiscence; whence evil store;
 Even shame, the last of evils; of the first
 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
 Henceforth of God or angel, erst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld? Those heavenly shapes
 Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
 Insufferably bright. O! might I here
 In solitude live savage; in some glade
Obscured where highest woods, impenetrable
To star or sun-light, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening: cover me, ye pines!
Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more!
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen;
 Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves together sewed
 And girded on our loins, may cover round
 Those middle parts; that this new-comer, shame,
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.”

So counselled he, and both together went
 Into the thickest wood; there soon they chose
 The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned.

Remasse

But such as at this day, to Indians known,
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
 Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
 About the mother-tree, a pillared shade
 High over-arched, and echoing walks between :
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
 At loopholes cut through thickest shade : those leaves
 They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe ;
 And, with what skill they had, together sewed,
 To gird their waist ; vain covering, if to hide
 Their guilt and dreaded shame ! O, how unlike
 To that first naked glory ! Such of late
 Columbus found the American, so girt
 With feathered cincture ; naked else, and wild
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.
 Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part
 Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind,
 They sat them down to weep ; nor only tears
 Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse within
 Began to rise, high passions, anger, hate,
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord ; and shook sore
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent :
 For understanding ruled not, and the will
 Heard not her lore ; both in subjection now
 To sensual appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovereign reason claimed
 Superior sway : from thus distempered breast,
 Adam, estranged in look and altered style,
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed :

" Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and staid
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,
 I know not whence possessed thee ; we had then
 Remained still happy : not as now, despoiled
 Of all our good ; shamed, naked, miserable !
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek
 Such proof, conclude, they then begin to fail."

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve :
 " What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe !
 Imputest thou that to my default, or will
 Of wandering, as thou callest it, which who knows

Reason over passion

But might as ill have happened, thou being by,
 Or to thyself perhaps? Hadst thou been there,
 Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discerned
 Fraud in the serpent, speaking as he spake;
 No ground of enmity between us known,
 Why he should mean me ill, or seek to harm
 Was I to have never parted from thy side?
 As good have grown there still a lifeless rib.
 Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,
 Command me absolutely not to go,
 Going into such danger, as thou saidest?
 Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay;
 Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
 Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent,
 Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me.

To whom then first incensed, Adam replied:
 "Is this the love, is this the recompense
 Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve! expressed
 Immutable, when thou wert lost, not I;
 Who might have lived, and joyed immortal bliss.
 Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?
 And am I now upbraided as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?
 I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold
 The danger, and the lurking enemy
 That lay in wait; beyond this, had been force
 And force upon free-will hath here no place.
 But confidence then bore thee on; secure
 Either to meet no danger, or to find
 Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps
 I also erred, in overmuch admiring
 What seemed in thee so perfect, that I thought
 No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue
 That error now, which is become my crime,
 And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
 The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;
 And of their vain contest appeared no end.

BOOK X.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian-angels forsake Paradise, and return up to heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends and gives sentence accordingly; then in pity clothes them both and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new world, and the sin by man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in hell, but to follow Satan their sire up to the place of man: to make the way easier from hell to this world to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then preparing for earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to hell; their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed with himself also suddenly into serpents according to his doom given in Paradise; then deluded with a show of the forbidden tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death; God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present, commands his angels to make several alterations in the heavens and elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve: she persists, and at length appeases him: then to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways, which he approves not; but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the serpent; and exhorts her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication

MEANWHILE the heinous and despiteful act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
He, in the serpent, had perverted Eve,
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,
Was known in heaven; for what can 'scape the eye
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,
Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind
Of man, with strength entire, and free-will armed
Complete to have discovered and repulsed
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remembered,

The high injunction, not to taste that fruit,
 Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying,
 Incurred (what could they less ?) the penalty ;
 And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.
 Up into heaven from Paradise in haste
 The angelic guards ascended, mute and sad,
 For man ; for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondering how the subtle fiend had stolen
 Entrance unscen. Soon as the unwelcome news
 From earth arrived at heaven-gate, displeased
 All were who heard ; dim sadness did not spare
 That time celestial visages, yet, mixed
 With pity, violated not their bliss.

About the new-arrived in multitudes
 The ethereal people ran, to hear and know
 How all befel : they towards the throne supreme
 Accountable, made haste, to make appear,
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
 And easily approved ; when the Most High
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
 Amidst, in thunder uttered thus his voice :

“ Assembled angels, and ye powers returned
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed,
 Nor troubled at these tidings from the earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent ;
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this tempter crossed the gulf from hell
 I told ye then he should prevail, and speed
 On his bad errand ; man should be seduced,
 And flattered out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker ; no decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free-will, to her own inclining left
In even scale. But fallen he is ; and now
 What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass
 On his transgression, death denounced that day ?
 Which he presumes already vain and void,
 Because not yet inflicted, as he feared,
 By some immediate stroke ; but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance, ere day end.
 Justice shall not return as bounty scorned.
 But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee
 Vicegerent Son ? To thee I have transferred
 All judgment, whether in heaven, or earth, or hell.

Easy it may be seen that I intend
 Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee
 Man's friend, his Mediator, his designed
 Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,
 And destined man himself to judge man fallen.'

So spake the Father; and unfolding bright
 Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son
 Blazed forth unclouded deity: he full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Expressed, and thus divinely answered mild:

"Father Eternal, thine is to decree;
 Mine, both in heaven and earth, to do thy will
 Supreme; that thou in me, thy Son beloved,
 Mayst ever rest well pleased. I go to judge
 On earth these thy transgressors; but thou knowest,
 Whoever judged, the worst on me must light.
 When time shall be; for so I undertook
 Before thee; and, not repenting, this obtain
 Of right, that I may mitigate their doom
 On me derived; yet I shall temper so
 Justice with mercy, as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.
 Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none
 Are to behold the judgment, but the judged,
 Those two; the third best absent is condemned,
 Convict by flight, and rebel to all law:
 Conviction to the serpent none belongs."

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose
 Of high collateral glory. Him thrones, and powers
 Princedoms, and dominations ministrant,
 Accompanied to heaven-gate; from whence
 Eden, and all the coast, in prospect lay.
 Down he descended straight; the speed of gods
 Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes winged
 Now was the sun in western cadence low
 From noon, and gentle airs, due at their hour,
 To fan the earth now waked, and usher in
 The evening cool; when he, from wrath more cool,
 Came the mild judge, and intercessor both,
 To sentence man: the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the garden, by soft winds
 Brought to their ears, while day declined; they heard,
 And from his presence hid themselves among
 The thickest trees, both man and wife; till God
 Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud:

“ Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
 Not pleased, thus entertained with solitude,
 Where obvious duty ere while appeared unsought:
 Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
 Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth!”

He came; and with him Eve, more loth, though first
 To offend; discountenanced both, and diseomposed;
 Love was not in their looks, either to God,
 Or to each other; but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despair:
 Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.
 Whence Adam faltering long, thus answered brief:

“ I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile replied:

“ My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not feared,
 But still rejoiced; how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?”

To whom thus Adam sore beset replied:
 “ O heaven! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge; either to undergo
 Myself the total crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life;
 Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame
 By my complaint: but strict necessity
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint;
 Lest on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolved; though, should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.
 This woman, whom thou madest to be my help,
 And gavest me as thy perfect gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
 And what she did, whatever in itself,
 Her doing seemed to justify the deed,
 She gave me of the tree, and I did eat.”

To whom the sovereign Presence thus replied:
 “ Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey
 Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her

Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection far excelled
 Hers in all real dignity? Adorned
 She was indeed, and lovely, to attract
 Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts
 Were such, as under government well seemed;
 Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part
 And person, hadst thou known thyself aright."

So having said, he thus to Eve in few:

"Say, woman, what is this which thou hast done?"

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,
 Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
 Bold or loquacious, thus abashed replied:
 "The serpent me beguiled, and I did eat."

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
 To judgment he proceeded on the accused
 Serpent, though brute; unable to transfer
 The guilt on him who made him instrument
 Of mischief, and polluted from the end
 Of his creation: justly then accursed
 As vitiated in nature: more to know
 Concerned not man (since he no further knew),
 Nor altered his offence; yet God at last
 To Satan first in sin his doom applied,
 Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best:
 And on the serpent thus his curse let fall:

"Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed
 Above all cattle, each beast of the field:
 Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,
 And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.
 Between thee and the woman I will put
 Enmity, and between thine and her seed;
 Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this oracle, then verified
 When Jesus, Son of Mary, second Eve,
 Saw Satan fall, like lightning, down from heaven,
 Prince of the air: then, rising from his grave,
 Spoiled principalities and powers, triumphed
 In open show; and with ascension bright,
 Captivity led captive through the air,
 The realm itself of Satan, long usurped:
 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet;
 Even he, who now foretold his fatal bruise:
 And to the woman thus his sentence turned:

“ Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply
By thy conception ; children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth ; and to thy husband's will
Thine shall submit ; he over thee shall rule.”

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced
“ Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife,
And eaten of the tree concerning which
I charged thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof :
Cursed is the ground for thy sake : thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof, all the days of thy life ;
Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid ; and thou shalt eat of the herb of the field ;
In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground ; for thou
Out of the ground was taken ; know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.”

So judged he man, both Judge and Saviour sent ;
And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day,
Removed far off ; then, pitying how they stood
Before him naked to the air, that now
Must suffer change, disdained not to begin
Thenceforth the form of servant to assume ;
As when he washed his servants' feet ; so now
As Father of his family, he clad
Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,
Or as the snake with youthful coat repaid :
And thought not much to clothe his enemies ;
Nor he their outward only with the skins
Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness,
Arraying, covered from his Father's sight.
To him with swift ascent he up returned
Into his blissful bosom reassumed,
In glory, as of old ; to him appeased,
All, though all-knowing, what had passed with man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinned and judged on earth,
Within the gates of hell sat Sin and Death,
In counterview within the gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Far into Chaos, since the fiend passed through,
Sin opening ; who thus now to Death began :

“ Oh, son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives
In other worlds, and happier seat provides

For us, his offspring dear ? It cannot be
But that success attends him ; if mishap,
Ere this he had returned, with fury driven
By his avengers, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and dominion given me large,
Beyond this deep ; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathy, or some connatural force,
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kind,
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade
Inseparable, must with me along :
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But, lest the difficulty of passing back
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf
Impassable, impervious ; let us try
Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this main from hell to that new world,
Where Satan now prevails : a monument
Of merit high to all the infernal host,
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new-felt attraction and instinct."

Whom thus the meagre shadow answered soon :

" Go, whither fate, and inclination strong,
Leads thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err
The way, thou leading ; such a scent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of death from all things there that live,
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."

So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell
Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,
Against the day of battle, to a field,
Where armies lie encamped, come flying lured
With scent of living carcasses designed
For death, the following day, in bloody fight :
So scented the grim feature, and upturned
His nostril wide into the murky air ;
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.
Then both from out hell-gates, into the waste

Wide anarchy of chaos, damp and dark,
Flew diverse: and with power (their power was great)
Hovering upon the waters, what they met
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove,
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way
Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,
As with a trident smote, and fixed as firm
As Delos, floating once: the rest his look
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move;
And with asphaltic slime broad as the gate,
Deep to the roots of hell the gathered beach
They fastened, and the mole immense wrought on
Over the foaming deep, high-arched, a bridge
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless world,
Forfeit to death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to hell.
So, if great things to small may be compared,
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,
Came to the sea; and, over Hellespont
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joined,
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art
Pontifical, a bridge of pendant rock,
Over the vexed abyss, following the track
Of Satan to the self-same place where he
First lighted from his wing, and landed safe
From out of chaos, to the outside bare
Of this round world: with pins of adamant
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable! And now in little space
The confines met of empyréan heaven,
And of this world; and on the left hand, hell
With long reach interposed; three several ways
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now their way to earth they had descried,
To Paradise first tending: when, behold!
Satan, in likeness of an angel bright,

Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering
His zenith, while the sun in Aries rose :
Disguised he came ; but those his children dear
Their parent soon discerned, though in disguise.
He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk
Into the wood fast by ; and changing shape,
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her husband ; saw their shame that sought
Vain covertures ; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrified
He fled : not hoping to escape, but shun
The present ; fearing, guilty, what his wrath
Might suddenly inflict ; that past, returned
By night, and listening where the hapless pair
Sat in their sad discourse, and various plaint,
Thence gathered his own doom ; which understood,
Not instant, but of future time, with joy
And tidings fraught, to hell he now returned ;
And at the brink of chaos, near the foot
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhopèd
Met, who to meet him came, his offspring dear.
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight
Of that stupendous bridge his joy increased.
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke :

“ O parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
Thy trophies ! which thou viewest as not thine own ;
Thou art their author and prime architect :
For I no sooner in my heart divined
(My heart, which by a secret harmony
Still moves with thine, joined in connection sweet)
That thou on earth hadst prospered, which thy look
Now also evidence, but straight I felt,
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt
That I must after thee, with this thy son :
Such fatal consequence unites us three.
Hell could no longer hold us in our bounds,
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track :
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confined
Within hell-gates till now : thou us empowered
To fortify this far, and overlay,
With this portentous bridge, the dark abyss.
Thine now is all this world ; thy virtue hath won

What thy hands builded not ; thy wisdom gained
 With odds what war hath lost, and fully avenged
 Our foil in heaven ; here thou shalt monarch reign,
 There didst not ; there let him still victor sway,
 As battle hath adjudged ; from this new world
 Retiring, by his own doom alienated ;
 And henceforth monarchy with thee divide
 Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds,
 His quadrature, from thy orbicular world ;
 Or try the now more dangerous to his throne."

Whom thus the prince of darkness answered glad :
 " Fair daughter, and thou son and grandchild both ;
 High proof ye now have given to the race
 Of Satan (for I glory in the name,
 Antagonist of heaven's Almighty King),
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 The infernal empire, that so near heaven's door
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
 Mine, with this glorious work : and made one realm,
 Hell and this world, one realm, one continent
 Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I
 Descend through darkness, on your road with ease,
 To my associate powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoice ;
 You two this way, among these numerous orbs,
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;
 There dwell, and reign in bliss ; thence on the earth
 Dominion exercise and in the air,
 Chiefly on man, sole lord of all declared ;
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.
 My substitutes I send ye, and create
 Plenipotent on earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from me : on your joint vigour now
 My hold of this new kingdom all depends,
 Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.
 If your joint power prevail, the affairs of hell
 No detriment need fear : go, and be strong."

So saying, he dismissed them ; they with speed
 Their course through thickest constellations held,
 Spreading their bane : the blasted stars looked wan,
 And planets, planet-struck, real eclipse
 Then suffered. The other way Satan went down
 The causey to hell-gate : on either side
 Disparted chaos overbuilt exclaimed,
 And with rebounding surge the bars assailed,

That scorned his indignation : through the gate,
Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,
And all about found desolate ; for those,
Appointed to sit there, had left their charge,
Flown to the upper world ; the rest were all
Far to the inland retired, about the walls
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat
Of Lucifer ; so by allusion called
Of that bright star to Satan paragoned :
There kept their watch the legions, while the grand
In council sat, solicitous what chance
Might intercept their emperor sent ; so he
Departing gave command, and they observed.
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,
Retires ; or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat
To Taurus or Casbeen : so these, the late
Heaven-banished host, left desert utmost hell
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch
Round their metropolis ; and now expecting
Each hour their great adventurer, from the search
Of foreign worlds : he through the midst unmarked,
In show plebeian angel militant
Of lowest order, passed ; and from the door
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible
Ascended his high throne ; which, under state
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen ;
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head
And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter ; clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter : all amazed
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng
Bent their aspect, and whom they wished beheld,
Their mighty chief returned : loud was the acclaim :
Forth rushed in haste the great consulting peers,
Raised from their dark divan, and with like joy
Congratulant approached him ; who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention, won :
“ Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers,
For in possession such, not only of right,
I call ye, and declare ye now ; returned

Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal pit
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,
And dungeon of our tyrant: now possess,
As lords, a spacious world, to our native heaven
Little inferior, by my adventure hard
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell
What I have done, what suffered; with what pain
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion; over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,
To expedite your glorious march; but I
Toiled out my uncouth passage, force to ride
The untractable abyss, plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal night and chaos wild;
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar
Protesting fate supreme; thence how I found
The new-created world, which fame in heaven
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful
Of absolute perfection! therein man
Placed in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happy: him by fraud I have seduced
From his Creator; and, the more to increase
Your wonder, with an apple; he, thereat
Offended, worth your laughter! hath given up
Both his beloved man and all his world,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,
To range in, and to dwell, and over man
To rule, as over all he should have ruled.
True is, me also he hath judged, or rather
Me not, but the brute serpent in whose shape
Man I deceived: that which to me belongs
Is enmity, which he will put between
Me and mankind; I am to bruise his heel;
His seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head:
A world who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have the account
Of my performance: what remains, ye gods,
But up, and enter now into full bliss?"

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Their universal shout, and high applause,
To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues,

A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn ; he wondered, but not long
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more ;
 His visage drawn he felt too sharp and spare ;
 His arms clung to his ribs ; his legs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vain ; a greater Power
 Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,
 According to his doom. He would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue
 To forked tongue ; for now were all transformed
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories
 To his bold riot : dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarmed now
 With complicated monsters head and tail,
 Scorpion and asp, and amphibæna dire,
 Cerastes horned, hydrus, and elops drear,
 And dipsas (not so thick swarmed once the soil
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle
 Ophiusa) ; but still greatest he the midst,
 Now dragon grown, larger than whom the sun
 Ingendered in the Pythian vale or slime,
 Huge Python, and his power no less he seemed
 Above the rest still to retain. They all
 Him followed, issuing forth to the open field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted rout,
 Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array ;
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In triumph issuing forth their glorious chief.
 They saw, but other sight instead ! a crowd
 Of ugly serpents ; horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathy ; for, what they saw,
 They felt themselves, now changing ; down their arms,
 Down fell the spear and shield ; down they as fast ;
 And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form
 Caught by contagion ; like in punishment,
 As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant
 Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame
 Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood
 A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that
 Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eye
 Used by the tempter : on that prospect strange

Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining
 For one forbidden tree a multitude
 Now risen, to work them further woe or shame ;
 Yet, parched with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain ;
 But on they rolled in heaps, and, up the trees
 Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks
 That curled Megæra. Greedily they plucked
 The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew
 Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed ;
 This more delusive, not the touch but taste
 Deceived ; they fondly thinking to allay
 Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
 Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected : oft they assayed,
 Hunger and thirst constraining ; drugged as oft,
 With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws,
 With soot and cinders filled ; so oft they fell
 Into the same allusion, not as man
 Whom they triumphed once lapsed. Thus were they plagued
 And worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,
 Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed ;
 Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo
 This annual humbling certain numbered days,
 To dash their pride, and joy, for man seduced.
 However, some tradition they dispersed
 Among the heathen of their purchase got ;
 And fabled how the serpent, whom they called
 Ophion, with Eurynome, the wide-
 Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
 Of high Olympus ; thence by Saturn driven
 And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

Meanwhile in Paradise the hellish pair
 Too soon arrived ; Sin, there in power before,
 Once actual ; now in body, and to dwell
 Habitual habitant ; behind her Death,
 Close following, pace for pace, not mounted yet
 On his pale horse : to whom Sin thus began :
 " Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death !
 What thinkest thou of our empire now, though earned
 With travel difficult, not better far
 Than still at hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,
 Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved ? "

Whom thus the sin-born monster answered soon :
 " To me, who with eternal famine pine,

Alike is hell, or Paradise, or heaven ;
There best, where most with ravine I may meet :
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
To stuff this maw, this vast un-hidebound corpse."

To whom the incestuous mother thus replied :
"Thou therefore on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
Feed first ; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl ;
No homely morsels : and whatever thing
The scythe of Time mows down, devour unspared ;
Till I, in man residing, through the race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect ;
And season him thy last and sweetest prey."

This said, they both betook them several ways,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later : which the Almighty seeing,
From his transcendent seat the saints among,
To those bright orders uttered thus his voice :

" See, with what heat these dogs of hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created ; and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of man
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute
Folly to me ; so doth the prince of hell
And his adherents, that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heavenly : and, conniving, seem
To gratify my scornful enemies,
That laugh, as if, transported with some fit
Of passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yielded up to their misrule ;
And know not that I called, and drew them thither,
My hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which man's polluting sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure ; till crammed and gorged, nigh burst,
With sucked and glutted offal, at one sling
Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both Sin, and Death, and yawning grave, at last,
Through chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth of hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.
Then heaven and earth renewed shall be made pure
To sanctity, that shall receive no stain :
Till then, the curse pronounced on both precedes."

He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
Sung halleluiah, as the sound of seas.

Through multitude that sung : " Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works :
Who can extenuate thee ? Next, to the Son,
Destined Restorer of mankind, by whom
New heaven and earth shall to the ages rise,
Or down from heaven descend." Such was their song ;
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mighty angels, gave them several charge,
As sorted best with present things. The sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the earth with cold and heat
Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call
Decrepit winter ; from the south to bring
Solstitial summer's heat. To the blank moon
Her office they prescribed ; to the other five
Their planetary motions, and aspects,
In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,
Of noxious efficacy, and when to join
In synod unbenign ; and taught the fixed
Their influence malignant when to shower,
Which of them rising with the sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous : to the winds they set
Their corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, air, and shore ; the thunder when to roll
With terror through the dark aerial hall.
Some say he bid his angels turn askance
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more
From the sun's axle ; they with labour pushed
Oblique the centric globe : some say, the sun
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road
Like-distant breadth to Taurus with the seven
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,
Up to the tropic Crab : thence down amain
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,
As deep as Capricorn ; to bring in change
Of seasons to each clime ; else had the spring
Perpetual smiled on earth with verdant flowers,
Equal in days and nights, except to those
Beyond the polar circles ; to them day
Had unbenighted shone, while the low sun,
To recompense his distance, in their sight
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known
Or east or west ; which had forbid the snow
From cold Estotiland, and south as far
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit

The sun, as from Thyéstean banquet, turned
 His course intended ; else, how had the world
 Inhabited, though sinless, more than now,
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat ?
 These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced
 Like change on sea and land ; sideral blast,
 Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and pestilent : now, from the north
 Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,
 Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice,
 And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,
 Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud,
 And Thrascias, rend the woods, and seas upturn ;
 With adverse blast upturns them from the south
 Notus, and Afer black with thunderous clouds
 From Serrationa ; thwart of these, as fierce,
 Forth rush the Lévant and the Ponent winds,
 Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,
 Sirocco and Libeccio. Thus began
 Outrage from lifeless things ; but Discord first,
 Daughter of Sin, among the irrational
 Death introduced, through fierce antipathy :
 Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
 And fish with fish : to graze the herb all leaving,
 Devoured each other ; nor stood much in awe
 Of man, but fled him : or, with countenance grim
 Glared on him passing. These were from without
 The growing miseries, which Adam saw
 Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade
 To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within ;
 And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,
 Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint :
 “ O miserable of happy ! Is this the end—
Of this new glorious world, and me so late
The glory of that glory, who now become
Accursed, of blessed ? hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness ! Yet well, if here would end
The misery ; I deserved it, and would bear
My own deservings ; but this will not serve
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,
 Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard
 Delightfully, Increase and multiply ;
 Now death to bear ! for what I can increase,
 Or multiply, but curse on my head ?

*Job, Bedlam
 7/1/1844*

Who of all ages to succeed, but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me, will curse
 My head? 'Ill fare our ancestor impure,
 For this we may thank Adam!' but his thanks
 Shall be the execration: so, besides
 Mine own that bide upon me, all from me
 Shall with a fierce reflux on me rebound;
 On me, as on their natural centre, light
 Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys
 Of Paradise, dear-bought with lasting woes!
 Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
 To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
 From darkness to promote me, or here place
 In this delicious garden? As my will
 Concur'd not to my being, it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust;
 Desirous to resign and render back
 All I received; unable to perform
 Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
 The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
 Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added
 The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
 Thy justice seems; yet, to say truth, too late,
 I thus contest; then should have been refused
 Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed:
 Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good
 Then cavil the conditions? and, though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son
 Prove disobedient; and, reprov'd, retort,
 'Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not.'
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
 But natural necessity, begot.
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;
 Thy punishment then justly is at his will.
 Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust return:
 O welcome hour whenever! Why delays
 His hand to execute what his decree
 Fixed on this day? Why do I overlive?
 Why am I mocked with death, and lengthen'd out
 To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
 Mortality my sentence, and be earth
 Insensible! How glad would lay me down

As in my mother's lap! There I should rest
 And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
 Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse
 To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
 With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, lest all I cannot die;
Lest that pure breath of life, the spirit of man
Which God inspired, cannot together perish
With this corporeal clod: then, in the grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living death? O thought
 Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath
 Of life that sinned; what dies but what had life
 And sin? The body properly hath neither.
 All of me then shall die: let this appease
 The doubt, since human reach no further knows.
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrath also? Be it, man is not so,
 But mortal doomed. How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on man, whom death must end?
 Can he make deathless death? That were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself
 Impossible is held; as argument
 Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,
 For anger's sake, finite to infinite,
 In punished man, to satisfy his rigour,
 Satisfied never? That were to extend
 His sentence beyond dust and nature's law,
 By which all causes else, according still
 To the reception of their matter, act;
 Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say
 That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,
 Bereaving sense, but endless misery
 From this day onward: which I feel begun
 Both in me, and without me; and so last
 To perpetuity: ah me! that fear
 Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution
 On my defenceless head; both death and I
 Are found eternal, and incorporate both:
 Nor I on my part single; in me all
Posterity stands cursed: fair patrimony—
That I must leave ye, sons! O, were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!
So disinherited, how would ye bless
Me, now your curse? Ah, why should all mankind

For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned,
 If guiltless? But from me what can proceed,
 But all corrupt; both mind and will depraved
 Not to do only, but to will the same
 With me? How can they then acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,
 Forced I absolve: all my evasions vain,
 And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still
 But to my own conviction: first and last
 On me, me only, as the source and spring
 Of all corruption, all the blame lights due;
 So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden, heavier than the earth to bear;
 Than all the world much heavier, though divided
 With that bad woman? Thus, what thou desirest,
 And what thou fearest, alike destroys all hope
 Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
 Beyond all past example and future;
 To Satan only like both crime and doom.
 O conscience! into what abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
 I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!"

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
 Through the still night: not now, as ere man fell,
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied; with damps and dreadful gloom;
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror: on the ground
 Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground; and oft
 Cursed his creation; death as oft accused
 Of tardy execution, since denounced
 The day of his offence. "Why comes not death,"
 Said he, "with one thrice acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice divine not hasten to be just?
 But death comes not at call; justice divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
 O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers!
 With other echo late I taught your shades
 To answer and resound far other song."
 Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
 Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed;
 But her with stern regard he thus repelled:
 "Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best

Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false
 And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his, and colour serpentine, may show
 Thy inward fraud; to warn all creatures from thee
 Henceforth; lest that too heavenly form pretended
 To hellish falsehood, snare them! But for thee
 I had persisted happy: had not thy pride
 And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdained
 Not to be trusted; longing to be seen,
 Though by the devil himself; him overweening
 To over-reach; but, with the serpent meeting,
 Fooled and beguiled; by him thou, I by thee,
 To trust thee from my side; imagined wise,
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults;
 And understood not all was but a show,
 Rather than solid virtue; all but a rib
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
 More to the part sinister, from me drawn;
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
 To my just number found. O! why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
 With spirits masculine, create at last
 This novelty on earth, this fair defect
 Of nature, and not fill the world at once
 With men, as angels, without feminine;
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
 And more that shall befall; innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such—
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained
By a far worse; or, if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late—
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turned; but Eve,
 Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing
 And tresses all disordered, at his feet
 Fell humble; and, embracing them, besought

His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint :
 " Forsake me not thus, Adam ! witness heaven
 What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
 I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
 Unhappily deceived ! Thy suppliant
 I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,
 Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
 Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
 My only strength and stay : forlorn of thee,
 Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
 While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
 Between us two let there be peace ; both joining
 As joined in injuries, one enmity
 Against a foe by doom express assigned us,
 That cruel serpent : on me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this misery befallen ;
 On me already lost, me than thyself
 More miserable ! both have sinned ; but thou
 Against God only, I against God and thee ;
 And to the place of judgment will return,
 There with my cries impórtune Heaven ; that all
 The sentence, from thy head removed, may light
 On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe ;
 Me, me only, just object of his ire ! "

She ended weeping ; and her lowly plight,
 Immoveable, till peace obtained from fault
 Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought
 Commiseration : soon his heart relented
 Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress ;
 Creature so fair his reconcilment seeking,
 His counsel, whom she had displeased, his aid :
 As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon :
 " Unwary, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou knowest not, who desirest
 The punishment all on thyself ; alas !
 Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain
 His full wrath, whose thou feeldest as yet least part.
 And my displeasure bearest so ill. If prayers
 Could alter high decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited ;
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,
 To me committed, and by me exposed.

But rise ; let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blamed enough elsewhere ; but strive,
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe ;
Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil :
A long day's dying to augment our pain,
And to our seed (O hapless seed !) derived."

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied :
" Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can find,
Found so erroneous ; thence by just event
Found so unfortunate : nevertheless,
Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain
Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart
Living or dying, from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,
Tending to some relief of our extremes,
Or end ; though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devoured
By death at last ; and miserable it is,
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring
Into this cursed world a woeful race,
That after wretched life must be at last
Food for so foul a monster ; in thy power
It lies, yet ere conception to prevent
The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, childless remain : so Death
Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two
Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet ;
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire ; which would be misery
And torment less than none of what we dread ;
Then, both ourselves and seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short
Let us seek Death ; or, he not found, supply
With our own hands his office on ourselves.

Why stand we longer shivering under fears
That show no end but death, and have the power,
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

She ended here, or vehement despair
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts
Had entertained, as dyed her cheeks with pale.
But Adam, with such counsel nothing swayed,
To better hopes his more attentive mind
Labouring had raised; and thus to Eve replied:

"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee something more sublime
And excellent, than what thy mind contemns;
But self-destruction therefore sought, refutes
That excellence thought in thee; and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.
Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of misery, so thinking to evade
The penalty pronounced; doubt not but God
Hath wiselier armed his vengeful ire, than so
To be forestalled; much more I fear lest death,
So snatched, will not exempt us from the pain
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest
To make death in us live: then let us seek
Some safer resolution, which methinks
I have in view, calling to mind with heed
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise
The serpent's head; piteous amends! unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand foe
Satan; who, in the serpent, hath contrived
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed! which will be lost
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days
Resolved, as thou proposest; so our foe,
Shall 'scape his punishment ordained, and we
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.
No more be mentioned then of violence
Against ourselves; and wilful barrenness
That cuts us off from hope; and savours only
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judged.

Without wrath or reviling ; we expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by death that day ; when, lo ! to thee
Pains only in childbearing were foretold,
And bringing forth ; soon recompensed with joy,
Fruit of thy womb : on me the curse aslope
Glanced on the ground ; with labour I must earn
My bread ; what harm ? Idleness had been worse ;
My labour will sustain me ; and, lest cold
Or heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath, unbesought, provided ; and his hands
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged ;
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow ?
Which now the sky, with various face, begins
To show us in this mountain ; while the winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair-spreading trees ; which bids us seek
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish
Our limbs benumbed, ere this diurnal star
Leave cold the night, how we his gathered beams
Reflected may with matter sere foment ;
Or, by collision of two bodies, grind
The air attrite to fire ; as late the clouds
Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in their shock,
Tine the slant lightning ; whose thwart flame driven down
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,
And sends a comfortable heat from far
Which might supply the sun : such fire to use
And what may else be remedy or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
He will instruct us praying, and of grace
Beseeching him ; so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life, sustained
By him with many comforts, till we end
In dust, our final rest and native home.
What better can we do, than, to the place
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall,
Before him reverent ; and there confess
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg ; with tears
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek ?

Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn
From his displeasure ; in whose look serene,
When angry most he seemed and most severe,
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone ? ”

So spake our father penitent : nor Eve
Felt less remorse ; they, forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
Before him reverent : and both confessed
Humbly their faults, and pardon begged ; with tears
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek.

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them : God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise ; sends Michael with a band of cherubim to dispossess them ; but first to reveal to Adam future things : Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs ; he discerns Michael's approach ; goes out to meet him ; the angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits : the angel leads him up to a high hill ; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
Praying ; for from the mercy-seat above
Prevenient grace descending had removed
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead ; that sighs now breathed
Unutterable ; which the Spirit of prayer
Inspired, and winged for heaven with speedier flight
Than loudest oratory : yet their port
Not of mean suitors ; nor important less
Seemed their petition, than when the ancient pair
In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine
Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or frustrate : in they passed
Dimensionless through heavenly doors ; then clad
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
By their great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Father's throne : them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began :
“ See, Father, what first-fruits on earth are sprung
From thy implanted grace in man ; these sighs
And prayers, which in this golden censer, mixed
With incense, I thy priest before thee bring ;
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees
Of Paradise could have produced ere fallen

From innocence. Now therefore bend thine ear
 To supplication ; hear his sighs, though mute ;
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let me
 Interpret for him : me, his advocate
 And propitiation ; all his works on me,
 Good, or not good, ingraft ; my merit those
 Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.
 Accept me ; and, in me, from these receive
 The smell of peace toward mankind : let him live
 Before thee reconciled, at least his days
 Numbered though sad ; till death, his doom (which I
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),
 To better life shall yield him ; where with me
 All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss ;
 Made one with me, as I with thee am one."

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene :
 " All thy request for man, accepted Son,
 Obtain all thy request was my decree :
 But, longer in that Paradise to dwell,
 The law I gave to nature him forbids :
 Those pure immortal elements that know
 No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,
 Eject him, tainted now ; and purge him off,
 As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,
 And mortal food : as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by sin, that first
 Distempered all things, and of incorrupt
 Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts
 Created him endowed ; with happiness,
 And immortality : that fondly lost,
 This other served but to eternize woe ;
 Till I provided death : so death becomes
 His final remedy ; and, after life,
 Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined,
 By faith and faithful works to second life,
 Waked in the renovation of the just,
 Resigns him up with heaven and earth renewed.
 But let us call to synod all the blest,
 Through heaven's wide bounds : from them I will not hide
 My judgments ; how with mankind I proceed,
 As how with peccant angels late they saw,
 And in their state, though firm, stood more confirmed."

He ended, and the Son give signal high
 To the bright minister that watched ; he blew
 His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps

When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast
Filled all the regions : from their blissful bowers
Of amaranthine shade, fountain or spring,
By the waters of life, where'er they sat
In fellowships of joy, the sons of light
Hasted, resorting to the summons high ;
And took their seats : till from his throne supreme
The Almighty thus pronounced his sovereign will
 " O sons, like one of us man is become
To know both good and evil, since his taste
Of that defended fruit ; but let him boast
His knowledge of good lost, and evil got ;
Happier, had it sufficed him to have known
Good by itself, and evil not at all.
He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite,
My motions in him ; longer than they move,
His heart I know how variable and vain,
Self-left. Lest therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the tree of life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the garden forth to till
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge ;
Take to thee from among the cherubim
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the fiend,
Or in behalf of man, or to invade
Vacant possession, some new trouble raise :
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair ;
From hallowed ground the unholy ; and denounce
To them, and to their progeny, from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint
At the sad sentence rigorously urged
(For I behold them softened, and with tears
Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal
To Adam what shall come in future days,
As I shall thee enlighten ; intermix
My covenant in the woman's seed renewed ;
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace ;
And on the east side of the garden place,
Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,

Cherubic watch ; and of a sword the flame
 Wide-waving ; all approach far off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the tree of life ;
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove
 To spirits foul, and all my trees their prey ;
 With whose stolen fruit man once more to delude."

He ceased ; and the archangelic power prepared
 For swift descent ; with him the cohort bright
 Of watchful cherubim : four faces each
 Had, like a double Janus ; all their shape
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,
 Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,
 To re-salute the world with sacred light,
 Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalmed
 The earth ; when Adam and first matron Eve
 Had ended now their orisons, and found
 Strength added from above ; new hope to spring
 Out of despair ; joy, but with fear yet linked ;
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewed :

" Eve, easily may faith admit, that all
 The good which we enjoy from heaven descends ;
 But, that from us aught should ascend to heaven
 So prevalent as to concern the mind
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
 Hard to belief may seem ; yet this will prayer,
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne
 Even to the seat of God. For since I sought
 By prayer the offended Deity to appease,
 Kneeled, and before him humbled all my heart ,
 Methought I saw him placable and mild
 Bending his ear ; persuasion in me grew
 That I was heard with favour ; peace returned
 Home to my breast, and to my memory
 His promise, that thy seed shall bruise our foe ;
 Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now
 Assures me that the bitterness of death
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee,
 Eve rightly called, mother of all mankind,
 Mother of all things living, since by thee
 Man is to live ; and all things live for man."

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek :
 " Ill-worthy I, such title should belong
 To me transgressor ; who, for thee ordained

A help, became thy snare ; to me reproach
Rather belongs, distrust, and all dispraise :
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced
The source of life ; next favourable thou,
Who highly thus to entitle me vouchsafest,
Far other name deserving. But the field
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,
Though after sleepless night ; for see ! the morn.
All unconcerned with our unrest, begins
Her rosy progress smiling ; let us forth ;
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoined
Laborious till day droop ; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks ?
Here let us live, though in fallen state, content."

So spake, so wished much-humbled Eve ; but fate
Subscribed not : nature first gave signs, impressed
On bird, beast, air ; air suddenly eclipsed,
After short blush of morn : nigh in her sight
The bird of Jove, stooped from his aery tour,
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove ;
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind ;
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.
Adam observed, and with his eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmoved, to Eve thus spake :

" O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,
Which Heaven, by these mute signs in nature, shows
Forerunners of his purpose ; or to warn
Us, haply too secure of our discharge
From penalty, because from death released
Some days : how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows ? or more than this, that we are dust,
And thither must return, and be no more ?
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursued in the air, and o'er the ground,
One way the self-same hour ? why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught ?

He erred not ; for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now

In Paradise, and on a hill made halt ;
 A glorious apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye.
 Not that more glorious, when the angels met
 Jacob in Mahanaïm, where he saw
 The field pavilioned with his guardians bright ;
 Nor that, which on the flaming mount appeared
 In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire,
 Against the Syrian king, who to surprise
 One man, assassin-like, had levied war,
 War unproclaimed. The princely hierarch
 In their bright stand there left his powers to seize
 Possession of the garden ; he alone,
 To find where Adam sheltered, took his way,
 Not unperceived of Adam ; who to Eve,
 While the great visitant approached, thus spake :

“ Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps
 Of us will soon determine, or impose
 New laws to be observed ; for I descry,
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,
 One of the heavenly host ; and, by his gait,
 None of the meanest ; some great potentate,
 Or of the thrones above ; such majesty
 Invests him coming ! yet not terrible,
 That I should fear ; nor sociably mild,
 As Raphaël, that I should much confide ;
 But solemn and sublime ; whom not to offend,
 With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.”

He ended ; and the archangel soon drew nigh,
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man
 Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms
 A military vest of purple flowed,
 Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
 Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
 In time of truce : Iris had dipt the woof ;
 His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime
 In manhood where youth ended : by his side,
 As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,
 Satan's dire dread ; and in his hand the spear.
 Adam bowed low ; he, kingly, from his state
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declared :

“ Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs :
 Sufficient that thy prayers are heard ; and death,
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress
 Defeated of his seizure many days

Given thee of grace ; wherein thou mayst repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover : well may then thy Lord, appeased,
Redeem thee quite from death's rapacious claim ;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not : to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil."

He added not ; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound ; Eve who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire.

" O unexpected stroke, worse than of death !
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave
Thee, native soil ? these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower ! by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet ! from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world ; to this obscure
And wild ? how shall we breathe the other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?"

Whom thus the angel interrupted mild :
" Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
Thus, over-fond, on that which is not thine :
Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes
Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
To Michael thus his humble words addressed :

" Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
Of them the highest ; for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes ; gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound.

And in performing end us ; what besides
 Of sorrow and dejection, and despair,
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring,
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes ! all places else
 Inhospitable appear, and desolate ;
 Nor knowing us, nor known : and, if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries :
 But prayer against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
 His blessed countenance : here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
 Presence divine ; and to my sons relate,
 ' On this mount he appeared ; under this tree
 Stood visible ; among these pines his voice
 I heard ; here with him at this fountain talked :'
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory
 Or monument to ages : and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footstep trace ?
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory ; and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael with regard benign :
 " Adam, thou knowest heaven his, and all the earth
 Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills
 Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmed :
 All the earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
 No despicable gift ; surmise not then
 His presence to these narrow bounds confined
 Of Paradise, or Eden : this had been
 Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread
 All generations ; and had hither come

From all the ends of the earth to celebrate
 And reverence thee, their great progenitor.
 But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy sons:
 Yet doubt not but in valley, and in plain,
 God is, as here, and will be found alike
 Present; and of his presence many a sign
 Still following thee, still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal love, his face
 Express, and of his steps the track divine.
 Which that thou mayest believe, and be confirmed
 Ere thou from hence depart; know, I am sent
 To show thee what shall come in future days
 To thee, and to thy offspring: good with bad
 Expect to hear; supernal grace contending
 With sinfulness of men; thereby to learn
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow; equally inured
 By moderation either state to bear,
 Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepared endure
 Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend
 This hill; let Eve (for I have drenched her eyes)
 Here sleep below, while thou to foresight wakest;
 As once thou slept'st, while she to life was formed."

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:
 "Ascend, I follow thee, safe guide, the path
 Thou ledest me: and to the hand of Heaven submit,
 However chastening; to the evil turn
 My obvious breast; arming to overcome
 By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain." So both ascend
 In the visions of God. It was a hill,
 Of Paradise the highest; from whose top
 The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken,
 Stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.
 Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,
 Whereon, for different cause, the tempter set
 Our second Adam, in the wilderness;
 To show him all earth's kingdoms, and their glory
 His eye might there command wherever stood
 City of old or modern fame, the seat
 Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls
 Of Cambala, seat of Cathaian Can,
 And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne.

To Paquin of Sinæan kings ; and thence
 To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,
 Down to the Golden Chersonese ; or where
 The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since
 In Hispahan ; or where the Russian kzar
 In Mosco ; or the sultan in Bizance,
 Turchestan-born ; nor could his eye not ken
 The empire of Negus to his utmost port
 Ercoco, and the less maritime kings
 Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
 And Sofala, thought Ophir, to the realm
 Of Congo, and Angola farthest south ;
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount
 The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,
 Morocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen ;
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway
 The world : in spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat
 Of Atabalipa ; and yet unspoiled
 Guiana, whose great city, Geryon's sons
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed,
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight
 Had bred ; then purged with euphrasy and rue
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see ;
 And from the well of life three drops instilled.
 So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced ;
 But him the gentle angel by the hand
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recalled :

" Adam, now ope thine eyes ; and first behold
 The effects, which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee ; who never touched
 The excepted tree ; nor with the snake conspired ;
 Nor sinned thy sin ; yet from that sin derive
 Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds."

His eyes he opened, and beheld a field,
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
 New reaped ; the other part sheep-walks and folds ;
 I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood
 Rustic, of grassy sward ; thither anon
 A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought

First-fruits, the green ear, and the yellow sheaf,
Unculled as came to hand ; a shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest and best ; then, sacrificing, laid
The inwards and their fat, with incense strewed
On the cleft wood, and all due rites performed :
His offering soon propitious fire from heaven
Consumed with nimble glance, and grateful steam :
The other's not, for his was not sincere ;
Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talked,
Smote him into the midriff with a stone
That beat out life : he fell ; and, deadly pale,
Groaned out his soul with gushing blood effused.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismayed, and thus in haste to the angel cried :
“ O teacher, some great mischief hath befallen
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed ;
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid ? ”

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied :
“ These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins ; the unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heaven acceptance ; but the bloody fact
Will be avenged ; and the other's faith, approved,
Lose no reward ; though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore.” To which our sire :

“ Alas both for the deed, and for the cause !
But have I now seen death ? Is this the way
I must return to native dust ? O sight
Of terror, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel ! ”

To whom thus Michael : “ Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man ; but many shapes
Of death, and many are the ways that lead
To his grim cave, all dismal ; yet to sense
More terrible at the entrance, than within,
Some, as thou sawest, by violent stroke shall die ;
By fire, flood, famine, by intemperance more
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear ; that thou mayest know
What misery the inabstinence of Eve
Shall bring on men.” Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark ;
A lazar-house it seemed ; wherein were laid

Numbers of all diseased ; all maladies
 Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
 Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,
 Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,
 Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,
 Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,
 And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,
 Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence
 Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.
 Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ; Despair
 Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch ;
 And over them triumphant Death his dart
 Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked
 With vows, as their chief good, and final hope.
 Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
 Dry-eyed behold ? Adam could not, but wept,
 Though not of woman born ; compassion quelled
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrained excess ;
 And scarce recovering words, his plaint renewed :

“ O miserable mankind, to what fall
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved !
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given
 To be thus wrested from us ? rather, why
 Obtruded on us thus ? who, if we knew
 What we receive, would either not accept
 Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down ;
 Glad to be so dismissed in peace. Can thus
 The image of God in man, created once
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased
 Under in human pains ? Why should not man,
 Retaining still divine similitude
 In part, from such deformities be free,
 And, for his Maker's image sake, exempt ?”

“ Their Maker's image,” answered Michael, “ then
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified
 To serve ungoverned appetite ; and took
 His image whom they served, a brutish vice,
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,
 Disfiguring not God's likeness, but their own ;
 Or if his likeness, by themselves defaced ;
 While they pervert pure nature's healthful rules
 To loathsome sickness ; worthily, since they

God's image did not reverence in themselves."

"I yield it just," said Adam, "and submit.

But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To death, and mix with our connatural dust?"

"There is," said Michael, "if thou well observe
The rule of 'Not too much;' by temperance taught
In what thou eatest and drinkest; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight
Till many years over thy head return:
So mayest thou live; till like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked; for death mature:
This is old age; but then, thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty: which will change
To withered, weak, and gray; thy senses then,
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forego,
To what thou hast; and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The balm of life." To whom our ancestor:

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong
Life much; bent rather, how I may be quit,
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendering up, and patiently attend
My dissolution." Michael replied:

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest
Live well: how long, or short, permit to Heaven:
And now prepare thee for another sight."

He looked, and saw a spacious plain, whereon
Were tents of various hues; by some, were herds
Of cattle grazing; others, whence the sound
Of instruments, that made melodious chime
Was heard, of harp and organ; and who moved
Their heads and chords were seen; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who, at the forge
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on mountain or in vale,
Down to the veins of earth; thence gliding hot
To some cave's mouth; or whether washed by stream

From underground); the liquid ore he drained
 Into fit moulds prepared; from which he formed
 First his own tools; then, what might else be wrought
 Fusil or graven in metal. After these,
 But on the hither side, a different sort
 From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,
 Down to the plain descended: by their guise
 Just men they seemed, and all their study bent
 To worship God aright, and know his works
 Not hid; nor those things last, which might preserve
 Freedom and peace to men: they on the plain
 Long had not walked, when from the tents, behold!
 A bevy of fair women, richly gay
 In gems and wanton dress; to the harp they sung
 Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on:
 The men, though grave, eyed them; and let their eyes
 Rove without rein; till, in the amorous net
 Fast caught, they liked; and each his liking chose.
 And now of love they treat, till the evening star,
 Love's harbinger, appeared; then all in heat,
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke
 Hymen, then first to marriage rights invoked:
 With feast and music all the tents resound.
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,
 And charming symphonies, attached the heart
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,
 The bent of nature; which he thus expressed:
 "True opener of mine eyes, prime angel blest;
 Much better seems this vision and more hope
 Of peaceful days portends than those two past;
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse.
 Here nature seems fulfilled in all her ends."
 To whom thus Michael: "Judge not what is best
 By pleasure, though to nature seeming meet;
 Created as thou art, to nobler end
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.
 Those tents thou sawest so pleasant, were the tents
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race
 Who slew his brother; studious they appear
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare:
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit
 Taught them; but they his gifts acknowledge none.
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget;
 For that fair female troop thou sawest, that seemed

Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour and chief praise,
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye.
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly to the trains and to the smiles
Of these fair atheists; and now swim in joy,
Ere long to swim at large; and laugh, for which
The world ere long a world of tears must weep."

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft:
"O pity and shame, that they, who to live well
Entered so fair, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the midway faint!
But still I see the tenor of man's woe
Holds on the same, from woman to begin."

"From man's effeminate slackness it begins,"
Said the angel, "who should better hold his place
By wisdom and superior gifts received.
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He looked, and saw wide territory spread
Before him, towns, and rural works between;
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers,
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,
Giants of mighty bone, and bold emprise;
Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,
Single or in array of battle ranged
Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood;
One way a band select from forage drives
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,
From a fat meadow-ground; or fleecy flock,
Ewes and their bleating lambs over the plain,
Their booty; scarce with life the shepherds fly,
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray;
With cruel tournament the squadrons join;
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field,
Deserted: others to a city strong
Lay siege, encamped; by battery, scale and mine,
Assaulting: others from the wall defend
With dart and javelin, stones, and sulphurous fire;
On each hand slaughter, and gigantic deeds.

In other part the sceptred heralds call
To council, in the city-gates; anon
Gray-headed men and grave, with warriors mixed,
Assemble, and harangues are heard; but soon,
In factious opposition; till at last
Of middle age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,
Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,
And judgment from above: him old and young
Exploded, and had seized with violent hands;
Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence,
Unseen amid the throng: so violence
Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,
Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide
Lamenting turned full sad: "O what are these,
Death's ministers, not men? who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their brethren; men of men?
But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost?"
To whom this Michael: "These are the product
Of those ill-mated marriages thou sawest:
Where good with bad were matched, who of themselves
Abhor to join; and, by imprudence mixed,
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.
Such were these giants, men of high renown;
For in those days might only shall be admired,
And valour and heroic virtue called.
To overcome in battle and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human glory; and for glory done
Of triumph, to be styled great conquerors,
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods;
Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldest
The only righteous in a world perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
With foes, for daring single to be just,
And utter odious truth, that God would come

To judge them with his saints: him the Most High
Rapt in a balmy cloud with winged steeds
Did, as thou sawest, receive, to walk with God
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,
Exempt from death; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good; the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."

He looked, and saw the face of things quite changed;
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;
All now was turned to jollity and game,
To luxury and riot, feast and dance;
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or adultery, where passing fair
Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.
At length a reverend sire among them came,
And of their doings great dislike declared,
And testified against their ways; he oft
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or festivals; and to them preached
Conversion and repentance, as to souls
In prison under judgment imminent:
But all in vain: which when he saw he ceased
Contending, and removed his tents far off:
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk;
Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and height;
Smeared round with pitch; and in the side a door
Contrived; and of provisions laid in large,
For man and beast: when lo, a wonder strange!
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,
Came sevens and pairs; and entered in as taught
Their order: last the sire and his three sons,
With their four wives; and God made fast the door.
Meanwhile the south wind rose, and, with black wings
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain. And now the thickened sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain
Impetuous; and continued, till the earth
No more was seen: the floating vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,

Sea without shore ; and in their palaces,
 Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped
 And stabled ; of mankind, so numerous late,
 All left, in one small bottom swum embarked.
 How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
 The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
 Depopulation ! Thee another flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a flood, thee also drowned,
 And sunk thee as thy sons ; till, gently reared
 By the angel, on thy feet thou stoodest at last,
 Though comfortless ; as when a father mourns
 His children, all in view destroyed at once ;
 And scarce to the angel utteredest thus thy plaint

“ O visions ill foreseen ! better had I
 Lived ignorant of future ! so had borne
 My part of evil only, each day's lot
 Enough to bear ; those now, that were dispensed
 The burden of many ages, on me light
 At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth
 Abortive, to torment me ere their being,
 With thought that they must be. Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
 Him or his children ; evil, he may be sure,
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
 And he the future evil shall no less
 In apprehension than in substance feel,
 Grievous to bear : but that care now is past,
 Man is not whom to warn : those few escaped
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,
 Wandering that watery desert : I had hope,
 When violence was ceased, and war on earth,
 All would have then gone well ; peace would have crowned
 With length of happy days the race of man ;
 But I was far deceived ; for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.
 How comes it thus ? unfold, celestial guide,
 And whether here the race of man will end.”

To whom thus Michael : “ Those, whom last thou sawest
 In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void ;
 Who, having spilt much blood and done much waste
 Subduing nations, and achieved thereby
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,

Surfeit, and lust ; till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.
The conquered also, and enslaved by war,
Shall with their freedom lost, all virtue lose
And fear of God ; from whom their piety feigned
In sharp contest of battle found no aid
Against invaders ; therefore cooled in zeal,
Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,
Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords
Shall leave them to enjoy ; for the earth shall bear
More than enough, that temperance may be tried :
So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved ;
Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot ;
One man except, the only son of light
In a dark age, against example good,
Against allurements, custom, and a world
Offended : fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence, he of their wicked ways
Shall them admonish ; and before them set
The paths of righteousness, how much more safe
And full of peace ; denouncing wrath to come
On their impenitence ; and shall return
Of them derided, but of God observed
The one just man alive ; by his command
Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheldest,
To save himself, and household, from amidst
A world devote to universal wrack.
No sooner he, with them of man and beast
Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged,
And sheltered round ; but all the cataracts
Of heaven set open on the earth shall pour
Rain day and night ; all fountains of the deep,
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds ; till inundation rise
Above the highest hills ; then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be moved
Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoiled, and trees adrift,
Down the great river to the opening gulf,
And there take root an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctity, if none be thither brought
By men who there frequent, or therein dwell
And now what further shall ensue behold."

He looked, and saw the ark hull on the flood,
 Which now abated : for the clouds were fled,
 Driven by a keen north wind, that, blowing dry,
 Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decayed ;
 And the clear sun on his wide watery glass
 Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,
 As after thirst ; which made their flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep ; who now had stopt
 His sluices as the heaven his windows shut.
 The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground,
 Fast on the top of some high mountain fixed.
 And now the top of hills, as rocks appear ;
 With clamour thence the rapid currents drive,
 Towards the retreating sea, their furious tide.
 Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,
 And after him the surer messenger,
 A dove sent forth once and again to spy
 Green tree or ground, whereon his foot may light :
 The second time returning in his bill
 An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign :
 Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark
 The ancient sire descends, with all his train :
 Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
 Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds
 A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,
 Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.
 Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,
 Greatly rejoiced ; and thus his joy broke forth :

" O thou, who future things canst represent
 As present, heavenly instructor ! I revive
 At this last sight ; assured that man shall live,
 With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.
 Far less I now lament for one whole world
 Of wicked sons destroyed, than I rejoice
 For one man found so perfect, and so just,
 That God vouchsafes to raise another world
 From him, and all his anger to forget.
 But say, what mean those coloured streaks in heaven
 Distended, as the brow of God appeased ?
 Or serve they, as a flowery verge, to bind
 The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,
 Lest it again dissolve, and shower the earth ?"

To whom the archangel " Dexterously thou aimest ;

So willingly doth God remit his ire,
Though late repenting him of man depraved ;
Grieved at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole earth filled with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each their way ; yet, those removed,
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind ;
And makes a covenant never to destroy
The earth again by flood ; nor let the sea
Surpass his bounds : nor rain to drown the world,
With man therein or beast ; but when he brings
Over the earth a cloud, will therein set
His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look,
And call to mind his covenant : day and night,
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,
Shall hold their course ; till fire purge all things new,
Both heaven and earth, wherein the just shall dwell.”

BOOK XII.

THE ARGUMENT

The angel Michael continues, from the flood, to relate what shall succeed; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that seed of the woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the fall: his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension; the state of the church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and recomforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

As one who in his journey baits at noon,
Though bent on speed; so here the archangel paused
Betwixt the world destroyed and world restored,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose;
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes:
 " Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end;
And man, as from a second stock, proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see; but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to fail; objects divine
Must needs impair and weary human sense:
Henceforth what is to come I will relate;
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend:
 " This second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace;
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil: and, from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings poured, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed; and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule: till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart; who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved

Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth ;
Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game)
With war and hostile snare, such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous :
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord ; as in despite of heaven,
Or from heaven claiming second sovereignty ;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from underground, the mouth of hell :
Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build
A city and tower, whose top may reach to heaven ;
And get themselves a name ; lest far dispersed
In foreign lands, their memory be lost ;
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tower
Obstruct heaven-towers ; and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to raze
Quite out their native language : and, instead,
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud,
Among the builders ; each to other calls
Not understood ; till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mocked they storm : great laughter was in heaven
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,
And hear the din : thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named."

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeas'd :
" O execrable son ! so to aspire
Above his brethren ; to himself assuming
Authority usurped, from God not given :
He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute ; that right we hold
By his donation ; but man over men
He made not lord ; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this usurper his encroachment proud

Stays not on man ; to God his tower intends
 Siege and defiance ; wretched man ! what food
 Will he convey up thither, to sustain
 Himself and his rash army ; where thin air
 Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,
 And famish him of breath, if not of bread ?”

To whom thus Michael : “ Justly thou abhorrest—
 That son, who on the quiet state of men—
 Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational liberty ; yet know withal,
Since thy original lapse, true liberty
 Is lost, which always with right reason dwells
 Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being :
 Reason in man obscured, or not obeyed,
 Immediately inordinate desires,
 And upstart passions, catch the government
 From reason ; and to servitude reduce
 Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits
 Within himself unworthy powers to reign
 Over free reason, God, in judgment just,
 Subjects him from without to violent lords ;
 Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
 His outward freedom : tyranny must be,
 Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet sometimes nations will decline so low
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But justice, and some fatal curse annexed,
Deprives them of their outward liberty ;
 Their inward lost : witness the irreverent son
 Of him who built the ark ; who, for the shame
 Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,
 ‘ Servant of servants,’ on his vicious race.
 Thus will this latter, as the former world,
 Still tend from bad to worse ; till God at last,
 Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
 His presence from among them, and avert
 His holy eyes ; resolving from thenceforth
 To leave them to their own polluted ways ;
 And one peculiar nation to select
 From all the rest, of whom to be invoked,
 A nation from one faithful man to spring,
 Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,
 Bred up in idol-worship (O, that men
 Canst thou believe ? should be so stupid grown,—
 While yet the patriarch lived who escaped the flood,

As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship their own work in wood and stone
For gods !) yet him God the Most High vouchsafes
To call, by vision, from his father's house,
His kindred, and false gods, into a land
Which he will show him ; and from him will raise
A mighty nation ; and upon him shower
His benediction so, that in his seed
All nations shall be blest : he straight obeys ;
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford
To Haran ; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude ;
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God who called him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains ; I see his tents
Pitched about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh ; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land,
From Hamath northward to the desert south
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed) ;
From Hermon east to the great western sea ;
Mount Hermon, yonder sea ; each place behold
In prospect, as I point them : on the shore
Mount Carmel ; here, the double-founted stream,
Jordan, true limit eastward ; but his sons
Shall dwell to Senir, that long range of hills.
This ponder, that all nations of the earth
Shall in his seed be blessed : by that seed
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The serpent's head : whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be revealed. This patriarch blest,
Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call,
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves ;
Like him in faith, and wisdom, and renown ;
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs
From Canaan, to a land hereafter called
Egypt, divided by the river Nile ;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths
Into the sea : to sojourn in that land
He comes, invited by a younger son
In time of dearth ; a son, whose worthy deeds
Raise him to the second in that realm

Of Pharaoh : there he dies, and leaves his race
Growing into a nation ; and, now grown,
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks
To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males :
Till by two brethren (these two brethren call
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim
His people from enthralment, they return,
With glory and spoil, back to the promised land.
But first, the lawless tyrant, who denies
To know their God, or message to regard,
Must be compelled by signs and judgments dire ;
To blood unshed the rivers must be turned ;
Frogs, lice, and flies, must all his palace fill
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land ;
His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss,
And all his people ; thunder mixed with hail,
Hail mixed with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls ;
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green ;
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days ;
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tamed at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart ; but still, as ice
More hardened after thaw ; till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the sea
Swallows him with his host ; but them lets pass,
As on dry land, between two crystal walls ;
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided till his rescued gained their shore :
Such wondrous power God to his saint will lend,
Though present in his angel ; who shall go
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire ;
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire ;
To guide them in their journey, and remove
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.
All night he will pursue ; but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch ;

Then through the fiery pillar, and the cloud,
God looking forth will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot wheels : when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;
On their embattled ranks the waves return,
And overwhelm their war : the race elect
Safe towards Canaan from the shore advance
Through the wild desert, not the readiest way ;
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,
War terrify them inexpert, and fear
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untrained in arms, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by their delay
In the wide wilderness ; there they shall find
Their government, and their great senate choose
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordained :
God from the mount of Sinai, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpets' sound,
Ordain them laws ; part, such as appertain
To civil justice ; part, religious rites
Of sacrifice ; informing them, by types
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise
The serpent, by what means he shall achieve
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal ear is dreadful : they beseech
That Moses might report to them his will,
And terror cease ; he grants what they besought,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without mediator, whose high office now
Moses in figure bears ; to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretel,
And all the prophets in their age the times
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites
Established, such delight hath God in men
Obedient to his will, that he vouchsafes
Among them to set up his tabernacle ;
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell :
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed
Of cedar, overlaid with gold ; therein
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,
The records of his covenant ; over these

A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings
 Of two bright cherubim : before him burn
 Seven lamps as in a zodiac representing
 The heavenly fires ; over the tent a cloud
 Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night ;
 Save when they journey, and at length they come,
 Conducted by his angel, to the land
 Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest
 Were long to tell ; how many battles fought ;
 How many kings destroyed ; and kingdoms won ;
 Or how the sun shall in mid-heaven stand still
 A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,
 Man's voice commanding, ' Sun, in Gibeon stand,
 And thou, moon, in the vale of Aialon,
 Till Israel overcome ! ' so call the third
 From Abraham, son of Isaac ; and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win."

Here Adam interposed : " O, sent from Heaven,
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
 Thou hast revealed ; those chiefly, which concern
 Just Abraham and his seed : now first I find
 Mine eyes true-opening, and my heart much eased ;
 Erewhile perplexed with thoughts, what would become
 Of me and all mankind : but now I see
 His day in whom all nations shall be blest ;
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those
 Among whom God will deign to dwell on earth
 So many and so various laws are given ;
 So many laws argue so many sins
 Among them ; how can God with such reside ? "

To whom thus Michael : " Doubt not but that sin
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot ;
 And therefore was law given them, to evince
 Their natural pravity, by stirring up
 Sin against law to fight : that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,
 Save by those shadowy expiations weak,
 The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for man,
 Just for unjust ; that in such righteousness
 To them by faith imputed, they may find
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of conscience ; which the law by ceremonies

Cannot appease : nor man the moral part
Perform ; and not performing, cannot live.
So law appears imperfect ; and but given
With purpose to resign them, in full time,
Up to a better covenant ; disciplined
From shadowy types to truth ; from flesh to spirit ;
From imposition of strict laws, to free
Acceptance of large grace ; from servile fear
To filial ; works of law to works of faith.
And therefore shall not Moses, though of God
Highly beloved, being but the minister
Of law, his people into Canaan lead ;
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call,
His name and office bearing, who shall quell
The adversary-serpent, and bring back
Through the world's wilderness long-wandered man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
National interrupt their public peace,
Provoking God to raise them enemies ;
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By judges first, then under kings ; of whom
The second, both for piety renowned
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
Irrevocable, that his regal throne
For ever shall endure ; the like shall sing
All prophecy, that of the royal stock
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise
A Son, the woman's seed to thee foretold,
Foretold to Abraham, as in whom shall trust
All nations ; and to kings foretold, of kings
The last ; for of his reign shall be no end.
But first, a long succession must ensue ;
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.
Such follow him as shall be registered,
Part good, part bad ; of bad the longer scroll :
Whose foul idolatries, and other faults
Heaped to the popular sum, will so incense
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark,
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud city, whose high walls thou sawest

Left in confusion ; Babylon thence called.
 There in captivity he lets them dwell
 The space of seventy years ; then brings them back,
 Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn
 To David, stablished as the days of heaven.
 Returned from Babylon by leave of kings
 Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God
 They first re-edify : and for a while
 In mean estate live moderate ; till grown
 In wealth and multitude, factious they grow :
 But first among the priests dissension springs,
 Men who attend the altar, and should most
 Endeavour peace : their strife pollution brings
 Upon the temple itself : at last they seize
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons ;
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed king Messiah might be born
 Barred of his right ; yet at his birth a star,
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come ;
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;
 His place of birth a solemn angel tells
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night ;
 They gladly thither haste, and by a choir
 Of squadroned angels hear his carol sung.
 A virgin is his mother, but his sire
 The power of the Most High : he shall ascend
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign
 With earth's wide bounds, his glory with the heavens."

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy
 Surcharged, as had like grief been dewed in tears,
 Without the vent of words ; which these he breathed :

" O prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched in vain ;
 Why our great Expectation should be called
 The seed of woman ; virgin mother, hail,
 High in the love of heaven ; yet from my loins
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son
 Of God Most High ; so God with man unites.
 Needs must the serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal pain : say where and when
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the victor's heel ?"

To whom thus Michael : " Dream not of their fight,
 As of a duel, or the local wounds

Of head or heel: not therefore joins the Son
Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from heaven, a deadlier bruise,
Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound:
Which he, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure
Not by destroying Satan, but his works
In thee, and in thy seed: nor can this be
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the law of God, imposed
On penalty of death, and suffering death;
The penalty to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:
So only can high justice rest appaid.
The law of God exact he shall fulfil
Both by obedience and by love, though love
Alone fulfil the law; thy punishment
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh
To a reproachful life, and cursed death;
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe
In his redemption; and that his obedience,
Imputed, becomes theirs by faith; his merits
To save them, not their own, though legal, works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemned
A shameful and accursed, nailed to the cross
By his own nation; slain for bringing life:
But to the cross he nails thy enemies,
The law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind with him there crucified,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction; so he dies,
But soon revives; death over him no power
Shall long usurp; ere the third dawning light
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which man from death redeems,
His death for man, as many as offered life
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace
By faith not void of works: this god-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,
In sin for ever lost from life; this act
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength,
Defeating sin and death, his two main arms;
And fix far deeper in his head their stings

Than temporal death shall bruise the victor's heel,
 Or theirs whom he redeems; a death like sleep,
 A gentle wafting to immortal life.
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on earth, than certain times to appear
 To his disciples, men who in his life
 Still followed him; to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of him they learned
 And his salvation; them who shall believe
 Baptizing in the profluent stream, the sign
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to life
 Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,
 For death, like that which the Redeemer died.
 All nations they shall teach; for, from that day,
 Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins
 Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world;
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest.
 Then to the heaven of heavens he shall ascend
 With victory triumping through the air
 Over his foes and thine; there shall surprise
 The serpent, prince of air, and drag in chains
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave;
 Then enter into glory, and resume
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in heaven; and thence shall come,
 When this world's dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory and power to judge both quick and dead;
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in heaven or earth; for then the earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the archangel Michaël; then paused,
 As at the world's great period; and our sire
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied:

"O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
 That all this good of evil shall produce,
 And evil turn to good; more wonderful
 Than that which by creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! Full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By me done, and occasioned; or rejoice
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring;
 To God more glory, more good-will to men

From God, and over wrath grace shall abound.
But say, if our Deliverer up to heaven
Must reascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth? Who then shall guide
His people, who defend? Will they not deal
Worse with his followers than with him they dealt?"

"Be sure they will," said the angel; "but from heaven
He to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them; and the law of faith,
Working through love, upon their hearts shall write,
To guide them in all truth; and also arm
With spiritual armour, able to resist
Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts;
What man can do against them, not afraid,
Though to the death; against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompensed,
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Their proudest persecutors; for the Spirit,
Poured first on his apostles, whom he sends
To evangelize the nations, then on all
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from heaven: at length
Their ministry performed, and race well run,
Their doctrine and their story written left,
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,
Who all the sacred mysteries of heaven
To their own vile advantages shall turn
Of lucre and ambition; and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left only in those written records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places, and titles, and with these to join
Secular power; though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God, promised alike, and given
To all believers; and, from that pretence,
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force
On every conscience; laws which none shall find

Left them enrolled, or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of grace itself, and bind
His consort liberty? what, but unbuild-
 His living temples, built by faith to stand,
 Their own faith, not another's? for, on earth,
 Who against faith and conscience can be heard
 Infallible? yet many will presume:
 Whence heavy persecution shall arise
 On all, who in the worship persevere
 Of spirit and truth; the rest, far greater part,
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms
Religion satisfied; truth shall retire
Bestruck with slanderous darts, and works of faith
Rarely be found: so shall the world go on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benign;
Under her own weight groaning; till the day
 Appear of respiration to the just,
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promised to thy aid,
 The woman's Seed; obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord;
Last, in the clouds, from heaven to be revealed-
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
 Satan with his perverted world; then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
 New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,
 Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love;
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

He ended; and thus Adam last replied:
 "How soon hath thy prediction, seer blest,
 Measured this transient world, the race of time,
 Till time stand fixed! Beyond is all abyss,
 Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart;
 Greatly in peace of thought; and have my fill
 Of knowledge what this vessel can contain;
 Beyond which, was my folly to aspire.
 Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,
And love with fear the only God; to walk
As in his presence; ever to observe
His providence; and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemed weak

Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek ; that suffering for truth's sake
Is fortitude to highest victory,
 And, to the faithful, death the gate of life ;
 Taught this by his example, whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

To whom thus also the angel last replied :

" This having learned, thou hast attained the sum
 Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the stars
 Thou knewest by name, and all the ethereal Powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
 Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
 And all the riches of this world enjoyedst,
 And all the rule, one empire ; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable ; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance ; add love,
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest ; then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A paradise within thee, happier far.

Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of speculation ; for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence ; and see ! the guards
 By me encamped on yonder hill, expect
 Their motion ; at whose front a flaming sword,
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.
 We may no longer stay : go, waken Eve ;
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed
 Portending good, and all her spirits composed
 To meek submission : thou, at season fit,
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard ;
 Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know,
 The great deliverance by her seed to come
 (For by the woman's seed) on all mankind
 That ye may live, which will be many days,
 Both in one faith unanimous, though sad
 With cause for evils past ; yet much more cheered
 With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill ;
 Descended, Adam to the bower, where Eve
 Lay sleeping, ran before : but found her waked ;
 And thus with words not sad she him received :

" Whence thou returnest, and whether wentest, I know
 For God is also in sleep ; and dreams advise,
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good

Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
 Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;
 In me is no delay ; with thee to go,
 Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,
 Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me
 Art all things under heaven, all places thou,
 Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
 This further consolation yet secure
 I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,
 Such favour I unworthy am vouchsafed,
 By me the promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam heard
 Well pleased, but answered not ; for now, too nigh
 The archangel stood ; and from the other hill
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,
 The cherubim descended ; on the ground
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,
 Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
 Began to parch that temperate clime ; whereat
 In either hand the hastening angel caught
 Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
 Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
 To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.
 They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
 Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
 Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate
 With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms.
 Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon ;
 The world was all before them, where to choose
 Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :
 They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way.

Symplicit

PARADISE REGAINED.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation of the Holy Spirit. The poem opens with John baptizing at the river Jordan. Jesus coming there is baptized; and is attested by the descent of the Holy Ghost, and by a voice from heaven, to be the Son of God. Satan, who is present, upon this immediately flies up into the regions of the air; where, summoning his infernal council, he acquaints them with his apprehensions that Jesus is that seed of the woman destined to destroy all their power, and points out to them the immediate necessity of bringing the matter to proof, and of attempting, by snares and fraud, to counteract and defeat the person from whom they have so much to dread. This office he offers himself to undertake; and, his offer being accepted, sets out on his enterprise. In the meantime God, in the assembly of holy angels, declares that he has given up his Son to be tempted by Satan; but foretells that the tempter shall be completely defeated by him upon which the angels sing a hymn of triumph. Jesus is led up by the Spirit into the wilderness, while he is meditating on the commencement of his great office of Saviour of mankind. Pursuing his meditations, he narrates, in a soliloquy, what divine and philanthropic impulses he had felt from his early youth, and how his mother Mary, on perceiving these dispositions in him, had acquainted him with the circumstances of his birth, and informed him that he was no less a person than the Son of God: to which he adds what his own inquiries and reflections had supplied in confirmation of this great truth, and particularly dwells on the recent attestation of it at the river Jordan. Our Lord passes forty days, fasting, in the wilderness; where the wild beasts become mild and harmless in his presence. Satan now appears under the form of an old peasant; and enters into discourse with our Lord, wondering what could have brought him alone into so dangerous a place, and at the same time professing to recognise him for the person lately acknowledged by John, at the river Jordan, to be the Son of God. Jesus briefly replies. Satan rejoins with a description of the difficulty of supporting life in the wilderness; and entreats Jesus, if he be really the Son of God, to manifest his divine power by changing some of the stones into bread. Jesus reproves him, and at the same time tells him that he knows who he is. Satan instantly avows himself, and offers an artful apology for himself and his conduct. Our blessed Lord severely reprimands him, and refutes every part of his justification. Satan, with much semblance of humility, still endeavours to justify himself; and, professing his admiration of Jesus and his regard for virtue, requests to be permitted at a future time to hear more of his conversation; but is answered, that this must be as he shall find permission from above. Satan then disappears, and the book closes with a short description of night coming on in the desert.

I, WHO erewhile the happy garden sung
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing

Recovered Paradise to all mankind,
 By one man's firm obedience fully tried
 Through all temptation, and the tempter foiled
 In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,
 And Eden raised in the waste wilderness.
 Thou Spirit, who leddest this glorious Eremite
 Into the desert, his victorious field,
 Against the spiritual foe, and broughtest him thence
 By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,
 As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
 And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds,
 With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of deeds
 Above heroic, though in secret done,
 And unrecorded left through many an age;
 Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
 More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
 Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
 To all baptized: to his great baptism flocked
 With awe the regions round, and with them came,
 From Nazareth, the son of Joseph deemed,
 To the flood, Jordan; came as then obscure,
 Unmarked, unknown; but him the Baptist soon
 Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore
 As to his worthier, and would have resigned
 To him his heavenly office; nor was long
 His witness unconfirmed: on him baptized
 Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove
 The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
 From heaven pronounced him his beloved Son.
 That heard the adversary, who, roving still
 About the world, at that assembly famed
 Would not be last, and, with the voice divine
 Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man, to whom
 Such high attest was given, a while surveyed
 With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage
 Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air
 To council summons all his mighty peers,
 Within thick clouds, and dark, tenfold involved,
 A gloomy consistory; and them amidst,
 With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake:
 "O ancient powers of air, and this wide world
 (For much more willingly I mention air,
 This our old conquest, than remember hell.
 Our hated habitation), well ye know

- How many ages, as the years of men,
 This universe we have possessed, and ruled,
 50 In manner at our will, the affairs of earth,
 Since Adam and his facile consort Eve
 Lost Paradise, deceived by me; though since
 With dread attending when that fatal wound
 Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve
 55 Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven
 Delay, for longest time to him is short;
 And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
 This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we
 Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound
 60 (At least if so we can, and by the head
 Broken be not intended all our power
 To be infringed, our freedom and our being,
 In this fair empire won of earth and air):
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed
 65 Destined to this, is late of woman born.
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause:
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to achieve
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
 70 Before him a great prophet, to proclaim
 His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them, so
 Purified, to receive him pure, or rather
 To do him honour as their King: all come,
 And he himself among them was baptized;
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The testimony of Heaven, that who he is
 Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw
 75 The prophet do him reverence: on him, rising
 Out of the water, heaven above the clouds
 Unfold her crystal doors; thence on his head
 A perfect dove descend (whate'er it meant),
 And out of heaven the Sovereign voice I heard,
 80 'This is my Son beloved, in him am pleased.'
 His mother then is mortal, but his Sire
 He who obtains the monarchy of heaven:
 And what will he not do to advance his Son?
 His first-begot, we know, and sore have felt,
 85 When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep:
 Who this is we must learn, for man he seems
 In all his lineaments, though in his face

a 3 The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.
 Ye see our danger on the utmost edge
 Of hazard, which admits no long debate,
 But must with something sudden be opposed
 (Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-woven snares),
 Ere in the head of nations he appear,
 Their king, their leader, and supreme on earth.
 I, when no other durst, sole undertook
 The dismal expedition to find out
 And ruin Adam; and the exploit performed
 Successfully: a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me; and the way, found prosperous once,
 Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to the infernal crew
 Distracted, and surprised with deep dismay
 At these sad tidings; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears or grief:
 Unanimous they all commit the care
 And management of this main enterprise
 To him, their great dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thrived
 In Adam's overthrow, and led their march
 From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.
 So to the coast of Jordan he directs
 His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles,
 Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,
 This man of men, attested Son of God,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try;
 So to subvert whom he suspected raised
 To end his reign on earth, so long enjoyed:
 But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled
 The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,
 Of the Most High; who, in full frequency bright
 Of angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake:
 "Gabriel, this day by proof thou shalt behold,
 Thou and all angels conversant on earth
 With man or men's affairs, how I begin
 To verify that solemn message, late
 On which I sent thee to the virgin pure
 In Galilee, that she should bear a son
 Great in renown, and called the Son of God;
 Then toldest her, doubting how these things could be

To her a virgin, that on her should come
 410 The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest
 O'ershadow her. This man, born and now upgrown
 To show him worthy of his birth divine
 And high prediction, henceforth I expose
 To Satan; let him tempt, and now assay
 415 His utmost subtlety, because he boasts
 And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng
 Of his apostasy; he might have learnt
 Less overweening, since he failed in Job,
 Whose constant perseverance overcame
 420 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.
 He now shall know I can produce a man,
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length,
 All his vast force, and drive him back to hell;
 425 Winning, by conquest, what the first man lost,
 By fallacy surprised. But first I mean
 To exercise him in the wilderness;
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 430 To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes,
 By humiliation and strong suffrance:
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh;
 That all the angels and ethereal powers,
 435 They now, and men hereafter, may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose
 This perfect man, by merit called my Son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men."

So spake the Eternal Father, and all heaven
 440 Admiring stood a space, then into hymns
 Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,
 Circling the throne and singing, while the hand
 Sung with the voice, and this the argument:
 "Victory and triumph to the Son of God,
 445 Now entering his great duel, not of arms,
 But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!
 The Father knows the Son: therefore secure
 Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,
 Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
 450 Allure, or terrify, or undermine.
 Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of hell,
 And, devilish machinations, come to nought!"

So they in heaven their odes and vigils tuned: s

Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized.

Musing, and much revolving in his breast,
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his godlike office now mature,

One day walked forth alone, the Spirit leading
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse
With solitude, till, far from track of men,
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
He entered now the bordering desert wild,
And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,
His holy meditations thus pursued :

“ O, what a multitude of thoughts at once
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider
What from within I feel myself, and hear
What from without comes often to my ears,
Ill sorting with my present state compared !
When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing ; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
What might be public good ; myself I thought
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things : therefore, above my years,
The law of God I read, and found it sweet,
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
To such perfection, that, ere yet my age
Had measured twice six years, at our great feast
I went into the temple, there to hear
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own ;
And was admired by all : yet this not all
To which my spirit aspired ; victorious deeds
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts ; one while
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke ;
Then to subdue and quell, o'er all the earth,
Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,
Till truth were freed, and equity restored :
Yet held it more humane, more heavenly first
By willing words to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear :
At least to try, and teach the erring soul,
Not wilfully misdoing, but unaware
Mised ; the stubborn only to subdue.
These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,

By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,
And said to me apart, ' High are thy thoughts,
O son, but nourish them, and let them soar
To what height sacred virtue and true worth
Can raise them, though above example high ;
By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire,
For know thou art no son of mortal man ;
Though men esteem thee low of parentage,
Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules
All heaven and earth, angels and sons of men ;
A messenger from God foretold thy birth
Conceived in me a virgin ; he foretold
Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne,
And of thy kingdom there should be no end.
At thy nativity, a glorious choir
Of angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung
To shepherds, watching at their folds by night,
And told them the Messiah now was born,
Where they might see him ; and to thee they came
Directed to the manger where thou layest,
For in the inn was left no better room :
A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,
Guided the wise men thither from the East,
To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold ;
By whose bright course led on they found the place
Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,
By which they knew the King of Israel born.
Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned
By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake,
Before the altar and the vested priest,
Like things of thee to all that present stood.'

" This having heard, straight I again revolved
The law and prophets, searching what was writ
Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes
Known partly, and soon found, of whom they spake
I am : this chiefly, that my way must lie
Through many a hard assay, even to the death,
Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,
Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'
Full weight must be transferred upon my head.
Yet, neither thus disheartened, nor dismayed,
The time prefixed I waited ; when behold
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard,
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
Before Messiah, and his way prepare !

I, as all others, to his baptism came,
 Which I believed was from above ; but he
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaimed
 Me him (for it was shewn him so from heaven),
 Me him, whose harbinger he was ; and first
 Refused on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won :
 But, as I rose out of the laving stream,
 Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence
 The Spirit descended on me like a dove ;
 And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from heaven, pronounced me his,
 Me his beloved Son, in whom alone
 He was well pleased ; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The authority which I derived from heaven.
 And now by some strong motion I am led
 Into this wilderness, to what intent
 I learn not yet ; perhaps I need not know,
 For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning-star, then in his rise,
 And, looking round, on every side beheld
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades ;
 The way he came not having marked, return
 Was difficult, by human steps untrod ;
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come
 Lodged in his breast, as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days he passed, whether on hill
 Sometimes, anon on shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak,
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed ;
 Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt
 Till those days ended ; hungered then at last
 Among wild beasts : they at his sight grew mild
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed ; his walk
 The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,
 Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,

To warm him wet returned from field at eve,
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye
 Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake :

“ Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this place
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In troop or caravan ? for single none
 Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here
 His carcass, pined with hunger and with drought.
 I ask thee rather, and the more admire,
 For that to me thou seemest the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing prophet at the ford
 Of Jordon honoured so, and called thee Son
 Of God : I saw and heard, for we sometimes
 Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far),
 Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,
 What happens new ; fame also finds us out.”

To whom the Son of God : “ Who brought me hither
 Will bring me hence ; no other guide I seek.”

“ By miracle he may,” replied the swain ;
 “ What other way I see not ; for we here
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured
 More than the camel, and to drink go far,
 Men to much misery and hardship born :
 But, if thou be the Son of God, command
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread,
 So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.”

He ended, and the Son of God replied :
 “ Thinkest thou such force in bread ? Is it not written
 (For I discern thee other than thou seemest),
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed
 Our fathers here with manna ? In the mount
 Moses was forty days, nor eat, nor drank ;
 And forty days Elijah, without food,
 Wandered this barren waste ; the same I now :
 Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust,
 Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art ?”

Whom thus answered the arch-fiend, now undisguised :
 “ ’Tis true I am that spirit unfortunate,
 Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,
 Kept not my happy station, but was driven
 With them from bliss to the bottomless deep
 Yet to that hideous place not so confined

By rigour unconniving, but that oft,
Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy
Large liberty to round this globe of earth,
Or range in the air ; nor from the heaven of heavens
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.
I came among the sons of God, when he
Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth ;
And, when to all his angels he proposed
To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud
That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with lies
To his destruction, as I had in charge ;
For what he bids I do. Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be beloved of God, I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire,
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous ; I should so have lost all sense :
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know
Declared the Son of God, to hear attent
Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds ?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind ? why should I ? they to me
Never did wrong or violence ; by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them
I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell,
Copartner in these regions of the world,
If not disposer ; lend them of my aid,
Oft my advice by presages and signs,
And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,
Whereby they may direct their future life.
Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
Companions of my misery and woe.
At first it may be ; but long since with woe
Nearer acquainted, now I feel, by proof,
That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
Small consolation then, were man adjoined .
This wounds me most (what can it less ?) that man,
Man fallen, shall be restored ; I, never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied :
" Deservedly thou grievest, composed of lies

From the beginning, and in lies wilt end ;
Who boastest release from hell, and leave to come
Into the heaven of heavens : thou comest indeed
As a poor miserable captive thrall
Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,
A spectacle of ruin or of scorn
To all the host of heaven ; the happy place
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment : representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable,
So never more in hell than when in heaven.
But thou art serviceable to heaven's King.
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites ?
What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him
With all inflictions ? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths ;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretendest to truth ; all oracles
By thee are given, and what confessed more true
Among the nations ? that hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.
But what have been thy answers ? what but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,
Which they who asked have seldom understood,
And, not well understood, as good not known ?
Who ever by consulting at thy shrine
Returned the wiser, or the more instruct,
To fly or follow what concerned him most,
And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?
For God hath justly given the nations up
To thy delusions ; justly, since they fell
Idolatrous : but, when his purpose is
Among them to declare his providence
To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,
But from him, or his angels president
In every province, who, themselves disdain
To approach thy temples, give thee in command
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say
To thy adorers ? Thou, with trembling fear,
Or like a fawning parasite, obeyest :

Then to thyself ascribest the truth foretold.
 But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched ;
 No more shalt thou by oraceling abuse
 The Gentiles ; henceforth oracles are ceased,
 And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
 Shalt be inquired at Delphos, or elsewhere ;
 At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
 God hath now sent his living oracle
 Into the world to teach his final will,
 And sends his Spirit of truth henceforth to dwell
 In pious hearts, an inward oracle
 To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour, but the subtle fiend,
 Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
 Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned :
 " Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
 And urged me hard with doings, which not will
 But misery hath wrested from me. Where
 Easily canst thou find one miserable,
 And not enforced oftentimes to part from truth,
 If it may stand him more in stead to lie,
 Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?
 But thou art placed above me, thou art Lord ;
 From thee I can, and must, submiss endure
 Check or reproof, and glad to escape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear
 And tuneable as sylvan pipe or song ;
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth ? Most men admire
 Virtue, who follow not her lore : permit me
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
 And talk at least, though I despair to attain.
 Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
 To tread his sacred courts, and minister
 About his altar, handling holy things,
 Praying or vowing ; and vouchsafed his voice
 To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet
 Inspired : disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow :
 " Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
 I bid not, or forbid ; do as thou findest
 Permission from above ; thou canst not more."

He added not ; and Satan, bowing low

His gray dissimulation, disappeared
Into thin air diffused: for now began
Night with her sullen wings to double-shade
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched,
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The disciples of Jesus, uneasy at his long absence, reason amongst themselves concerning it. Mary also gives vent to her maternal anxiety; in the expression of which she recapitulates many circumstances respecting the birth and early life of her Son. Satan again meets his infernal council, reports the bad success of his first temptation of our blessed Lord, and calls upon them for counsel and assistance. Belial proposes the tempting of Jesus with women. Satan rebukes Belial for his dissoluteness, charging on him all the profligacy of that kind ascribed by the poets to the heathen gods, and rejects his proposal as in no respect likely to succeed. Satan then suggests other modes of temptation, particularly proposing to avail himself of the circumstance of our Lord's hungering; and, taking a band of chosen spirits with him, returns to resume his enterprise. Jesus hungers in the desert. Night comes on; the manner in which our Saviour passes the night is described. Morning advances. Satan again appears to Jesus, and, after expressing wonder that he should be so entirely neglected in the wilderness, where others had been miraculously fed, tempts him with a sumptuous banquet of the most luxurious kind. This he rejects, and the banquet vanishes. Satan, finding our Lord not to be assailed on the ground of appetite, tempts him again by offering him riches, as the means of acquiring power: this Jesus also rejects, producing many instances of great actions performed by persons under virtuous poverty, and specifying the danger of riches, and the cares and pains inseparable from power and greatness.

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet remained
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen
Him whom they heard so late expressly called
Jesus Messiah, Son of God declared,
And on that high authority had believed,
And with him talked, and with him lodged; I mean
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,
With others, though in holy writ not named;
Now missing him, their joy so lately found
(So lately found and so abruptly gone),
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,
And as the days increased, increased their doubt.
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,
And for a time caught up to God, as once
Moses was in the mount and missing long,
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to heaven, yet once again to come:
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care
Sought lost Elijah, so in each place those

Nigh to Bethabara ; in Jericho
 The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,
 Machærus, and each town or city walled
 On this side the broad lake Genezaret,
 Or in Peræa ; but returned in vain.
 Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,
 Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,
 Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),
 Close in a cottage low together got,
 Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed :
 " Alas, from what high hope to what relapse
 Unlooked for are we fallen ! our eyes beheld
 Messiah certainly now come, so long
 Expected of our fathers ; we have heard
 His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth.
 ' Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand,
 The kingdom shall to Israel be restored ;'
 Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turned
 Into perplexity and new amaze :
 For whither is he gone, what accident
 Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire
 After appearance, and again prolong
 Our expectation ? God of Israel,
 Send thy Messiah forth, the time is come :
 Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress
 Thy chosen ; to what height their power unjust
 They have exalted, and behind them cast
 All fear of thee ; arise, and vindicate
 Thy glory ; free thy people from their yoke.
 But let us wait ; thus far he hath performed,
 Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him
 By his great prophet, pointed at and shown
 In public, and with him we have conversed :
 Let us be glad of this, and all our fears
 Lay on his providence ; he will not fail,
 Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall,
 Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence.
 Soon shall we see our hope, our joy, return."

Thus they, out of their plaints, new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found unsought :
 But, to his mother Mary, when she saw
 Others returned from baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at Jordan, tidings of him none,
 Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised

Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad

“O, what avails me now that honour high,
 To have conceived of God, or that salute,
 ‘Hail, highly favoured, among women blest!’
 While I to sorrows am no less advanced,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot
 Of other women by the birth I bore;
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed
 Could be obtained to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air; a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his; yet soon enforced to fly
 Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king
 Were dead, who sought his life, and missing filled
 With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem;
 From Egypt home returned in Nazareth
 Hath been our dwelling many years; his life
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,
 Little suspicious to any king; but now,
 Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,
 Son owned from heaven by his Father’s voice,
 I looked for some great change; to honour? no,
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,
 That to the fall and rising he should be
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign
 Spoken against, that through my very soul
 A sword shall pierce; this is my favoured lot,
 My exaltation to afflictions high!
 Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.
 But where delays he now? some great intent
 Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen
 I lost him, but so found, as well I saw
 He could not lose himself, but went about
 His Father’s business; what he meant I mused,
 Since understand; much more his absence now
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.
 But I to wait with patience am inured;
 My heart hath been a storehouse long of things,
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events.”
 Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind
 Recalling what remarkably had passed
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling:
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild.

Sole, but with holiest meditations fed,
 Into himself descended, and at once
 All his great work to come before him set ;
 How to begin, how to accomplish best
 His end of being on earth, and mission high :
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone
 Up to the middle region of thick air,
 Where all his potentates in council sat :
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began :

“ Princes, heaven’s ancient sons, ethereal thrones
 Demonian spirits now, from the element
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called
 Powers of fire, air, water and earth beneath
 (So may we hold our place and these mild seats
 Without new trouble), such an enemy
 Is risen to invade us, who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to hell ;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was impowered,
 Have found him, viewed him, tasted him ; but find
 Far other labour to be undergone
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men.
 Though Adam by his wife’s allurements fell,
 However to this man inferior far ;
 If he be man by mother’s side, at least
 With more than human gifts from heaven adorned,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.
 Therefore I am returned, lest confidence
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here ; I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand
 Or counsel to assist : lest I, who erst
 Thought none my equal, now be over-matched.”

So spake the old serpent doubting ; and from all
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid
 At his command : when from amidst them rose
 Belial, the dissolutes spirit that fell,
 The sensualist, and, after Asmodai,
 The fleshiest incubus ; and thus advised :

“ Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the fairest found :

Many are in each region passing fair
 As the noon sky ; more like to goddesses
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild
 And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach,
 Skilled to retire, and, in retiring, draw
 Hearts after them, tangled in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the ruggedest brow,
 Eneve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resolute breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.

Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,
 And made him bow, to the gods of his wives."

To whom quick answer Satan thus returned :
 ' Belial, in much uneven scale thou weighest
 All others by thyself ; because of old
 Thou thyself doatest on womankind, admiring
 Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,
 None are, thou thinkest, but taken with such toys.
 Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
 False-titled sons of God, roaming the earth,
 Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men,
 And coupled with them, and begot a race.
 Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
 In courts and regal chambers how thou lurkest,
 In wood or grove, by mossy fountain-side,
 In valley or green meadow, to waylay
 Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,
 Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,
 Or Amymone, Syrinx, many more
 Too long, then layest thy 'scapes on names adored,
 Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan,
 Satyr, or Faun, or Sylvan ? But these haunts
 Delight not all ; among the sons of men,
 How many have with a smile made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent !
 Remember that Pellean conqueror,
 A youth, how all the beauties of the East
 He slightly viewed, and slightly overpassed :
 How he, surnamed of Africa, dismissed,

In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid.
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state ;
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed ;
But he whom we attempt is wiser far
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye
Of fond desire ? Or should she, confident,
As sitting queen adored on beauty's throne,
Descend with all her winning charms begirt
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once
Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell ;
How would one look from his majestic brow,
Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
Discountenance her despised, and put to rout
All her array ; her female pride deject,
Or turn to reverent awe ! for beauty stands
In the admiration only of weak minds
Led captive ; cease to admire, and all her plumes
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
At every sudden slighting quite abashed.
Therefore with manlier objects we must try
His constancy : with such as have more show
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked ;
Or that which only seems to satisfy
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond ;
And now I know he hungers, where no food
Is to be found, in the wide wilderness :
The rest commit to me ; I shall let pass
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclain
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band
Of spirits, likest to himself in guile,
To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
If cause were to unfold some active scene
Of various persons, each to know his part ;
Then to the desert takes with these his flight .
Where, still from shade to shade, the Son of God
After forty days' fasting had remained,
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said :

" Where will this end ? four times ten days I've passed
 Wandering this woody maze, and human food
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite : that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here : if nature need not,
 Or God support nature without repast
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure ?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks ; yet God
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain : so it remain
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,
 And from the sting of famine fear no harm ;
 Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed
 Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
 Communed in silent walk, then laid him down
 Under the hospitable covert nigh
 Of trees thick interwoven ; there he slept,
 And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,
 Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet :
 Him thought, he by the brook of Cherith stood,
 And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
 Food to Elijah bringing, even and morn,
 Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought
 He saw the prophet also, how he fled
 Into the desert, and how there he slept
 Under a juniper ; then how awaked
 He found his supper on the coals prepared,
 And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
 And eat the second time after repose,
 The strength whereof sufficed him forty days :
 Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,
 Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.
 Thus wore out night ; and now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song :
 As lightly from his grassy couch arose
 Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream ;
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.
 Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cot, or herd ;
 But ccttage, herd, or sheep-cot, none he saw ;
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,

With chat of tuneful birds resounding loud :
 Thither he bent his way, determined there
 To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade
 High roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That opened in the midst a woody scene ;
 Nature's own work it seemed (nature taught art),
 And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs : he viewed it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood ;
 Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred,
 And with fair speech these words to him addressed :

“ With granted leave, officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the Son of God
 In this wild solitude so long should bide,
 Of all things destitute ; and well I know,
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness ;
 The fugitive bond-woman, with her son,
 Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief
 By a providing angel ; all the race
 Of Israel here had famished, had not God
 Rained from heaven manna ; and that prophet bold,
 Native of Thebez, wandering here was fed
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat :
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard,
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.”

To whom thus Jesus : “ What concludest thou hence !
 They all had need ; I, as thou seest, have none.”

“ How hast thou hunger then ?” Satan replied.

“ Tell me, if food were now before thee set,
 Wouldst thou not eat ?” “ Thereafter as I like
 The giver,” answered Jesus. “ Why should that
 Cause thy refusal ?” said the subtle fiend.

“ Hast thou not right to all created things ?

Owe not all creatures by just right to thee
 Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,
 But tender all their power ? Nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offered first
 To idols, those young Daniel could refuse ;
 Nor proffered by an enemy, though who
 Would scruple that, with want oppressed ? Behold,
 Nature ashamed, or, better to express,
 Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed
 From all the elements her choicest store,

To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord.
With honour: only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,
Our Saviour lifting up his eyes beheld,
In ample space under the broadest shade,
A table richly spread, in regal mode,
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savour: beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore
Freshet or purling brook, or shell or fin,
And exquisitest name, for which was drained
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.
(Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!)
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood
Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades,
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since
Of faery damsels, met in forest wide
By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
Of chiming strings, or charming pipes; and winds
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.
Such was the splendour; and the tempter now
His invitation earnestly renewed.

"What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdiet
Defends the touching of these viands pure;
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
All these are spirits of air, and woods, and springs,
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord;
What doubttest thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat."

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:
"Saidest thou not that to all things I had right?"

And who withholds my power that right to use?
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,
When and where likes me best, I can command?
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
Command a table in this wilderness,
And call swift flights of angels ministrant
Arrayed in glory on my cup to attend:
Why shouldst thou then obtrude this diligence,
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?
Thy pompous delicacies I condemn,
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles."

To whom thus answered Satan malcontent:
"That I have also power to give, thou seest:
If of that power I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestowed on whom I pleased,
And rather opportunely in this place
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it? but I see
What I can do or offer is suspect;
Of these things others quickly will dispose,
Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil." With that
Both table and provision vanished quite
With sounds of harpies' wings and talons heard:
Only the impertune tempter still remained,
And with these words his temptation pursued:

"By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved;
Thy temperance invincible besides,
For no allurements yields to appetite;
And all thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions: but wherewith to be achieved?
Great acts require great means of enterprise;
Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
A carpenter thy father known, thyself
Bred up in poverty and straits at home,
Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit:
Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
To greatness? whence authority derivest?
What followers, what retinue, canst thou gain,
Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude,
Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost?
Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms:
What raised Antipater the Edomite,
And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,

Thy throne, but gold that got him puissant friends?
Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap,
Not difficult, if thou hearken to me:
Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand;
They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain,
While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."

To whom thus Jesus patiently replied:
" Yet wealth, without these three, is impotent
To gain dominion, or to keep it gained,
Witness those ancient empires of the earth,
In height of all their flowing wealth dissolved
But men endued with these have oft attained
In lowest poverty to highest deeds;
Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad
Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat
So many ages, and shall yet regain
That seat, and reign in Israel without end.
Among the heathen (for throughout the world
To me is not unknown what hath been done
Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember
Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus?
For I esteem those names of men so poor,
Who could do mighty things, and could contemn
Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.
And what in me seems wanting, but that I
May also in this poverty as soon
Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?
Extol not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare; more apt
To slacken virtue, and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms? yet not for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,
That for the public all this weight he bears:
Yet he, who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule

Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly ; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part ;
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force, which to a generous mind,
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan In a speech of much flattering commendation, endeavours to awaken in Jesus a passion for glory by particularizing various instances of conquests achieved, and great actions performed, by persons at an early period of life. Our Lord replies by showing the vanity of worldly fame, and the improper means by which it is generally attained; and contrasts with it the true glory of religious patience and virtuous wisdom, as exemplified in the character of Job. Satan justifies the love of glory from the example of God himself, who requires it from all his creatures. Jesus detects the fallacy of this argument, by showing that, as goodness is the true ground on which glory is due to the great Creator of all things, sinful man can have no right whatever to it. Satan then urges our Lord respecting his claim to the throne of David: he tells him that the kingdom of Judea, being at that time a province of Rome, cannot be got possession of without much personal exertion on his part, and presses him to lose no time in beginning to reign. Jesus refers him to the time allotted for this, as for all other things; and, after intimating somewhat respecting his own previous sufferings, asks Satan why he should be so solicitous for the exaltation of one whose rising was destined to be his fall. Satan replies, that his own desperate state, by excluding all hope, leaves little room for fear; and that, as his own punishment was equally doomed, he is not interested in preventing the reign of one from whose apparent benevolence he might rather hope for some interference in his favour. Satan still pursues his former incitements; and, supposing that the seeming reluctance of Jesus to be thus advanced might arise from his being unacquainted with the world and its glories, conveys him to the summit of a high mountain, and from thence shows him most of the Kingdoms of Asia, particularly pointing out to his notice some extraordinary military preparations of the Parthians to resist the incursions of the Scythians. He then informs our Lord, that he showed him this purposely that he might see how necessary military exertions are to retain the possession of kingdoms, as well as to subdue them at first, and advises him to consider how impossible it was to maintain Judea against two such powerful neighbours as the Romans and Parthians, and how necessary it would be to form an alliance with one or other of them. At the same time he recommends, and engages to secure to him that of the Parthians; and tells him that by this means his power will be defended from anything that Rome or Cæsar might attempt against it, and that he will be able to extend his glory wide, and especially to accomplish what was particularly necessary to make the throne of Judea really the throne of David, the deliverance and restoration of the ten tribes, still in a state of captivity. Jesus, having briefly noticed the vanity of military efforts, and the weakness of the arm of flesh, says, that when the time comes for his ascending his allotted throne, he shall not be slack; he remarks on Satan's extraordinary zeal for the deliverance of the Israelites, to whom he had always showed himself an enemy, and declares their servitude to be the consequence of their idolatry; but adds, that at a future time it may perhaps please God to recal them, and restore them to their liberty and native land.

So spake the Son of God; and Satan stood
A while as mute, confounded what to say,
What to reply, confuted and convinced
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift:

At length collecting all his serpent wiles,
With soothing words renewed, him thus accosts :

“ I see thou knowest what is of use to know,
What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;
Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
To thy large heart give utterance due, thy heart
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems
On Aaron's breast ; or tongue of seers old,
Infallible : or wert thou sought to deeds
That might require the array of war, thy skill
Of conduct would be such, that all the world
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist
In battle, though against thy few in arms.
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide.
Affecting private life, or more obscure
In savage wilderness ? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory, glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,
And dignities and powers all but the highest ?
Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe : the son
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held
At his dispose ; young Scipio had brought down
The Carthaginian pride ; young Pompey quelled
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more inflamed
With glory, wept that he had lived so long
Inglorious : but thou yet art not too late.”

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied :
“ Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed ?
And what the people but a herd confused,

A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the praise ?
They praise, and they admire, they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
And what delight to be by such extolled,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,
His lot who dares be singularly good ?
The intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.
This is true glory and renown ; when God,
Looking on the earth, with approbation marks
The just man, and divulges him through heaven
To all his angels, who with true applause
Recount his praises ; thus he did to Job,
When to extend his fame through heaven and earth,
As thou to thy reproach mayest well remember,
He asked thee, ' Hast thou seen my servant Job ?'
Famous he was in heaven, on earth less known ;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in fields great battles win,
Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipt with temple, priest, and sacrifice ?
One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;
Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,
Rolling in brutish vices and deformed,
Violent or shameful death their due reward.
But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war, or violence :
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance : I mention still
Him, whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,
Made famous in a land and times obscure ;

Who names not now with honour patient Job?
 Poor Soerates (who next more memorable?)
 By what he taught, and suffered for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death, unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.—
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done,
 Aught suffered; if young African for fame
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage;
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward:
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek,
 Oft not deserved? I seek not mine, but His
 Who sent me; and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the tempter murmuring thus replied:
 "Think not so slight of glory; therein least
 Resembling thy great Father: he seeks glory,
 And for his glory all things made, all things
 Orders and governs; nor content in heaven
 By all his angels glorified, requires
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
 Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew or Greek,
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declared;
 From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently replied:
 "And reason; since his word all things produced,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,
 But to shew forth his goodness, and impart
 His good communicable to every soul
 Freely; of whom what could he less expect
 Than glory and benediction, that is, thanks,
 The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense
 From them who could return him nothing else,
 And, not returning that, would likeliest render
 Content instead, dishonour, obloquy?
 Hard recompense, unsuitable return
 For so much good, so much beneficence!
 But why should man seek glory, who of his own
 Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs
 But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
 Who for so many benefits received
 Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,
 And so of all true good himself despoiled;

Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take
 That which to God alone of right belongs :
 Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,
 That who advance his glory, not their own,
 Them he himself to glory will advance."

So spake the Son of God ; and here again
 Satan had not to answer, but stood struck
 With guilt of his own sin ; for he himself,
 Insatiable of glory, had lost all ;
 Yet of another plea bethought him soon :

"Of glory, as thou wilt," said he, "so deem
 Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.
 But to a kingdom thou art born, ordained
 To sit upon thy father David's throne,
 By mother's side thy father ; though thy right
 Be now in powerful hands, that will not part
 Easily from possession won with arms :
 Judea now and all the promised land,
 Reduced a province under Roman yoke,
 Obeys Tiberius ; nor is always ruled
 With temperate sway ; oft have they violated
 The temple, oft the law, with foul affronts,
 Abominations rather, as did once
 Antiochus : and thinkest thou to regain
 Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring ?
 So did not Maccabeus : he indeed
 Retired unto the desert, but with arms ;
 And o'er a mighty king so oft prevailed,
 That by strong hand his family obtained,
 Though priests, the crown, and David's throne usurped,
 With Modin and her suburbs once content.
 If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
 And duty ; and zeal and duty are not slow,
 But on occasion's forelock watchful wait :
 They themselves rather are occasion best ;
 Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free
 Thy country from her heathen servitude.
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify
 The prophets old, who sung thy endless reign ;
 The happier reign, the sooner it begins :
 Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ?"

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned :
 "All things are best fulfilled in their due time ;
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said :
 If of my reign prophetic writ hath told,

That it shall never end, so, when begin,
The Father in his purpose hath decreed ;
He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.
What if he hath decreed that I shall first
Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,
By tribulations, injuries, insults,
Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt, that he may know
What I can suffer, how obey ? Who best
Can suffer, best can do ; best reign, who first
Well hath obeyed ; just trial, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee, when I begin
My everlasting kingdom ? Why art thou
Solicitous ? What moves thy inquisition ?
Knowest thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction ?”

To whom the tempter, inly racked, replied :
“ Let that come when it comes ; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace : what worse ?
For where no hope is left, is left no fear :
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst ; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose ;
The end I would attain, my final good.
My error was my error, and my crime
My crime ; whatever, for itself condemned ;
And will alike be punished, whether thou
Reign, or reign not ; though to that gentle brow
Willingly could I fly, and hope thy reign,
From that placid aspect and meek regard,
Rather than aggravate my evil state,
Would stand between me and thy Father's ire
(Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell),
A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
Interposition, as a summer's cloud
If I then to the worst that can be haste,
Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,
That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their king ?
Perhaps thou lingerest, in deep thoughts detained
Of the enterprise so hazardous and high !
No wonder ; for though in thee be united

What of perfection can in man be found,
 Or human nature can receive, consider,
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,
 And once a year Jerusalem, few days'
 Short sojourn ; and what thence couldst thou observe ?
 The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest insight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever
 Timorous and loth ; with novice modesty
 (As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous :
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes
 The monarchies of the earth, their pomp and state
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,
 And regal mysteries ; that thou mayest know
 How best their opposition to withstand."

With that (such power was given him then) he took
 The Son of God up to a mountain high.
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain, outstretched in circuit wide,
 Lay pleasant : from his side two rivers flowed,
 The one winding, the other straight, and left between
 Fair champaign with less rivers intervened,
 Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea ;
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine ;
 With herds the pasture thronged, with flocks the hills ;
 Huge cities and high towered, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest monarchs ; and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert, fountainless and dry.
 To this high mountain too the tempter brought
 Our Saviour, and new train of words began :
 " Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest and field and flood, temples and towers,
 Cut shorter many a league ; here thou beholdest
 Assyria, and her empire's ancient bounds,
 Araxes and the Caspian lake ; thence on
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,
 And oft beyond : to south the Persian bay
 And, inaccessible, the Arabian drought :

Here Nineveh, of length within her wall
Several days' journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
And seat of Salmanassar, whose success
Israel in long captivity still mourns ;
There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,
As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
Judah and all thy father David's house
Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste
Till Cyrus set them free ; Persepolis,
His city, there thou seest, and Bactra there ;
Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,
And Hecatompylos her hundred gates ;
There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,
The drink of none but kings : of later fame,
Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,
The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there
Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,
Turning with easy eye, thou mayest behold.
All these the Parthian (now some ages past,
By great Arsaces led, who founded first
That empire) under his dominion holds,
From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.
And just in time thou comest to have a view
Of his great power ; for now the Parthian king
In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host
Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild
Have wasted Sogdiana ; to her aid
He marches now in haste ; see, though from far,
His thousands, in what martial equipage
They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,
Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit ;
All horsemen, in which fight they most excel ;
See how in warlike muster they appear,
In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings."

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless
The city-gates outpoured, light-armed troops,
In coats of mail and military pride ;
In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice
Of many provinces from bound to bound ;
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,
And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales ;
From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains

Of Adiabene, Media, and the south
 Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,
 How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight;
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown:
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,
 Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers
 Of archers; nor of labouring pioneers
 A multitude, with spades and axes armed
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,
 Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke;
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,
 And waggons, fraught with utensils of war.
 Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
 When Agrican with all his northern powers
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
 The city of Gallaphrone, from whence to win
 The fairest of her sex Angelica,
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemain.
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry:
 At sight whereof the fiend yet more presumed,
 And to our Saviour thus his words renewed:
 "That thou mayest know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not every way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear and mark,
 To what end I have brought thee hither and shown
 All this fair sight: thy kingdom though foretold
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou
 Endeavour as thy father David did,
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still
 In all things, and all men, supposes means;
 Without means used, what it predicts revokes.
 But, say thou wert possessed of David's throne,
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
 Samaritan or Jew; how couldst thou hope
 Long to enjoy it, quiet and secure,
 Between two such inclosing enemies,
 Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own; the Parthian first
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late

Found able by invasion to annoy
Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,
Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,
Maugre the Roman: it shall be my task
To render thee the Parthian at dispose,
Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league:
By him thou shalt regain, without him not,
That which alone can truly re-install thee
In David's royal seat, his true successor,
Deliverance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
Whose offspring in his territory yet serve,
In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:
Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost
Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old
Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,
This offer sets before thee to deliver.
These if from servitude thou shalt restore
To their inheritance, then, nor till then,
Thou on the throne of David in full glory,
From Egypt to Euphrates, and beyond,
Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar need not fear."

To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved:
"Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm
And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,
Before mine eyes thou hast set; and in my ear
Vented much policy, and projects deep
Of enemies, of aids, battles and leagues,
Plausible to the world, to me worth nought.
Means I must use, thou sayest, prediction else
Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne:
My time, I told thee (and that time for thee
Were better farthest off), is not yet come:
When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
On my part aught endeavouring, or to need
Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome
Luggage of war there shown me, argument
Of human weakness rather than of strength.
My brethren, as thou callest them, those ten tribes,
I must deliver, if I mean to reign
David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway
To just extent over all Israel's sons.
But whence to thee this zeal? Where was it then
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,
When thou stoodest up his tempter to the pride

Of numbering Israel, which cost the lives
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites
By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal
To Israel then; the same that now to me!
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off
From God to worship calves, the deities
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,
And all the idolatries of heathen round,
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes;
Nor in the land of their captivity
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
The God of their forefathers; but so died
Impenitent and left a race behind
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain;
And God with idols in their worship joined.
Should I of these the liberty regard,
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,
Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps
Of Bethel and of Dau? No; let them serve
Their enemies, who serve idols with God.
Yet he at length (time to himself best known)
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call
May bring them back repentant and sincere,
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,
While to their native land with joy they haste;
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,
When to the promised land their fathers passed:
To his due time and providence I leave them."

So spake Israel's true King, and to the fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it, when with truth falsehood contends.

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, persisting in the temptation of our Lord, shows him imperial Rome in its greatest pomp and splendour, as a power which he probably would prefer before that of the Parthians; and tells him that he might with the greatest ease expel Tiberius, restore the Romans to their liberty, and make himself master not only of the Roman empire, but, by so doing, of the whole world, and inclusively of the throne of David. Our Lord, in reply, expresses his contempt of grandeur and worldly power, notices the luxury, vanity, and profligacy of the Romans, declaring how little they merited to be restored to that liberty which they had lost by their misconduct, and briefly refers to the greatness of his own future kingdom. Satan, now desperate, to enhance the value of his proffered gifts, professes that the only terms on which he will bestow them, are our Saviour's falling down and worshipping him. Our Lord expresses a firm but temperate indignation at such a proposition, and rebukes the tempter by the title of "Satan for ever damned." Satan, abashed, attempts to justify himself: he then assumes a new ground of temptation, and proposing to Jesus the intellectual gratifications of wisdom and knowledge, points out to him the celebrated seat of ancient learning, Athens, its schools, and other various resorts of learned teachers and their disciples; accompanying the view with a highly finished panegyric on the Grecian musicians, poets, orators, and philosophers of the different sects. Jesus replies, by showing the vanity and insufficiency of the boasted heathen philosophy; and prefers to the music, poetry, eloquence, and didactic policy of the Greeks, those of the inspired Hebrew writers. Satan, irritated at the failure of all his attempts, upbraids the Indiscretion of our Saviour in rejecting his offers: and having, in ridicule of his expected kingdom, foretold the sufferings that our Lord was to undergo, carries him back into the wilderness, and leaves him there. Night comes on: Satan raises a tremendous storm, and attempts further to alarm Jesus with frightful dreams, and terrific threatening spectres; which, however, have no effect upon him. A calm, bright, beautiful morning succeeds to the horrors of the night. Satan again presents himself to our blessed Lord, and, from noticing the storm of the preceding night as pointed chiefly at him, takes occasion once more to insult him with an account of the sufferings which he was certainly to undergo. This only draws from our Lord a brief rebuke. Satan, now at the height of his desperation, confesses that he had frequently watched Jesus from his birth, purposely to discover if he was the true Messiah; and, collecting from what passed at the river Jordan that he most probably was so, he had from that time more assiduously followed him, in hopes of gaining some advantage over him, which would most effectually prove that he was not really that Divine Person destined to be his "fatal enemy." In this he acknowledges that he has hitherto completely failed; but still determines to make one more trial of him. Accordingly he conveys him to the temple at Jerusalem, and, placing him on a pointed eminence, requires him to prove his divinity either by standing there, or casting himself down with safety. Our Lord reproves the tempter, and at the same time manifests his own divinity by standing on this dangerous point. Satan, amazed and terrified, instantly falls; and repairs to his infernal accomplices to relate the bad success of his enterprise. Angels in the mean time convey our blessed Lord to a beautiful valley, and, while they minister to him a repast of celestial food, celebrate his victory in a triumphant hymn.

PERPLEXED and troubled at his bad success
The tempter stood, nor had what to reply

Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
That sleeked his tongue, and won so much on Eve,
So little here, nay lost; but Eve was Eve:
This far his overmatch, who, self-deceived
And rash, beforehand had no better weighed
The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
But as a man, who had been matchless held
In cunning, overreached where least he thought,
To salve his credit, and for every spite,
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,
And never cease, though to his shame the more;
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time,
About the wine-press where sweet must is poured
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound;
Or surging waves against a solid rock,
Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew,
(Vain battery!) and in froth or bubbles end;
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,
And his vain importunity pursues.
He brought our Saviour to the western side
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
Washed by the southern sea, and, on the north,
To equal length backed with a ridge of hills
That screened the fruits of the earth, and seats of men,
From cold septentrion blast; thence in the midst
Divided by a river, of whose banks
On each side an imperial city stood,
With towers and temples proudly elevate
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,
Porches, and theatres, baths, aqueducts,
Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes,
Above the height of mountains interposed
(By what strange parallax, or optic skill
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass
Of telescope, were curious to inquire):
And now the tempter thus his silence broke:
"The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations; there the capitol thou seest,

Above the rest lifting his stately head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable ; and there mount Palatine,
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires ;
Many a fair edifice besides, more like
Houses of gods, so well I have disposed
My acry microscope, thou mayest behold,
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.
Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in ;
Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces
Hastening, or on return, in robes of state,
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;
Or embassies from regions far remote,
In various habits, on the Appian road,
Or on the Emilian ; some from farthest south,
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic isle ; and, more to west,
The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea ;
From the Asian kings, and Parthian among these
From India and the Golden Chersonese,
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed ;
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west ;
Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians, north
Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.
All nations now to Rome obedience pay ;
To Rome's great emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth, and power,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly mayest prefer
Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,
The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,
Shared among petty kings too far removed ;
These having shown thee, I have shown thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
The emperor hath no son, and now is old,
Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired
To Capreae an island small, but strong,

On the Campanian shore, with purpose there
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy ;
 Committing to a wicked favourite
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious,
 Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,
 Endued with regal virtues, as thou art,
 Appearing and beginning noble deeds,
 Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne,
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,
 A victor-people free from servile yoke !
 And with my help thou mayest ; to me the power
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world ;
 Aim at the highest : without the highest attained.
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will."

To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied :
 " Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show
 Of luxury, though called magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind ; though thou shouldst add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read),
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,
 Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems
 And studs of pearl ; to me shouldst tell, who thirst
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou showest
 From nations far and nigh : what honour that
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries ? Then proceedest to talk
 Of the emperor, how easily subdued,
 How gloriously : I shall, thou sayest, expel
 A brutal monster ; what if I withal
 Expel a devil who first made him such ?
 Let his tormentor conscience find him out :
 For him I was not sent ; nor yet to free
 That people, victor once, now vile and base ;
 Deservedly made vassal ; who, once just,
 Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquered well
 But govern ill the nations under yoke,
 Pilling their provinces, exhausted all
 By lust and rapine : first ambitious grown

Of triumph, that insulting vanity ;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed,
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.
What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved ;
Or could of inward slaves make outward free ?
Know therefore, when my season comes to sit
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth ;
Or as a stone, that shall to pieces dash
All monarchies besides throughout the world ;
And of my kingdom there shall be no end :
Means there shall be to this ; but what the means
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the tempter, impudent, replied :
" I see all offers made by me how slight
Thou valu'st, because offered, and rejectest ;
Nothing will please thee, difficult and nice,
Or nothing more than still to contradict :
On the other side know also thou, that I
On what I offer set as high esteem.
Nor what I part with mean to give for nought ;
All these, which in a moment thou beholdest,
The kingdoms of the world to thee I give
(For given to me, I give to whom I please),
No trifle ; yet with this reserve, not else,
On this condition ; if thou wilt fall down,
And worship me as thy superior lord
(Easily done), and hold them all of me ;
For what can less so great a gift deserve ?"

Whom thus our Saviour answered with disdain :
" I never liked thy talk, thy offers less ;
Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter
The abominable terms, impious condition ;
But I endure the time, till which expired
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
The Lord thy God, and only him shalt serve ;
And darest thou to the Son of God propound
To worship thee accursed ? now more accursed
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve,
And more blasphemous ; which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given ?"

Permitted rather, and by thee usurped ;
 Other donation none thou canst produce.
 If given, by whom but by the King of kings,
 God over all supreme ? If given to thee,
 By thee how fairly is the giver now
 Repaid ! But gratitude in thee is lost
 Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame
 As offer them to me the Son of God ?
 To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
 That I fall down and worship thee as God ?
 Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appearest
 That evil one, Satan for ever damned."

To whom the fiend, with fear abashed, replied :
 " Be not so sore offended, Son of God,
 Though sons of God both angels are and men,
 If I, to try whether in higher sort
 Than these thou bearest that title, have proposed
 What both from men and angels I receive,
 Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth,
 Nations beside from all the quartered winds,
 God of this world invoked, and world beneath :
 Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
 To me most fatal, me it most concerns ;
 The trial hath indamaged thee no way,
 Rather more honour left and more esteem ;
 Me nought advantaged, missing what I aimed.
 Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
 The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more
 Advise thee ; gain them as thou canst, or not.
 And thou thyself seemest otherwise inclined
 Than to a worldly crown ; addicted more
 To contemplation and profound dispute,
 As by that early action may be judged,
 When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou wentest
 Alone into the temple, there wast found
 Among the gravest rabbies, disputant
 On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,
 Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man
 As morning shows the day : be famous then
 By wisdom ; as thy empire must extend,
 So let extend thy mind o'er all the world
 In knowledge, all things in it comprehend.
 All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,
 The Pentateuch, or what the prophets wrote ;
 The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach

To admiration, led by nature's light,
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou meanest :
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet ?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes ?
Error by his own arms is best evinced.
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount
Westward, much nearer by south-west behold ;
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil ;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream : within the walls then view
The schools of ancient sages ; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand ; and various-measured verse.
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own :
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions, and high passions best describing
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne :
To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,

From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
 Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicuréan, and the Stoic severe;
 These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied:
 "Think not but that I know these things; or think
 I know them not, not therefore am I short
 Of knowing what I ought: he, who receives
 Light from above, from the fountain of light,
 No other doctrine needs, though granted true;
 But these are false, or little else but dreams,
 Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
 The first and wisest of them all professed
 To know this only, that he nothing knew;
 The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits;
 A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense
 Others in virtue placed felicity,
 But virtue joined with riches and long life;
 In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;
 The Stoic last, in philosophic pride,
 By him called virtue; and his virtuous man,
 Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing
 Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
 As fearing God nor man, contemning all
 Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
 Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.
 Alas! what can they teach and not mislead,
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more,
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
 And in themselves seek virtue; and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none;
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite

Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
True wisdom, finds her not; or by delusion,
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets,
An empty cloud. However, many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep-versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge;
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Or, if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language, can I find
That solace? All our law and story strewed
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived;
Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own,
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With ^{St. Ignace's} St. Ignace's songs, to all true tastes excelling,
Where God is praised aright, and godlike men,
The holiest of holies, and his saints
(Such are from God inspired, not such from thee).
Unless where moral virtue is expressed
By light of nature, not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extollest, as those
The top of eloquence; statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,

What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat ;
 These only with our law best form a king."

So spake the Son of God ; but Satan, now
 Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),
 Thus to our Saviour with stern brow replied :

" Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,
 Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
 By me proposed in life contemplative
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,
 What dost thou in this world ? The wilderness
 For thee is fittest place ; I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee ; yet remember
 What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause
 To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus
 Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.
 Now contrary, if I read aught in heaven,
 Or heaven write aught of fate, by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters,
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate
 Attend thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death ;
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,
 Real or allegoric, I discern not ;
 Nor when ; eternal sure, as without end,
 Without beginning ; for no date prefixed
 Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power
 Not yet expired), and to the wilderness
 Brought back the Son of God, and left him there,
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,
 As daylight sunk, and brought in luring night,
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,
 Privation mere of light, and absent day.
 Our Saviour meek, and with untroubled mind
 After his acry jaunt, though hurried sore,
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield
 From dews and damps of night his sheltered head ;
 But, sheltered, slept in vain ; for at his head

The tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams
Disturbed his sleep. Add either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven ; the clouds
From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
In ruin reconciled : nor slept the winds
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
From the four hinges of the world, and fell
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodest
Unshaken ! Nor yet staid the terror there ;
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
Environed thee, some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Satest unappalled in calm and sinless peace !
Thus passed the night so foul, till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray ;
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres, which the fiend had raised
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree : the birds
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storms so ruinous,
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.
Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,
Was absent, after all his mischief done,
The prince of darkness : glad would also seem
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came ;
Yet with no new device (they all were spent),
Rather by this his last affront resolved,
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage
And mad despite to be so oft repelled.
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
Backed on the north and west by a thick wood :
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
And in a careless mood thus to him said :
“ Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,
After a dismal night : I heard the wrack

As earth and sky would mingle ; but myself
 Was distant ; and these flaws, though mortals fear them
 As dangerous to the pillared frame of heaven,
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone :
 Yet, as being oftentimes noxious where they light
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill :
 This tempest at this desert most was bent :
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwellest.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offered with my aid
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way
 Of gaining David's throne, no man knows when,
 For both the when and how is nowhere told ?
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordained no doubt ;
 For angels have proclaimed it, but concealing
 The time and means. Each act is rightliest done
 Not when it must, but when it may be best ;
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold ;
 Whereof this ominous night, that closed thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

So talked he, while the Son of God went on
 And staid not, but in brief him answered thus :

" Me worse than wet thou findest not ; other harm
 Those terrors, which thou speakest of, did me none ;
 I never feared they could, though noising loud
 And threatening nigh : what they can do as signs
 Betokening, or ill-boding, I contemn
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee ;
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
 Obtrudest thy offered aid, that I, accepting,
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,
 Ambitious spirit ! and wouldst be thought my god
 And stormest refused, thinking to terrify
 Me to thy will ! Desist (thou art discerned,

And toilest in vain), nor me in vain molest."

To whom the fiend, now swoln with rage, replied:
"Then hear, O son of David, virgin-born,
For Son of God to me is yet in doubt;
Of the Messiah I had heard foretold
By all the prophets; of thy birth at length,
Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,
On thy birth-night that sung thee Saviour-born.
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
Till at the ford of Jordan, whither all
Flock to the Baptist, I, among the rest
(Though not to be baptized), by voice from heaven
Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn
In what degree or meaning thou art called
The Son of God, which bears no single sense.
The son of God I also am, or was;
And if I was, I am; relation stands;
All men are sons of God; yet thee I thought
In some respect far higher so declared:
Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that hour,
And followed thee still on to this waste wild;
Where, by all best conjectures, I collect
Thou art to be my fatal enemy:
Good reason then, if I beforehand seek
To understand my adversary, who
And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent:
By parle or composition, truce or league,
To win him, or win from him what I can:
And opportunity I here have had
To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
Proof against all temptation, as a rock
Of adamant, and, as a centre, firm;
To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,
Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,
Have been before contemned, and may again.
Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
Worth naming Son of God by voice from heaven,
Another method I must now begin."

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,

Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,
 Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
 The holy city, lifted high her towers,
 And higher yet the glorious temple reared
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaster, topt with golden spires :
 There, on the highest pinnacle, he set
 The Son of God ; and added thus in scorn :

“ There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill ; I to thy Father's house
 Have brought thee, and highest placed : highest is best
 Now show thy progeny ; if not to stand,
 Cast thyself down ; safely, if Son of God :
 For it is written, He will give command
 Concerning thee to his angels ; in their hands
 They shall uplift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.”

To whom thus Jesus : “ Also it is written,
 Tempt not the Lord thy God.” He said, and stood :
 But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
 As when earth's son, Antæus (to compare
 Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove
 With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,
 Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,
 Throttled at length in the air, expired and fell ;
 So, after many a foil, the tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride,
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall :
 And as that Theban monster, that proposed
 Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,
 That once found out and solved, for grief and spite
 Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep ;
 So, struck with dread and anguish, fell the fiend,
 And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought
 (Joyless triumphals of his hoped success)
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God.
 So Satan fell ; and straight a fiery globe
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plummy vans received him soft
 From his uneasy station, and upbore,
 As on a floating couch, through the blithe air ;
 Then, in a flowery valley, set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread

A table of celestial food, divine
Ambrosial fruits, fetched from the tree of life,
And, from the fount of life, ambrosial drink,
That soon refreshed him wearied, and repaired
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,
Or thirst; and as he fed, angelic choirs
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory
Over temptation and the tempter proud:

“ True image of the Father; whether throned
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from heaven, enshrined
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wandering the wilderness; whatever place,
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The Son of God, with Godlike force endued
Against the attempter of thy Father's throne,
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old
Thou didst debase, and down from heaven cast
With all his army; now thou hast avenged
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.
He never more henceforth will dare set foot
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke:
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall,
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal serpent! shalt not long
Rule; in the cloud, like an autumnal star
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from heaven, trod down
Under his feet; for proof, ere this thou feelest
Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound),
By this repulse received, and holdest in hell
No triumph: in all her gates Abaddon rues
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe
To dread the Son of God: he, all unarmed,
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions: yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine,
Lest he command them down into the deep,
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.

Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of Satan! on thy glorious work
Now enter; and begin to save mankind."

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refreshed,
Brought on his way with joy; he, unobserved,
Home to his mother's house private returned.

SAMSON AGONISTES:

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

*Tragedia est imitatio actionis seriæ, etc., per misericordiam et metum perficiens
tallum affectuum lustrationem.*

OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM WHICH IS
CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems: therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions; that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion: for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the Revelation, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious, than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Cæsar also had begun his Ajax, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy.

X

which is entitled *Christ Suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though Ancient Tragedy use no prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which Martial calls an epistle; in behalf of this tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be epistled; that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks Monostrophic, or rather Apolelymenon, without regard had to Strophe, Antistrophe, or Epode, which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called Allæostropha. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit, which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum, they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOAH, *the father of Samson.*

DALILA, *his wife.*

HARAPHA, *of Gath.*

Public Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

THE ARGUMENT.

Samson, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in a general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition: where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which makes the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father Manoah, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Phillistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoah then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Phillistine lords for Samson's redemption: who in the meanwhile is visited by other persons; and lastly by a public officer to require nis coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or shew his strength in their presence: he at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoah returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confused at first, and afterward more distinctly, relating the catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Phillistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the tragedy ends.

SAMSON.—*Attendant leading him.*

- ✓ A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade;
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,
 Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw
 The air imprisoned also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught; but here I feel amends,
 The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
 ✓ With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
 ✓ This day a solemn feast the people hold
 To Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
 Laborious works; unwillingly this rest
 Their superstition yields me; hence with leave
 Retiring from the popular noise, I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 ✓ Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O, wherefore was my birth from heaven foretold
 Twice by an angel, who at last in sight

Of both my parents all in flames ascended
 From off the altar, where an offering burned,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His godlike presence, and from some great act
 Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?
 Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed
 As of a person separate to God,
 Designed for great exploits; if I must die
 Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task
 With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a beast, debased
 ✓ Lower than bond-slave! Promise was, that I
 Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
 Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine prediction; what if all foretold
 Had been fulfilled but through mine own default?
 Whom have I to complain of but myself?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
 Under the seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it,
 ✓ O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 ✓ O impotence of mind, in body strong!
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom? vast, unwieldy, burdensome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 ✓ But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.
 But peace! I must not quarrel with the will
 Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Haply had ends above my reach to know:
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail; but chief of all,
 ✓ O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 ✓ Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!

Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me ;
 They creep, yet see ; I, dark in light, exposed
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own ;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day !
 O first-created beam, and thou great Word,
 " Let there be light, and light was over all ;"
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?
 The sun to me is dark
 And silent as the moon,
 When she deserts the night,
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 ✓ Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the soul,
 She all in every part ; why was this sight
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,
 ✓ So obvious and so easy to be quenched ?
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,
 That she might look at will through every pore ? ✗
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And buried ; but, O yet more miserable !
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave ;
 Buried, yet not exempt,
 By privilege of death and burial,
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs :
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of life.
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes.
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult,
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. This, this is he ; softly a while,
 Let us not break in upon him :
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief !
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,
 With languished head unpropt,
 As one past hope abandoned,
 And by himself given over ;
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds
 O'erworn and soiled ;
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be he,
 That heroic, that renowned,
 Irresistible Samson ? whom unarmed
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could withstand
 Who tore the lion, as the lion tears the kid ;
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron ;
 And, weaponless himself,
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass
 Chalybean-tempered steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantéan proof ?
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanced,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonit
 Flew from his lion ramp ; old warriors turned
 Their plated backs under his heel ;
 Or, grovelling, soiled their crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day.
 Then by main force pulled up, and on his shoulders bore
 The gates of Azza, post, and massy bar,
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old,
 No journey of a sabbath-day ; and loaded so,
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up heaven.
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy bondage or lost sight,
 Prison within prison
 Inseparably dark ?
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)
 The dungeon of thyself ; thy soul
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)

Imprisoned now indeed,
 In real darkness of the body dwells,
 Shut up from outward light
 To incorporate with gloomy night ;
 For inward light, alas !
 Puts forth no visual beam.
 O mirror of our fickle state,
 Since man on earth unparalleled !
 The rarer thy example stands,
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
 Strongest of mortal men,
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.
 For him I reckon not in high estate
 Whom long descent of birth,
 Or the sphere of fortune, raises ;
 But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,
 Might have subdued the earth,
 Universally crowned with highest praises.

Sams. I hear the sound of words ; their sense the air
 Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

✓ *Chor.* He speaks, let us draw nigh. Matchless in night,
 The glory late of Israel, now the grief ;
 We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown,
 From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,
 To visit or bewail thee ; or, if better,
 Counsel or consolation we may bring,
 Salve to thy sores ; apt words have power to swage
 The tumours of a troubled mind,

✓ And are as balm to festered wounds.

✓ *Sams.* Your coming, friends, revives me ; for I learn
 Now of my own experience, not by talk,
 How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
 Bear in their superscription (of the most
 I would be understood) ; in prosperous days
 They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
 Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
 How many evils have inclosed me round ;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
 Blindness ; for had I sight, confused with shame,
 How could I once look up or heave the head,
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigged ; and for a word, a tear,
 Fool ! have divulged the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman ? Tell me, friends,

Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street? do they not say, How well
 Are come upon him his deserts? Yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
 This with the other should at least have pair'd;
 ✓ These two, proportioned ill, drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal; wisest men
 Have erred, and by bad women been deceived;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thyself,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides:
 Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed Philistian women rather
 Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

Sams. The first I saw at Timna, and she pleas'd
 Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed
 The daughter of an infidel: they knew not
 That what I motioned was of God; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urged
 The marriage on; that by occasion hence
 I might begin Israel's deliverance,
 The work to which I was divinely called.

✓ She proving false, the next I took to wife
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late)
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,
 That specious monster, my accomplished snare.
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress
 Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,
 Who, vanquish'd with a peal of words (O weakness!),
 ✓ Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,
 Thou never wast amiss, I bear thee witness.
 Yet Israël still serves with all his sons.

Sams. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,
 Who, seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their conquerors,
 Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,
 Deliverance offer'd: I on the other side
 Used no ambition to commend my deeds;

The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer:
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length
 Their lords the Philistines with gathered powers
 Entered Judea seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retired;
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantaged best.
 Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent
 The harass of their land, beset me round;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcised a welcome prey,
 Bound with two cords; but cords to me were threads
 Touched with the flame: on their whole host I flew
 ✓ Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon felled
 Their choicest youth; they only lived who fled.
 Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,
 They had by this possessed the towers of Gath,
 And lorded over them whom they now serve;
 But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love bondage more than liberty;
 ✓ Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,
 Whom God hath of his special favour raised
 As their deliverer? If he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel
 Their great deliverer contemned,
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit
 Of Madian, and her vanquished kings:
 And how ungrateful Ephraim
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,
 Not worse than by his shield and spear.
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,
 Had not his prowess quelled their pride
 In that sore battle, when so many died
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death,
 For want of well pronouncing Shibboleth.

Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll;
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's proposed deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to men ;
 Unless there be, who think not God at all :
 If any be, they walk obscure ;
 For of such doctrine never was there school,
 But the heart of the fool,
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be, who doubt his ways not just
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,
 Then give the reins to wandering thought,
 Regardless of his glory's diminution ;
 Till by their own perplexities involved,
 They ravel more, still less resolved,
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,
 And tie him to his own prescript,
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,
 And hath full right to exempt
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From national obstruction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt ;
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.
 He would not else, who never wanted means,
 Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,
 To set his people free,
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride,
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down, reason, then ; at least, vain reasonings, down
 Though reason here aver,
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
 Unchaste was subsequent : her stain, not his.

But see, here comes thy reverend sire
 With careful step, locks white as down :
 Old Manoah : advise
 Forthwith how thou oughtest to receive him.

Sams. Ah me ! another inward grief, awaked
 With mention of that name, renews the assault.

Enter MANOAH.

Man. Brethren, and men of Dan, for such ye seem,
 Though in this uncouth place ; if old respect,
 As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,
 My son now captive, hither hath informed

Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after, say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible Samson, far renowned,
The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to angels walked their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duelled their armies ranked in proud array,
Himself an army, now unequal match
To save himself against a coward armed
At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust
In mortal strength! and oh! what not in man
Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good
Prayed for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
I prayed for children, and thought barrenness
In wedlock a reproach; I gained a son,
And such a son as all men hailed me happy;
Who would he now a father in my stead?
O wherefore did God grant me my request,
And as a blessing with such pomp adorned?
Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand
As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?
For this, did the angel twice descend?
For this ordained thy nurture holy, as of a plant
Select, and sacred, glorious for a while,
The miracle of men; then in an hour
Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
Thy foe's derision, captive, poor, and blind,
Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves?
Alas! methinks whom God has chosen once
To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,
He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
Subject him to so foul indignities,
Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

Sams. Appoint not heavenly disposition, father;
Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me
But justly; I myself have brought them on,
Sole author I, sole cause; if aught seem vile,
As vile hath been by folly, who have profaned
The mystery of God given me under pledge
Of vow, and have betrayed it to a woman,
A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.

This well I knew, nor was at all surpris'd,
 But warn'd by oft experience: did not she
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of nuptial love professed, carrying it straight
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies,
 And rivals? In this other was there found
 More faith, who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceived
 Her spurious firstborn, treason against me?
 Thrice she assayed with flattering prayers and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me
 My capital secret; in what part my strength
 Lay stored, in what part summed, that she might know
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
 Her importunity, each time perceiving
 How openly, and with what impudence
 She purpos'd to betray me (which was worse
 Than undissembled hate), with what contempt
 She sought to make me traitor to myself;
 ✓ Yet the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,
 With blandish'd parleys, feminine assaults
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me overwatched, and wearied out,
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlocked her all my heart,
 Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:
 But foul effeminacy held me yoked
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
 To honour and religion! servile mind
 ✓ Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fallen,
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery; and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degenerately I served.

Man. I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son,
 Rather approv'd them not; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsions prompting how thou mightst
 Find some occasion to infest our foes.
 I state not that; this I am sure, our foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee

Their captive, and their triumph ; thou the sooner
 Temptation foundest, or over-potent charms,
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee ; which to have kept
 Tacit was in thy power : true ; and thou bearest.
 Enough, and more, the burthen of that fault ;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains :
 This day the Philistines a popular feast
 Here celebrate in Gaza ; and proclaim
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,
 To Dagon, as their god who hath delivered
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind into their hands ;
 Them out of thine, who slewest them many a slain.
 So Dagon shall be magnified, and God,
 Besides whom is no god, compared with idols,
 Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
 Of all reproach, the most with shame that ever
 Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

Sams. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high
 Among the heathen round : to God have brought
 Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths
 Of idolists and atheists ; have brought scandal
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols ;
 Which is my chief affliction, shame, and sorrow,
 ✓ The anguish of my soul, that suffers not
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end ; all the contest is now
 Twixt God and Dagon ; Dagon hath presumed,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked ;
 But will arise, and his great name assert :
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me,

And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these words
I as a prophecy receive; for God,
Nothing more certain, will not long defer
To vindicate the glory of his name
Against all competition, nor will long
Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord,
Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done
Thou must not, in the meanwhile here forgot,
Lie in this miserable loathsome plight,
Neglected. I already have made way
To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat
About thy ransom: well they may by this
Have satisfied their utmost of revenge
By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee who now no more canst do them harm.

Sams. Spare that proposal, father; spare the trouble
Of that solicitation; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment;
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have revealed
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front! But I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have published, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully; a sin
That Gentiles in their parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confined.

✓ *Man.* Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;
But act not in thy own affliction, son:
Repent the sin; but, if the punishment
Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids;
Or the execution leave to high disposal,
And let another hand, not thine, exact
Thy penal forfeit from thyself: perhaps
✓ God will relent, and quit thee all his debt;
Who ever more approves, and more accepts
(Best pleased with humble and filial submission)
Him who, imploring mercy, sues for life,
Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased
For self-offence, more than for God offended

Reject not then what offered means : who knows
 But God hath sent before us, to return thee
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,
 Where thou mayest bring thy offerings, to avert
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renewed ?

Sams. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it ? When in strength
 All mortals I excelled, and great in hopes
 With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from heaven foretold, and high exploits,
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond
 The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty god
 I walked about admired of all, and dreaded
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront,
 Then, swollen with pride, into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life,
 At length to lay my head and hallowed pledge
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,
 Then turned me out ridiculous, despoiled,
 Shaven, and disarmed among my enemies.

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress ; nor did the dancing ruby
 Sparkling, outpoured, the flavour, or the smell,
 Or taste that cheers the heart of gods and men,
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

Sams. Wherever fountain or fresh current flowed,
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure
 With touch ethereal of heaven's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
 Thirst, and refreshed : nor envied them the grape
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines,
 And strongest drinks, our chief support of health,
 When God with these forbidden made choice to rear
 His mighty champion, strong above compare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook !

Sams. But what availed this temperance, not complete
 Against another object more enticing ?

What boots it at one gate to make defence,

And at another to let in the foe,
 Effeminately vanquished? by which means,
 Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonoured, quelled,
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve
 My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed,
 But to sit idle on the household hearth,
 A burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
 Or pitied object, these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose clustering down,
 Vain monument of strength: till length of years
 And sedentary numbness craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old age obscure?
 Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread;
 Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,
 Consume me, and oft-invoked death
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

- ✓ *Man.* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift
 Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?
 Better at home lie bedrid, not only idle,
 Inglorious, unemployed, with age outworn.
 But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay
 After the brunt of the battle, can as easy
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast:
 And I persuade me so; why else this strength
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for nought,
 ✓ Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Sams. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,
 Nor the other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand:
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, nature within me seems
 In all her functions weary of herself;
 My race of glory run, and race of shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however
 Must not omit a father's timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom, or how else: meanwhile be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit. [*Exit.*]

Sams. O that torment should not be confined
 To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast, and reins ;
 But must secret passage find
 To the inmost mind,
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs
 With answerable pains, but more intense.
 Though void of corporal sense !
 ✓ My griefs not only pain me,
 As a lingering disease,
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage ;
 Nor less than wounds immedicable
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
 To black mortification.
 Thoughts, my tormentors, armed with deadly stings,
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 ✓ And sense of Heaven's desertion.
 I was his nursling once, and choice delight,
 His destined from the womb,
 Promised by heavenly message twice descending.
 Under his special eye
 Abstemious I grew up, and thrived amain :
 He led me on to mightiest deeds,
 Above the nerve of mortal arm,
 Against the uncircumcised, our enemies :
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provoked,
 Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss
 Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope ;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless :
 ✓ This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition ; speedy death,

l The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the sayings of the wise,
 In ancient and in modern books enrolled,
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude;
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life,
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought:
 But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint:
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our fathers! what is man,
 That thou towards him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temperest thy providence through his short course
 Not evenly, as thou rulest
 The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute?
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandering loose about,
 Grow up and perish, as the summer-fly,
 Heads without name, no more remembered;
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorned,
 To some great work, thy glory,
 And people's safety, which in part they effect:
 Yet toward these thus dignified, thou oft
 Amidst their height of noon,
 Changest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no regard
 Of highest favours past
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.
 Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,
 But throwest them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
 Unseemly falls in human eye,
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission;
 Oft leavest them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived;
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,

And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude.

✧ If these they escape, perhaps in poverty,
 With sickness and disease thou bowest them down
 Painful diseases and deformed,
 In crude old age ;
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering
 The punishment of dissolute days : in fine,
 Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.

What do I beg ? how hast thou dealt already ?

Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn

✓ His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

✓ But who is this, what thing of sea or land ?

Female of sex it seems,

That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,

Comes this way sailing,

Like a stately ship

Of Tarsus, bound for the isles

Of Javan or Gadire,

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails filled, and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds, that hold them play,

An amber scent of odorous perfume

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ?

Some rich Philistian matron she may seem ;

And now at nearer view, no other certain

✓ Than Dalila thy wife.

☞ *Sams.* My wife ! my traitress ; let her not come near me.

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes thee fixed,

About to have spoke ; but now, with head declined,

Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,

And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,

Wetting the borders of her silken veil :

But now again she makes address to speak.

Enter DALILA.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution

I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson,

Which to have merited, without excuse,

I cannot but acknowledge ; yet, if tears

May expiate (though the fact more evil drew

In the perverse event than I foresaw),

My penance hath not slackened, though my pardon

No way assured. But conjugal affection,
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou sufferest, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Sams. Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feigned remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change;
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,
 With goodness principled not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangled with a poisonous bosom-snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on the other side, if it be weighed
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised,
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, impórtune,
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them, both common female faults:
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is, for nought,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
 To what I did thou shewedst me first the way.
 But I to enemies revealed, and should not:
 Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:

Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.

Let weakness then with weakness come to parlo,
So near related, or the same of kind,
Thine forgive mine ; that men may censure thine
The gentler, if severely thou exact not
More strength from me than in thyself was found.

And what if love, which thou interpretest hate,
The jealousy of love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,

↳ Caused what I did ? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, feared lest one day thou wouldst leave me
As her at Timna, sought by all means therefore
How to endure, and hold thee to me firmest :
No better way I saw than by impórtuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power

↳ Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,
Why then revealed ? I was assured by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was designed
Against thee but safe custody, and hold :
That made for me ; I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
Wailing thy absence in my widowed bed ;
Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,
Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',
Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love.
These reasons in love's law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps :
And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtained.
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so.

↳ *Sams.* How cunningly the sorceress displays

↳ Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine !

↳ That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither,
By this appears : I gave, thou sayest, the example,
I led the way ; bitter reproach, but true ;

↳ I to myself was false, ere thou to me :

Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather

Confess it feigned. Weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it; weakness to resist
 Philistian gold: if weakness may excuse,
 What murderer, what traitor, parricide,
 Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness: that plea therefore
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.
 But love constrained thee; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust: love seeks to have love;
 My love how couldst thou hope, who tookest the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betrayed?
 In vain thou strivest to cover shame with shame,
 Or by evasions thy crime uncoverest more.

Dal. Since thou determinest weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;
 Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou layest,
 That wrought with me: thou knowest the magistrates
 And princes of my country came in person,
 Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty
 And of religion, pressed how just it was,
 How honourable, how glorious, to entrap
 A common enemy, who had destroyed
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious
 Dishonourer of Dagon: what had I
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?
 Only my love of thee held long debate,
 And combated in silence all these reasons
 With hard contést: at length that grounded maxim
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths
 Of wisest men, that to the public good
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority,
 Took full possession of me, and prevailed;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

Sams. I thought where all thy circling wiles would end:
 In feigned religion, smooth hypocrisy!
 But had thy love, still odiously pretended,

Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe
 And of my nation, chose thee from among
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knewest ;
 Too well ; unbosomed all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but overpowered
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;
 Yet now am judged an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband,
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe professed ?
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and country ; nor was I their subject ;
 Nor under their protection, but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs : if aught against my life
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations ;
 No more thy country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our country is a name so dear ;
 Not therefore to be obeyed. But zeal moved thee ;
 To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods, unable
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods cannot be ;
 Less therefore to be pleased, obeyed, or feared.
 These false prettexts, and varnished colours, failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear ?

Dal. In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse whatever be her cause.

Sams. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath ;
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson ;
 Afford me place to show what recompense
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided ; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thyself in vain : though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed
 Where other senses want not their delights,
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which

Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house to abide
 With me, where my redoubled love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age,
 With all things grateful cheered, and so supplied,
 That, what by me thou hast lost, thou least shalt miss.

Sams. No, no; of my condition take no care;
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain:
 Nor think me so unwearied or accursed,
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,
 Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,
 No more on me have power; their force is nulled;
 So much of adder's wisdom I have learned,
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries.
 If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Loved, honoured, feared me, thou alone couldst hate me
 Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forego me;
 How wouldst thou use me now, blind and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemned and scorned,
 And last neglected! how wouldst thou insult
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thralldom! how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the lords
 To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile!
 This jail I count the house of liberty
 To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Sams. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee; go with that;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women, faithful wives!
 Cherish thy hastened widowhood with the gold
 Of matrimonial treason! so farewell.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
 To prayers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
 Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
 Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,

Eternal tempest, never to be calmed.
 Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
 For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ;
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounced ?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor to much disapprove my own.
 Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds ;
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.
 My name perhaps among the circumcised
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defamed,
 With malediction mentioned, and the blot
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.
 But in my country, where I most desire,
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,
 I shall be named among the famoussest
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who, to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands ; my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flowers ;
 Not less renowned than in mount Ephraim
 Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nailed
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Conferred upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown.
 At this whoever envies or repines ;
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own. [*Exit.*

Chor. She's gone, a manifest serpent by her sting
 Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

Sams. So let her go ; God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

Chor. Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power.
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possessed, nor can be easily
 Repulsed without much inward passion felt,
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Sams. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,

Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever men refer it,)
Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride
Had not so soon preferred
Thy paranymp, worthless to thee compared,
Successor in thy bed,
Nor both so loosely disallied
Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts
Were left for haste unfinished, judgment scant,
Capacity not raised to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice, but oftenest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self-love mixed,
Of constancy no root infix'd,
That either they love nothing or not long?

Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,
Soft, modest, meek, demure,
Once joined, the contrary she proves, a thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms
Draws him awry enslaved
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
What pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Imbarked with such a steers-mate at the helm?
Favoured of Heaven, who finds
One virtuous, rarely found,
That in domestic good combines;
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:
But virtue, which breaks through all opposition,
And all temptation can remove,
Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law

Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lour :
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not swayed
 By female usurpation, or dismayed.
 But had we best retire ? I see a storm.

Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sams. Be less abstruse ; my riddling days are past.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honeyed words ; a rougher tongue
 Draws hitherward ; I know him by his stride,
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look
 Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace ? what wind hath blown him hither
 I less conjecture, than when first I saw
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Sams. Or peace, or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives.

Enter HARAPHA.

Har. I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath ;
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renowned
 As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old
 That Kiriathaim held ; thou knowest me now
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats performed,
 Incredible to me, in this displeased,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried
 Each other's force in camp or listed field ;
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walked about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report.

Sams. The way to know were not to see but taste

Har. Dost thou already single me ? I thought
 Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field, where thou art famed
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw !
 I should have forced thee soon with other arms,

Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown :
 So had the glory of prowess been recovered
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine,
 From the unforeskinned race, of whom thou bearest
 The highest name for valiant acts ; that honour,
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

Sams. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
 What then thou wouldst ; thou seest it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much washing to be touched

Sams. Such usage as your honourable lords
 Afford me, assassinated and betrayed,
 Who durst not with their whole united powers
 In fight withstand me single and unarmed,
 Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes
 Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,
 Till they had hired a woman with their gold,
 Breaking her marriage faith, to circumvent me.
 Therefore, without feigned shifts, let be assigned
 Some narrow place inclosed, where sight may give thee,
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me ;
 And put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon,
 Vant-brace and greaves, and gauntlet, add thy spear.
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield ;
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,
 And raise such outeries on thy clattered iron,
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms,
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,
 Armed thee or charmed thee strong, which thou from heaven
 Feignedst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
 Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back
 Of chafed wild boars, or ruffled porcupines.

Sams. I know no spells, use no forbidden arts ;
 My trust is in the living God, who gave me
 At my nativity this strength, diffused

No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.

For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,
Go to his temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,
Which I to be the power of Israel's God
Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,
Offering to combat thee his champion bold,
With the utmost of his godhead seconded :
Then thou shalt see, or rather, to thy sorrow,
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God, whate'er he be
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
Quite from his people, and delivered up
Into thy enemies' hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and, fettered, send thee
Into the common prison, there to grind
Among the slaves and asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else ; no better service
With those thy boisterous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,
But by the barber's razor best subdued.

Sams. All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve, and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant :
In confidence whereof I once again
Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose God is God,
Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A murderer, a revolter, and a robber !

Sams. Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these ?

Har. Is not thy nation subject to our lords ?
Their magistrates confessed it when they took thee
As a league-breaker, and delivered bound
Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men

At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,
 Then like a robber strippedst them of their robes?
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

Sams. Among the daughters of the Philistines
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe;
 And in your city held my nuptial feast:
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,
 Who, threatening cruel death, constrained the bride
 To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed.
 When I perceived all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,
 I used hostility, and took their spoil,
 To pay my underminers in their coin.
 My nation was subjected to your lords;
 It was the force of conquest; force with force
 Is well ejected when the conquered can.
 But I a private person, whom my country
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts.
 I was no private, but a person raised
 With strength sufficient, and command from Heaven,
 To free my country, if their servile minds
 Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,
 The unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from Heaven assigned,
 And had performed it, if my known offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
 Though by his blindness maimed for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har. With thee, a man condemned, a slave enrolled,
 Due by the law to capital punishment!
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Sams. Camest thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer; part not hence so slight informed;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

Har. O Baal-zebul! can my ears unused

Hear these dishonours, and not render death ?

Sams. No man withholds thee, nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van,
My heels are fettered, but my fist is free.

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Sams. Go, baffled coward ! lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down,
To the hazard of thy brains and shattered sides.

Har. By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries, in irons loaden on thee.

[*Exit.*

Chor. His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fallen,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides,
And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

Sams. I dread him not, nor all his giant-brood,
Though fame divulge him father of five sons,
All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

Chor. He will directly to the lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

Sams. He must allege some cause, and offered fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not ;
And, that he durst not, plain enough appeared.

✓ Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain ;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence ;
The worst that he can give, to me the best,
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
✓ Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. O how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppressed,
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour truth

He all their ammunition
 And feats of war defeats,
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour armed ;
 Their armouries and magazines contemns,
 Renders them useless ; while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
 Either of these is in thy lot,
 Samson, with might endued
 Above the sons of men ; but sight bereaved
 May chance to number thee with those
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
 Labouring thy mind
 More than the working day thy hands.
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind,
 For I desery this way
 Some other tending : in his hand
 A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,
 Comes on amain, speed in his look.
 By his habit I discern him now
 A public officer, and now at hand ;
 His message will be short and voluble.

Enter OFFICER.

Off. Hebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he sits.

Off. Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say :

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,
 With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games :
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great feast, and great assembly :
 Rise therefore with all speed, and come along,
 Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad,
 To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

Sams. Thou knowest I am an Hebrew ; therefore tell them,

Our law forbids at their religious rites
My presence ; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assured, will not content them.

Sams. Have they not sword-players, and every sort
Of gymnic artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,
Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,
And over-laboured at their public mill,
To make them sport with blind activity ?
Do they not seek occasion for new quarrels,
On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities ?
Return the way thou camest, I will not come.

Off. Regard thyself ; this will offend them highly.

Sams. Myself ? my conscience, and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debased
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands ;
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To show them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Joined with extreme contempt ? I will not come.

Off. My message was imposed on me with speed,
Brooks no delay : is this thy resolution ?

Sams. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce. [*Exit.*]

Sams. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, Samson ; matters now are strained
Up to the height, whether to hold or break :
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame ?
Expect another message more imperious,
More lordly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

Sams. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renewed, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols ?
A Nazarite in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon !
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous !
What act more execrably unclean, profane ?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou servest the Philistines.
Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

Sams. Not in their idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor. Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

Sams. Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds ;
But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon,
Not dragging? The Philistian lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of man, and man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,
Present in temples at idolatrous rites
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt.

Chor. How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach.

Sams. Be of good courage; I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolved, the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our lords.
To thee I am bid say: Art thou our slave,
Our captive at the public mill, our drudge,
And darest thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find such engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou wert firmlier fastened than a rock.

Sams. I could be well content to try their art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.
Masters' commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection,
And for a life who will not change his purpose
(So mutable are all the ways of men),
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our law.

Off. I praise thy resolution : doff these links ;
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Sams. Brethren, farewell ; your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with friends ; and how the sight
Of me, as of a common enemy,

So dreaded once, may now exasperate them,
I know not : lords are lordliest in their wine ;
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired
With zeal, if aught religion seem concerned ;
No less the people, on their holy days,
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable :
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our law, my nation, or myself ;
The last of me or no, I cannot warrant.

[*Exit.*

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of Israel be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
Great among the heathen round ;
Send thee the angel of thy birth, to stand
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field
Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire ; that Spirit, that first rushed on thee
In the camp of Dan,
Be efficacious in thee now at need.
For never was from heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen.
But wherefore comes old Manoaah in such haste
With youthful steps ? much livelier than erewhile
He seems ; supposing here to find his son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news.

Enter MANOAH.

Man. Peace with you, brethren ; my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my son,
By order of the lords now parted hence
To come and play before them at their feast.
I heard all as I came, the city rings,
And numbers thither flock : I had no will,
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly.
But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly

To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee ; say, reverend sire, we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the lords,
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and father's tears,
To accept of ransom for my son their prisoner.
Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;
That part most revered Dagon and his priests :
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both god and state
They easily would set to sale : a third
More generous far and civil, who confessed
They had enough revenged ; having reduced
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were proposed.

What noise or shout was that ? it tore the sky.

Chor. Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man. His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And numbered down : much rather I shall choose
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fixed not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons,
Thou for thy son are bent to lay out all ;
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age,
Thou in old age carest how to nurse thy son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
With all those high exploits by him achieved,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks
That of a nation armed the strength contained ;
And I persuade me, God hath not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair,
Garrisoned round about him like a camp

Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him further yet in some great service ;
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift
 Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill-founded, nor seem vain,
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceived, agreeable to a father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and,—O what noise :—
 Mercy of Heaven, what hideous noise was that
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout ?

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,
 As if the whole inhabitation perished ?
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction of the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin, indeed, methought I heard the noise :
 Oh ! it continues, they have slain my son.

Chor. Thy son is rather slaying them : that outcry
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be ;
 What shall we do, stay here or run and see ?

Chor. Best keep together here, lest, running thither,
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.
 This evil on the Philistines is fallen :
 From whom could else a general cry be heard ?
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here ;
 From other hands we need not much to fear.
 What if his eye-sight (for to Israel's God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way ?

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
 For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

Man. He can, I know, but doubt to think he will ;
 Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
 A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;
 For evil news rides post, while good news bates.
 And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
 An Hebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way fly
 The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
 Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?
 For dire imagination still pursues me.
 But Providence or instinct of nature seems,
 Or reason though disturbed, and scarce consulted,
 To have guided me aright, I know not how,
 To thee first, reverend Manoah, and to these
 My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,
 As at some distance from the place of horror,
 Though in the sad event too much concerned.

Man. The accident was loud, and here before thee
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
 No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath
 And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. Gaza yet stands, but all her sons are fallen,
 All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

Man. Sad, but thou knowest to Israelites not saddest,
 The desolation of a hostile city.

Mess. Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom.

Mess. By Samson.

Man. That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess. Ah! Manoah, I refrain too suddenly
 To utter what will come at last too soon;
 Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
 Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Mess. Take then the worst in brief: Samson is dead.

Man. The worst indeed: O all my hopes defeated
 To free him hence! but death, who sets all free,
 Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
 What windy joy this day had I conceived
 Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves
 Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring
 Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!
 Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
 How died he; death to life is crown or shame.
 All by him fell, thou sayest; by whom fell he?
 What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

Mess. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

Mess. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence! what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes?

Mess. Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy, and be destroyed;
The edifice where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thyself!
A dreadful way thou tookest to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Mess. Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street: little I had despatched,
When all abroad was rumoured that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre
Half round, on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes,
And timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers and slingers, cataphraacts and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall
He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him.
Came to the place; and what was set before him.

Which without help of eye might be assayed,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
 All with incredible, stupendous force ;
 None daring to appear antagonist.
 At length for intermission's sake they led him
 Between the pillars ; he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As over-tired to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
 That to the arched roof gave main support.
 He, unsuspecting, led him ; which when Samson
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,
 And eyes fast fixed, he stood as one who prayed,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved :
 At last with head erect thus cried aloud,
 " Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld :
 Now of my own accord such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."
 This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed,
 As, with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When mountains tremble : those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, councillors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
 Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;
 The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

Chor. O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious !
 Living or dying thou hast fulfilled
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To Israel, and now liest victorious
 Among thy slain self-killed,
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoined
 Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more
 Than all thy life hath slain before.

1 *Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund sublime,

Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine,
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,
 Chanting their idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In Silo, his bright sanctuary ;
 Among them he a spirit of phrensy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urged them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer ;
 They, only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly impörtuned
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men,
 Fallen into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

2 *Semichor*. But he, though blind of sight,
 Despised, and thought extinguished quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue roused
 From under ashes into sudden flame ;
 And as an evening dragon came,
 Assailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order ranged
 Of tame villatic fowl ; but as an eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue, given for lost,
 Depressed, and overthrown, as seemed,
 Like that self-begotten bird
 In the Arabian woods embost,
 That no second knows, nor third,
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,
 From out her ashy womb now teemed,
 Revives, reflowerishes, then vigorous most
 When most unactive deemed ;
 And though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular bird, ages of lives.

Man. Come, come ; no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause ; Samson hath quit himself
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finished
 A life heroic, on his enemies
 Fully revenged ; hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor
 Through all Philistian bounds, to Israël

Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion ;
 To himself and father's house eternal fame ;
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was feared,
 But favouring and assisting to the end.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Let us go find the body where it lies
 Soaked in his enemies' blood ; and from the stream,
 With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off
 The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while
 (Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequy, and funeral train,
 Home to his father's house : there will I build him
 A monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of laurel ever green, and branching palm,
 With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled
 In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valour, and adventures high :
 The virgins also shall, on feastful days,
 Visit his tomb with flowers ; only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
 What the unsearchable dispose
 Of highest Wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns,
 And to his faithful champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontrollable intent ;
 His servants he, with new acquist
 Of true experience, from this great event,
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
 And calm of mind, all passion spent.

COMUS:

A MASK.

PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634.

BEFORE

JOHN EARL OF BRIDGEWATER,

THEN PRESIDENT OF WALES.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT BRACKLEY,

SON AND HEIR APPARENT TO THE EARL OF BRIDGEWATER, &C.

MY LORD,

THIS Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view; and now to offer it up in all rightfu devotion to those fair hopes, and rare endowments of your much promising youth, which give a full assurance, to all that know you, of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name, and receive this as your own, from the hands of him, who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured parents, and as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression,

Your faithful and most humble servant,

H. LAWES

THE PERSONS.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, <i>after-</i>		The LADY.
<i>wards in the habit of THYRSIS.</i>		FIRST BROTHER.
COMUS, <i>with his crew.</i>		SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, *the Nymph.*

THE CHIEF PERSONS WHO PRESENTED WERE

The Lord BRACKLEY.
Mr THOMAS EGERTON, *his brother.*
The Lady ALICE EGERTON.

COMUS.

The first Scene discovers a wild wood.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.

✓ BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aëreal spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
✓ Which men call earth ; and, with low-thoughted care
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,
Unmindful of the crown that virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.
Yet some there be, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that golden key,
That opes the palace of eternity :
To such my errand is ; and, but for such,
I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds
With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway
Of every salt flood, and each ebbing stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep :
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,
By course commits to several government,
And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowne,
And wield their little tridents : but this isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
He quarters to his blue-haired deities ;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms :

Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
 Are coming to attend their father's state,
 And new-instructed sceptre : but their way
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger :
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,
 But that by quick command from sovereign Jove
 I was despatched for their defence and guard :
 And listen why ; for I will tell you now
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

- ✓ Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,
 On Circe's island fell (who knows not Circe,
 The daughter of the Sun ? whose charmed cup
 Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine) :
 This nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks
 With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son
 Much like his father, but his mother more,
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age,
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields,
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood ;
 And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,
 Excels his mother at her mighty art,
 Offering to every weary traveller
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,
 To quench the drought of Phoebus ; which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),
 Soon as the potion works, their human countenance,
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
 Or ounce, or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
 All other parts remaining as they were ;
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely than before,
 And all their friends and native home forget,
 ✓ To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
 Therefore when any, favoured of high Jove,

Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
 I shoot from heaven to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do : but first I must put off
 These my sky-ropes spun out of Iris' woof,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft pipe, and smooth-dittied song,
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar.
 And hush the waving weeds ; nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his mountain watch
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass
 in the other ; with him a rout of monsters, headed like
 sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and
 women, their apparel glistering ; they come in making a
 riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

COMUS.

The star that bids the shepherd fold
 Now the top of heaven doth hold ;
 And the gilded car of day
 His glowing axle doth allay
 In the steep Atlantic stream ;
 And the slope sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky pole,
 Pacing towards the other goal
 Of his chamber in the east.
 Meanwhile, welcome joy, and feast,
 Midnight shout and revelry,
 Tipsy dance, and jollity.
 Braid your locks with rosy twine
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
 We, that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the starry quire,
 Who in their nightly watchful spheres,
 Lead in swift round the months and years.
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;
 And on the tawny sands and shelves,

Trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves ;
 By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
 The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep ;
 What hath night to do with sleep ?
 Night hath better sweets to prove,
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
 Come, let us our rites begin ;
 'Tis only day-light that makes sin,
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,
 Dark-veiled Cotytto ! to whom the secret flame
 Of midnight torches burns ; mysterious dame,
 That ne'er art called, but when the dragon womb
 Of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the air ;
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
 Wherein thou ridest with Hecat', and befriend
 Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out ;
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
 The nice morn, on the Indian steep
 From her cabined loop-hole peep,
 And to the tell-tale sun descry
 Our concealed solemnity.
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round.

THE MEASURE.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
 Run to your shrouds, within these brakes and trees ;
 Our number may affright : some virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)
 Benighted in these woods. Now to my charms,
 And to my wily trains ; I shall ere long
 Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed
 About my mother Circe. Thus I hurl
 My dazzling spells into the spongy air,
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
 And give it false presentations, lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight ;
 Which must not be, for that's against my course :
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,

And well-placed words of glozing courtesy
 Baited with reasons not unplaussible,
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust,
 I shall appear some harmless villager,
 Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.
 But here she comes ; I fairly step aside,
 And hearken, if I may, her business here.

The LADY enters.

Lady. This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
 My best guide now : methought it was the sound
 Of riot and ill-managed merriment,
 Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe,
 Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,
 When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
 In wanton dance they praise the bcunteous Pan,
 And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth
 To meet the rudeness, and swilled insolence,
 Of such late wassailers ; yet O ! where else
 Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
 In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?
 My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
 With this long way, resolving here to lodge
 Under the spreading favour of these pines,
 Stept, as they said, to the next thicket-side,
 To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.
 They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain
 But where they are, and why they came not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
 They had engaged their wandering steps too far ;
 And envious darkness, ere they could return,
 Had stole them from me : else, O thievish night,
 Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
 In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
 That nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps
 With everlasting oil, to give due light
 To the misled and lonely traveller ?
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear,

Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And aery tongues that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.
 O welcome, pure-eyed faith, white-handed hope,
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
 And thou, unblemished form of Chastity!
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassailed.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
 I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
 Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen
 Within thy aery shell,
 By slow Meander's margent green,
 And in the violet-embroidered vale,
 Where the love-lorn nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?
 O, if thou have
 Hid them in some flowery cave,
 Tell me but where,
 Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
 So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
 And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies

Enter COMUS.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?

Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence.
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence through the empty-vaulted night,
 At every fall smoothing the raven-down
 Of darkness, till it smiled! I have oft heard
 My mother Circe with the Syrens three,
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs;
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause:
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself:
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,
 And she shall be my queen. Hail, foreign wonder!
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
 Dwellest here with Pan, or Sylvan, by blest song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

Lady. Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise
 That is addressed to unattending ears;
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my severed company,
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

Comus. What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus?

Lady. Dim darkness, and this leafy labyrinth.

Comus. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

Lady. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Comus. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

Lady. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

Comus. And left your fair side all unguarded, lady?

Lady. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

Comus. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

Lady. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

Comus. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

Lady. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

Comus. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

Lady. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

Comus. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd ox
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swinked hedger at his supper sat ;
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots.
 Their port was more than human as they stood :
 I took it for a faery vision
 Of some gay creatures of the element
 That in the colours of the rainbow live,
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
 And, as I past, I worshipt ; if those you seek,
 It were a journey like the path to heaven,
 To help you find them.

Lady. Gentle villager,
 What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

Comus. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

Lady. To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
 Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

Comus. I know each lane, and every alley green,
 Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;
 And if your stray attendants be yet lodged,
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
 From her thatched pallet rouse ; if otherwise,
 I can conduct you, lady, to a low,
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 Till further quest.

✓ *Lady.* Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls
 In courts of princes, where it first was named,
 And yet is most pretended ; in a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
 ✓ To my proportioned strength. Shepherd, lead on. [*Exeunt*]

Enter the TWO BROTHERS.

El. Br. Unmuffle, ye faint stars ; and thou, fair moon,

That wontest to love the traveller's benison,
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disinherit chaos, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades ;
 Or, if your influence be quite dammed up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 Though a rush candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation, visit us
 With thy long-levelled rule of streaming light ;
 And thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
 Or Tyrian Cynosure.

Sec. Br.

Or, if our eyes

Be barred that happiness, might we but hear
 The folded flocks penned in their wattled cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery dames,
 'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,
 In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
 But, O that hapless virgin, our lost sister !
 Where may she wander now, whither betake her
 From the chill dew, among rude burs and thistles ?
 Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
 Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears,
 What if in wild amazement and affright ?
 Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
 Of savage hunger, or of savage heat ?

El. Br. Peace, brother : be not over exquisite

To cast the fashion of uncertain evils :
 For grant they be so ; while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid ?
 Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion !
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
 And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into misbecoming plight.
 Virtue could see to do what virtue would
 By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
 Were in the flat sea sunk. And wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude ;
 Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
 That in the various bustle of resort
 Were all-to ruffled, and sometimes impaired.
 He that has light within his own clear breast,
 May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day :
 But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
 Benighted walks under the mid-day sun ;
 Himself is his own dungeon.

Sec. Br.

'Tis most true,

That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house ;
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds,
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,
 Or do his gray hairs any violence ?
 But beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
 Of dragon watch, with unenchanted eye,
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
 You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
 Of misers' treasure by an outlaw's den,
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
 Danger will wink on opportunity,
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.
 Of night, or loneliness, it recks me not ;
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister.

El. Br.

I do not, brother,

Infer, as if I thought my sister's state
 Secure, without all doubt or controversy ;
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.
 My sister is not so defenceless left
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,
 Which you remember not.

Sec. Br.

What hidden strength,

Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that ?

El. Br. I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own:
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
 She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;
 And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
 May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
 No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
 Yea, there where very desolation dwells,
 By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty,
 Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
 Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost
 That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,
 No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
 To testify the arms of chastity?
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
 Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
 Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
 The frivolous bolts of Cupid; gods and men
 Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
 And noble grace, that dashed brute violence
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?
 ✓ So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
 And, in clear dream and solemn vision,
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear:
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 ↓ And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,

Till all be made immortal : but when lust,
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrates, till she quite lose
 ✓ The divine property of her first being.
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
 Oft seen in charnal vaults and sepulchres
 Lingerin', and sitting by a new-made grave,
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Sec. Br. How charming is divine philosophy :
 Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
 But musical as is Apollo's lute,
 And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
 Where no crude surfeit reigns.

El. Br. List, list ; I hear
 Some far off halloo break the silent air.

Sec. Br. Methought so too ; what should it be ?

El. Br. For certain,
 Either some one like us night-founded here,
 Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,
 Some roving robber, calling to his fellows.

Sec. Br. Heaven keep my sister. Again, again, and near
 Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

El. Br. I'll halloo :
 If he be friendly, he comes well ; if not,
 Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us.

Enter the Attendant SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.

That halloo I should know ? what are you ? speak ;
 Come not too near, you fall on iron stakes else.

Spir. What voice is that ? my young lord ? speak again.

Sec. Br. O brother, 'tis my father's shepherd, sure.

El. Br. Thyrsis, whose artful strains have oft delayed
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale ?
 How camest thou here, good swain ? hath any ram
 Slipt from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook ?
 How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook ?

Spir. O my loved master's heir, and his next joy
 I came not here on such a trivial toy

As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But, O my virgin lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

El. Br. To tell thee sadly, shepherd, without blame,
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ah me unhappy! then my fears are true.

El. Br. What fears, good Thyrsis? Pr'ythee briefly show,

✓ *Spir.* I'll tell ye; 'tis not vain or fabulous
 (Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance),
 What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly muse,
 Storied of old in high immortal verse,
 Of dire chimeras, and enchanted isles,
 And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell;
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
 Immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
 Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
 Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
 And here to every thirsty wanderer
 By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
 With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likeness of a beast
 Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
 Charactered in the face: this have I learnt
 Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom-glade; whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,
 Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rights to Hecate
 ✓ In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
 Yet have they many baits and guileful spells,
 To inveigle and invite the unwary sense
 Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
 This evening late, by them the chewing flocks
 Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb
 Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sat me down to watch upon a bank
 With ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,
 Rapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
 To meditate my rural minstrelsy,

Till fancy had her fill ; but, ere a close,
 The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
 And filled the air with barbarous dissonance ;
 At which I ceased, and listened them a while,
 Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds,
 That draw the litter of close-curtained sleep ;
 At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,
 And stole upon the air, that even silence
 Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more
 Still to be so displaced. I was all ear,
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of death : but, O ! ere long,
 Too well I did perceive it was the voice
 Of my most honoured lady, your dear sister.
 Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear,
 And, O poor hapless nightingale, thought I,
 How sweet thou singest, how near the deadly snare !
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place,
 Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise,
 (For so by certain signs I knew), had met
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
 The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey,
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
 Ye were the two she meant ; with that I sprung
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here ;
 But further know I not.

Sec. Br. O night and shades !
 How are ye joined with hell in triple knot
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,
 Alone and helpless ! Is this the confidence
 You gave me, brother ?

✓ *El. Br.* Yes, and keep it still ;
 Lean on it safely ; not a period
 Shall be unsaid for me : against the threats
 Of malice, or of sorcery, or that power
 Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm
 Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
 ↓ Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled :

Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory :
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,
 And mix no more with goodness ; when at last
 Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self-fed, and self-consumed : if this fail,
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,
 ✓ And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
 Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven
 May never this just sword be lifted up ;
 But for that damned magician, let him be girt
 With all the grisly legions that troop
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,
 And force him to return his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
 Cursed as his life.

Spir. Alas! good venturous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise ;
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead ;
 Far other arms and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms :
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
 And crumble all thy sinews.

El. Br. Why pr'ythee, shepherd,
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near,
 As to make this relation ?

Spir. Care, and utmost shifts,
 How to secure the lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled
 In every virtuous plant, and healing herb,
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray :
 He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing ;
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit and hearken even to ecstasy,
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
 And show me simples of a thousand names,
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he culled me out ;
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another country, as he said,

Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:
 Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon:
 And yet more medicinal is it than that moly,
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.
 He called it hæmony, and gave it me,
 And bade me keep it, as of sovereign use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
 Or ghastly furies' apparition.
 I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,
 Till now that this extremity compelled:
 But now I find it true; for by this means
 I knew the foul enchanter though disguised,
 Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,
 And yet came off: if you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go), you may
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood,
 And brandished blade, rush on him; break his glass,
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground.
 But seize his wand; though he and his cursed crew
 Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
 Or like the sons of Vulcan vomit smoke,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

El. Br. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee;
 And some good angel bear a shield before us.

The scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music, tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted chair, to whom he offers his glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

COMUS.

Nay, lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,
 And you a statue, or, as Daphne was,
 Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

Lady. Fool, do not boast;
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heaven sees good.

Comus. Why are you vexed, lady? Why do you frown.
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
 Sorrow flies far: see, here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
 When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns

Brisk as the April buds in primrose-season.
 And first behold this cordial julip here,
 That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
 With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed ;
 Not that nepenthes, which the wife of Thone
 In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
 Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
 To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
 Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
 And to those dainty limbs, which nature lent
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?
 But you invert the covenants of her trust,
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower,
 With that which you received on other terms ;
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
 Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
 That have been tired all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted ; but, fair virgin,
 This will restore all soon.

Lady.

'Twill not, false traitor .

'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode,
 Thou toldest me of ? What grim aspects are these,
 These ugly-headed monsters ? Mercy guard me !
 Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver !
 Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence
 With visored falsehood and base forgery ?
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
 With lickerish baits, fit to ensnare a brute ?
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer ; none
 But such as are good men can give good things ;
 And that which is not good is not delicious
 To a well-governed and wise appetite.

Comus. O foolishness of men ! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow abstinence.
 Wherefore did nature pour her bounties forth
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please and sate the curious taste ?

And set to work millions of spinning worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,
 To deck her sons; and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins
 She hatched the all-worshipt ore and precious gems,
 To store her children with: if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
 The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised;
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth;
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility;
 The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude their lords,
 The sea o'er-fraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds
 Would so imblaze the forehead of the deep,
 And so bestud with stars, that they below
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.

✓ List, lady: be not coy, and be not cozened
 With that same vaunted name, virginity.
 Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current; and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself;
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languished head.
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship;
 It is for homely features to keep home,
 They had their name thence; coarse complexions,
 And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts;

✓ Think what, and be advised; you are but young yet.

✓ *Lady.* I had not thought to have unlocked my lips
 In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,
 ✓ Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
 Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance; she, good cateress,
 Means her provision only to the good,
 That live according to her sober laws,
 And holy dictate of spare temperance:
 If every just man, that now pines with want,
 Had but a moderate and beseeeming share
 Of that which lewdly-pampered luxury
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
 Nature's full blessings would be well dispensed
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,
 And she no whit encumbered with her store;
 And then the Giver would be better thanked,
 His praise due paid: for swinish gluttony
 Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude
 Crams, and blasphemous his Feeder. Shall I go on?
 Or have I said enough? To him that dares
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the sun-clad power of chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery,
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of virginity;
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness than this thy present lot.
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence;
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced:
 Yet, should I try, the uncontrolled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
 And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
 Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

Comus. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
 Her words set off by some superior power;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus,

To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more;
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon-laws of our foundation;
 I must not suffer this: yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:
 But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout make sign of resistance; but are all driven in. The Attendant Spirit comes in.

SPIRIT.

What, have you let the false enchanter 'scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatched his wand,
 And bound him fast; without his rod reversed,
 And backward mutters of dis severing power,
 We cannot free the lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixed, and motionless:
 Yet stay, be not disturbed; now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be used,
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,
 The soothest shepherd that ere piped on plains.
 There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
 Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
 Whilom she was the daughter of Loocrine,
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute;
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdame Guendolen,
 Commended her fair 'noccence to the flood,
 That staid her flight with his cross-flowing course.
 The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
 Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectared lavers, strewed with asphodel;
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
 And underwent a quick immortal change,
 Made goddess of the river: still she retains

Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
 Which she with precious vialled liquors heals ;
 For which the shepherds at their festivals
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
 The clasping charm, and thaw the numming spell,
 If she be right invoked in warbled song ;
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
 In hard-besetting need ; this will I try,
 And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

✓ Sabrina fair,

Listen where thou art sitting
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair ;
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake,
 Listen and save.

Listen and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus ;
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace,
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,
 And the Carpathian wizard's hook,
 By scaly Triton's winding shell,
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell,
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
 And the songs of Syrens sweet,
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance
 Upon the streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head

*Notes metered
 second.*

From thy coral-paven bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 ✓ Till thou our summons answered have.
 Listen, and save.

SABRINA rises, attended by Water-Nymphs, and sings

✓ By the rushy-fringed bank,
 Where grows the willow and the ozier dank,
 My sliding chariot stays,
 Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
 That in the channel strays ;
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread ;
 Gentle swain, at thy request,
 I am here.

Spir. Goddess dear,
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true virgin here distressed,
 Through the force and through the wile
 Of unblest enchanter vile.

Sabr. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
 To help ensnared chastity ;
 Brightest lady, look on me ;
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops, that from my fountain pure
 I have kept, of precious cure ;
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip ;
 Next this marble venom'd seat,
 Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :
 Now the spell hath lost his hold ;
 And I must haste, ere morning hour,
 ✓ To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

SABRINA descends, and the LADY rises out of her seat.

Spir. Virgin, daughter of Loocrine
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,

That tumble down the snowy hills :
 Summer drought, or singed air,
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,
 Nor wet October's torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;
 May thy billows roll ashore
 The beryl and the golden ore ;
 May thy lofty head be crowned
 With many a tower and terrace round,
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
 Let us fly this cursed place,
 Lest the sorcerer us entice
 With some other new device.
 Not a waste or needless sound,
 Till we come to holier ground ;
 I shall be your faithful guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide,
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your father's residence,
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wished presence ; and beside
 All the swains, that there abide,
 With jigs and rural dance resort ;
 We shall catch them at their sport,
 And our sudden coming there
 Will double all their mirth and cheer :
 Come, let us haste, the stars grow high,
 But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

The scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle ; then come in Country Dancers, after them the Attendant Spirit, with the Two Brothers and the Lady.

SONG.

Spir. Back, shepherds, back ; enough your play,
 Till next sun-shine holiday :
 Here be, without duck or nod,
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise
 As Mercury did first devise,
 With the mincing Dryades
 On the lawns, and on the lea.

This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.

✓ Noble lord and lady bright,
 I have brought ye new delight ;
 Here behold so goodly grown
 Three fair branches of your own ;
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
 And sent them here through hard assays
 With a crown of deathless praise,
 To triumph in victorious dance
 ✓ O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

The Dances being ended, the Spirit epiloquises.

Spir. To the ocean now I fly,
 And those happy climes that lie
 Where day never shuts his eye,
 Up in the broad fields of the sky :
 There I suck the liquid air
 All amidst the gardens fair
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
 That sing about the golden tree :
 Along the crisped shades and bowers
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;
 The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring ;
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And west winds, with musky wing,
 About the cedared alleys fling
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
 Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hue
 Then her purpled scarf can show ;
 And drenches with Elysian dew
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true),
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen :
 ✓ But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
 Holds his dear Psyche sweet, entranced
 ✓ After her wandering labours long,

Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy: so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin low doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
✓Heaven itself would stoop to her.

L' ALLEGRO.

✓ HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born.
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,^{Love.}
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
^{it is the} Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
^{kind} As he met her once a-Maying;
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonnair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
✓ And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come, and trip it, as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free ;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine :

40 } While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Sometimes walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale,
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 While the landscape round it measures ;
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains, on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
 Towers and battlements it sees

flushed with clouds.

Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

*Conventional
shepherds & shee
Pastoral
names.*

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sun-shine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail :
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat ;
She was pinched, and pulled, she said ;
And he, by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn.
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they ereep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

Superstition

Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With masque and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse ;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning ;
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regained Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO

✓ HENCE, vain del'ing joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
✓As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
✓ Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cypress lawn,
 Over thy decent shoulder drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state
 ✓ With even step, and musing gait ;
 And looks commérching with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing :
 And add to these retired Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure,
 But first and chiefest, with thee bring,
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
 The cherub Contemplation ;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak :
 Sweet bird, that shunnest the noise of folly.
 Most musical, most melancholy !
 Thee, chantress, oft the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon,
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfeu sound,
 Over some wide watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar :
 Or, if the air will not permit,
 Some still removed place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room

Nightingale
 8-21e

Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the belman's drowsy charm,
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine ;
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad virgin, that thy power
 Might raise Musæus from his bower !
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made hell grant what love did seek ;
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold,
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife,
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass ;
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride : — *About*
 And if aught else great bards beside ; *Chaucer*
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of turneys and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited morn appear,
 Not tricked and frownc'd as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,

But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture displayed
Softly on my eyelids laid.

And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light :
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
✓ The hairy gown and mossy cell,

Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
✓ And I with thee will choose to live.

LYCIDAS.

(In this Monody the author bewails the loss of his friend Edward King, who was drowned on his passage from Chester to Ireland in 1637, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.)

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude ;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string ;
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :
So may some gentle muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn ;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray fly winds her sultry horn,

*End of
Intro*

Pastorals

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute ;
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
 And old Damocetas loved to hear our song.

But, O the heavy change now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes, mourn :
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :
 Ah me ! I fondly dream,
 Had ye been there : for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble minds)
 To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;

✓ "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,

✓ Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed." *15th section Phœbus replies*
O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds!

That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
And questioned every gust of rugged wings,
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go."

The pilot of the Galilean lake:
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:

* "How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
 And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed:
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 — Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.”

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
 That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
 And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
 — Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
 Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
 On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks;
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet.
 ✓ The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
 Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 ✓ To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
 For, so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
 Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
 Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world;
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleepest by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great vision of the guarded mount
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
 Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:

Clifford

And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

✓ Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,

For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,

Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor ;

So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,

And yet anon repairs his drooping head,

And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :

So Lyeidas sunk low, but mounted high,

Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves ;

Where, other groves and other streams along,

With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There entertain him all the saints above,

In solemn troops, and sweet societies,

That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,

And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more :

Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,

In thy large recompense, and shalt be good

To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;

He touched the tender stops of various quills,

With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,

And now was dropt into the western bay :

At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :

✓ To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new

ARCADES,

PART OF A MASK.

*Or Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby,
at Harefield, by some noble persons of her family; who appear
on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state
with this song:*

I. SONG.

LOOK, nymphs, and shepherds, look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry,
Too divine to be mistook:

 This, this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend:
Here our solemn search hath end.

Fame, that, her high worth to raise,
Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise;
 Less than half we find exprest,
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark, what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads,
This, this is she alone,
 Sitting like a goddess bright,
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,
Or the towered Cybele,

Mother of a hundred gods ?
 Juno dares not give her odds :
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparalleled ?

*As they come forward, the Genius of the wood appears,
 and turning towards them speaks :*

GENIUS.

Stay, gentle swains ; for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes ;
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung
 Divino Alpheus, who by secret sluice
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse ;
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,
 Fair silver-buskined nymphs, as great and good ;
 I know, this quest of yours, and free intent,
 Was all in honour and devotion meant
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine ;
 And with all helpful service, will comply
 To further this night's glad solemnity ;
 And lead ye, where ye may more near behold
 What shallow searching Fame hath left untold,
 Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
 For know, by lot from Jove I am the power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill :
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
 Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
 When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
 Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground ;
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasseled horn
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
 With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless.
 But else in deep of night, when drowsiness

Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
 To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
 And turn the adamantine spindle round,
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,
 To lull the daughters of necessity,
 And keep unsteady nature to her law,
 And the low world in measured motion draw
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear,
 Of human mould, with gross unpurged ear ;
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds : yet, as we go,
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ,
 Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. SONG.

O'er the smooth enamelled green
 Where no print of step hath been
 Follow me, as I sing
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching elm star-proof.
 Follow me ;
 I will bring you where she sits,
 Clad in splendour as befits
 Her deity
 Such a rural queen
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

III. SONG.

Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
 By sandy Ladon's liliated banks ;
 On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar
 Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.

From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks, and live with us;
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's-mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.

X

MISCELLANEOUS

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he went at heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant-God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road.
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet:
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel-quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

The Hymn.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing :
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean.
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence ;
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until the Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new enlightened world no more should need :
 He saw a greater Sun appear
 Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
 Full little thought they then,
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strock ;
 Divinely warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took .
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close

Nature, that heard such sound,
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union,

At last surrounds their sight
 A globe of circular light,
 That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;
 The helmed Cherubim,
 And sworded Seraphim,
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
 Before was never made,
 But when of old the sons of morning sung,
 While the Creator great
 His constellations set,
 And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
 And cast the dark foundations deep,
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
 Once bless our human ears,
 If ye have power to touch our senses so :
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time ;
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;
 And, with your ninefold harmony,
 Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
 Enwrap our fancy long,
 Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
 And speckled vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
 And hell itself will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, truth and justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
 Mercy will sit between,
 Throned in celestial sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering
 And heaven, as at some festival,
 Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No,
 This must not yet be so,
 The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss :
 So both himself and us to glorify :
 Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
 The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep ;

With such a horrid clang
 As on Mount Sinai rang,
 While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbreak :
 The aged Earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
 Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
 When at the world's last session,
 The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
 The old Dragon, under ground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway :
 And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring and dale,
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lars, and Lemures, moan with midnight plaint ;
 In urns and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine ;
 The Libye Hammon shrinks his horn,
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue ,
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud :
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest ;
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worship ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Nor Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave :
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
 Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heaven's youngest-teemed star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord, with hand-maid lamp, attending :
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

THE PASSION.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,
 Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
 And joyous news of Heavenly Infant's birth,
 My muse with angels did invite to sing ;
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing.
 In wint'ry solstice like the shortened light,
 Soon swallowed up in dark and long out-living night.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
 Which he for us did freely undergo :
 Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight !

He, sovereign Priest, stooping his regal head,
 That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
 Poor fleshy tabernacle entered,
 His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies :
 O, what a mask was there, what a disguise !
 Yet more : the stroke of death he must abide,
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side

These latest scenes confine my roving verse ;
 To this horizon is my Phœbus bound :
 His god-like acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings, other-where are found ;
 Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound ;
 Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
 Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief :
 Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
 And work my flattered fancy to belief,
 That heaven and earth are coloured with my woe ;
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know ;
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters where my tears have washed, a wannish white

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
 That whirled the prophet up at Chebar flood ;
 My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
 To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
 Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood ;
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock
 That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,
 And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
 Yet on the softened quarry would I score
 My plaining verse as lively as before ;
 For sure so well instructed are my tears,
 That they would fitly fall in ordered characters.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild ;
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
 Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This subject the Author finding to be above the years he had
 when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was be-
 gun, left it unfinished.*

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming powers, and winged warriors bright,
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,
 First heard by happy watchful shepherd's ear,
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
 Through the soft silence of the listening night;
 Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear,
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
 He, who with all heaven's heraldry whilere
 Entered the world, now bleeds to give us ease.
 Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His infancy to seize!

O more exceeding love, or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we, by rightful doom remediless,
 Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above,
 High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;
 And that great covenant which we still transgress
 Entirely satisfied;
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;
 And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
 This day; but, O! ere long,
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more near his heart.

X ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,
 DYING OF A COUGH.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
 Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
 Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted
 Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
 For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
 That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
 But killed, alas! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

For since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,
 By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
 He thought it touched his deity full near,
 If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
 Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
 Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,
 Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach was held.

So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,
 Through middle empire of the freezing air
 He wandered long, till thee he spied from far ;
 There ended was his quest, there ceased his care :
 Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,
 But, all unwares, with his cold kind embrace
 Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place

Yet thou art not inglorious in thy fate ,
 For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
 Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
 Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,
 Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land ;
 But then transformed him to a purple flower :
 Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
 Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb ;
 Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom ?
 Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

Resolve me, then, oh soul, most surely blest !
 (If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear) ;
 Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest,
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
 Or in the Elysian fields (if such were there) ;
 Oh say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight ?

Wert thou some star which from the ruined roof
 Of shaken Olympus by mischance didst fall ;
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall ?
 Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall

Of sheeny heaven, and thou, some goddess fled,
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared head?

Or wert thou that just maid, who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And camest again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?
Or that crowned matron sage, white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed,
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire?

But oh! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began:

HAIL, native language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And madest imperfect words with childish trips,
Half-unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,

Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before :
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task :
Small loss it is that hence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :
Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me, I have thither packed the worst :
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,
For this same small neglect that I have made :
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure ;
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure
Not these new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantastics with delight ;
But cull those richest robes, and gayest attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire ;
I have some naked thoughts which rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
And, weary of their place, do only stay
Till thou hast decked them in thy best array ;
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears ;
Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :
Such where the deep-transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity,
How he before the thundrous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire :
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves
In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldame Nature in her cradle was ;
And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,

While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
 Are held, with his melodious harmony,
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.
 But fie, my wandering muse, how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way;
 Thou knowest it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy predicament:
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,
 That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then ENS is represented as father of the PREDICAMENTS, his
 two sons, whereof the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE, with his
 Canons, which ENS, thus speaking, explains:*

GOOD luck befriend thee, son; for, at thy birth,
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth;
 Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
 Yet there is something which doth force my fear;
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
 That far events full wisely could presage,
 And in time's long and dark prospective glass,
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
 ("Your son," said she, "nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an accident.
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,
 Yet every one shall make him underling;
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under;
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them;
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them;
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar,
 Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?"

The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose ; then RELATION was called by his name.

RIVERS, arise ; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulfy Dun,
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads
 His thirsty arms along the indented meads ;
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath ;
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death ;
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallowed Dee ;
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name ;
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame,

[*The rest was prose.*]

ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race ;
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,
 And merely mortal dross ;
 So little is our loss,
 So little is thy gain !
 For when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,
 And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
 Then long eternity shall greet our bliss
 With an individual kiss :
 And joy shall overtake us as a flood,
 When every thing that is sincerely good
 And perfectly divine,
 With truth and peace, and love, shall ever shine
 About the supreme throne
 Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,
 Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
 Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant over death, and chance, and thee, O Time !

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
 Sphere born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce ;
 And to our high-raised phantasy present
 That undisturbed song of pure consent,
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
 To him that sits thereon,
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubileo ;
 Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
 And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms
 Singing everlastingly :
 That we on earth, with undiscording voice,
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin
 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O, may we soon again renew that song,
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light !

 AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF
 WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter
 The honoured wife of Winchester,
 A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
 Besides what other virtues fair
 Added to her noble birth,
 More than she could own from earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She has told ; alas ! too soon,

After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness, and with death
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.

Her high birth and her graces sweet
Quickly found a lover meet ;
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame ;
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress-bud.
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son,
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes ;
But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came ;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoiled at once both fruit and tree :
The hapless babe, before his birth,
Had burial, yet not laid in earth :
And the languished mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.

So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Plucked up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower ;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And those pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.

Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have ;
After this thy travail sore,
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That, to give the world increase,
Shortened hast thy own life's lease
Here, besides the sorrowing

That thy noble house doth bring,
 Here be tears of perfect moan
 Wept for thee in Helicon ;
 And some flowers, and some bays,
 For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,
 Devoted to thy virtuous name ;
 Whilst thou, bright saint, high sittest in glory
 Next her, much like to thee in story,
 That fair Syrian shepherdess
 Who, after years of barrenness,
 The highly-favoured Joseph bore,
 To him that served for her before,
 And at her next birth, much like thee,
 Through pangs fled to felicity,
 Far within the bosom bright
 Of blazing Majesty and Light :
 There with thee, new-welcome saint,
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
 No marchioness, but now a queen.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET
 WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones,
 The labour of an age in piled stones ?
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid

Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
 What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
 And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who sickened in the time of his Vacancy; being forbid
 to go to London, by reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
 Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
 'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
 Death was half-glad when he had got him down;
 For he had, any time this ten years full,
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
 And surely Death could never have prevailed,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage failed;
 But lately finding him so long at home,
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
 In the kind office of a chamberlin,
 Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
 Pulled off his boots, and took away the light:
 If any ask for him it shall be said,
 "Hobson has supt, and 's newly gone to bed."

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
 That he could never die while he could move;
 So hung his destiny, never to rot
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot;

Made of sphere metal, never to decay
 Until his revolution was at stay.
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time :
 And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath ;
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
 Too long vacation hasted on his term.
 Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened ;
 " Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
 " If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
 Ease was his chief disease ; and, to judge right,
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light :
 His leisure told him that his time was come,
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't),
 As he were pressed to death, he cried, " More weight ;"
 But, had his doings lasted as they were,
 He had been an immortal carrier.
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate
 Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase
 His letters are delivered all and gone,
 Only remains this superscription.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE,
 UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your prelate lord,
 And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,
 To seize the widowed whore Plurality
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic hierarchy
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rotherford ?

Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed heretics
By shallow Edwards and Scotch what d'ye call :
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worse than those of Trent
That so the Parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though balk your ears,
And succour our just fears
When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

SONNETS.

L

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still ;
Thou with fresh hopes the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.
The liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love ; O, if Jove's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom in some grove nigh :
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why :
Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

II.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year !
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud of blossom showeth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near ;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits enduetb
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even

To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

III.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN, or Colonel, or knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground : and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IV.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the greel
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the hill with heavenly truth,
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth
 Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gained thy entrance, virgin wise and pure.

V.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good earl, once president
 Of England's council and her treasury.

Who lived in both, unstained with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 Till sad the breaking of that parliament
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory
 At Charonea, fatal to liberty,
 Killed with report that old man eloquent.
 Though later born than to have known the days
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks, I see him living yet ;
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

VI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY
 WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late, called *Tetrachordon*,
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style ;
 The subject now ; it walked the town a while,
 Numbering good intellects ; now seldom pored on.
 Cries the stall-reader, " Bless us ! what a word on
 A title-page is this ! " And some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp ?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
 When thou taughtest Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek.

VII.

ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs :
 As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs
 Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs ;
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,

And still revolt when Truth would set them free
 Licence they mean when they cry liberty ;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good ;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

VIII.

TO MR H. LAWES, ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song
 First taught our English music how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long ;
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan ;
 To after-age thou shall be writ the man,
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.
 Thou honourest verse, and verse must lend her wing
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
 Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

IX.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS CATHERINE
 THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED
 DECEMBER 16, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
 Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
 Of death, called life ; which us from life doth sever.
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
 Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod ;
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith, who knew them best,
 Thy hand-maids, clad them o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
 Before the Judge ; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

16 X.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,
 And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings ;
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand
 (For what can war, but endless war still breed ?)
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,
 And public faith cleared from the shameful brand
 Of public fraud. In vain doth valour bleed,
 While avarice and rapine share the land.

XI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbued
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still ; peace with her victories
 No less renowned than war ; new foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

XII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE, THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
 Than whom a better senator ne'er held
 The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled
 The fierce Epirot and the African bold ;
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold

The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled ;
 Then to advise how war may, best upheld,
 Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,
 In all her equipage ; besides to know
 Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
 What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done :
 The bounds of either sword to thee we owe :
 Therefore on thy firm hand religion leans
 In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,
 Forget not : in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. The means
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learned thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

XIV.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide ;
 " Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?"
 I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, " God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best : his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest :
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

XV.

TO MR LAWRENCE.

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sewed nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XVI.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

CYRIACK, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
 Which others at their bar so often wrench;
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth that, after, no repenting draws;
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
 And what the Swede intends, and what the French.
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
 Towards solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XVII.

TO THE SAME.

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,

Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XVIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, O! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked; she fled, and day brought back my night.

PSALMS

PSALM I. *Done into verse, 1653.*

BLESSED is the man who hath not walked astray
In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fanned
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men ;
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II. *Done August 8, 1653.*

TERZETTE.

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords. He, who in heaven doth dwell,
Shall laugh ; the Lord shall scoff them ; then severe,
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them. But I, saith he,

Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
 On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
 I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,
 Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
 This day; ask of me, and the grant is made:
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 The Heathen; and, as thy conquest to be swayed,
 Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
 Like to a potter's vessel shivered so.
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse,
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
 With trembling; kiss the Son, lest he appear
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.
 Happy all those who have in him their stay

PSALM III. *August 9, 1653.*

WHEN HE FLED FROM ABSALOM

LORD, how many are my foes!
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise!
 Many are they,
 That of my life distrustfully thus say:
 No help for him in God there lies.
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
 Thee through my story,
 The exalter of my head I count:
 Aloud I cried
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon replied,
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept; I waked again;
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though, encamping round about,
 They pitch against me their pavilions.
 Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorred
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV. *August 10, 1553*

ANSWER me when I call
 God of my righteousness ;
 In straits and in distress,
 Thou didst me disenthral
 And set at large ; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
 Great ones, how long will ye
 My glory have in scorn ?
 How long be thus forborne
 Still to love vanity ?
 To love, to seek, to prize,

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies ?
 Yet know, the Lord hath chose,
 Chose to himself a part,
 The good and meek of heart
 (For whom to choose he knows) ;
 Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.
 Be awed, and do not sin ;
 Speak to your hearts alone,
 Upon your beds, each one,
 And be at peace within.
 Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
 Many there be that say,
 Who yet will show us good ?
 Talking like this world's brood ;
 But, Lord, thus let me pray :
 On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep ;
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where'er I lie ;
 As in a rocky cll

Thou, Lord, alone, in safety makest me dwell.

PSALM V. *August 12, 1653.*

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh ;
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God ; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah, thou my early voice
Shalt in the morning hear :
I' the morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight ;
Evil with thee no biding makes ;
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight,
All workers of iniquity
Thou hatest ; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie ;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will, in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house ; I, in thy fear,
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress ;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes
For, in his faltering mouth unstable,
No word is firm or sooth ;
Their inside, troubles miserable ;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counsels quelled ;
Push them to their rebellions all
Still on ; for against thee they have rebelled.
Then all who trust in thee, shall bring
Their joy ; while thou from blame
Defendest them : they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still ;
As with a shield, thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSALM VI. *August 13, 1653.*

LORD, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 And very weak and faint ; heal and amend me :
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea, my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long ? Turn, Lord ; restore
 My soul ; O save me for thy goodness' sake :
 For in death no remembrance is of thee ;
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ?
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days ;
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea ;
 My bed I water with my tears ; mine eye
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
 Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
 Depart from me ; for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard ; the Lord hath heard my prayer ;
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dashed
 With much confusion : then, grown red with shame,
 They shall return in haste the way they came,
 And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

PSALM VII. *August 14, 1653.*

UPON THE WORDS OF CUSH THE BENJAMITE AGAINST HIM

LORD, my God, to thee I fly ;
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I cry ;
 Lest, as a lion (and no wonder)
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,
 Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought
 Or done this ; if wickedness
 Be in my hands ; if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace ;
 Or to him have rendered less.
 And not freed my foe for nought ;

Let the enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it ; let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust ; and, there outspread,
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire ;
And wake for me, their fury assuage
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right ;
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord ; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me : cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies ;
In him who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended ;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold

He travails big with vanity ;
 Trouble he hath conceived of old,
 As in a womb ; and from that mould
 Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digged a pit, and delved it deep,
 And fell into the pit he made ;
 His mischief, that due course doth keep,
 Turns on his head ; and his ill trade
 Of violence will, undelayed,
 Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
 According to his justice raise,
 And sing the name and deity
 Of Jehovah the Most High.

PSALM VIII. *August 14, 1653.*

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth
 So as above the heavens thy praise to set
 Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
 Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,
 To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow
 That bends his rage thy Providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,
 The moon and stars, which thou so bright hast set
 In the pure firmament ; then saith my heart,
 O, what is man that thou rememberest yet,

And thinkest upon him ; or of man begot,
 That him thou visitest, and of him art found !
 Scarce to be less than gods, thou madest his lot,
 With honour and with state thou hast him crowned

O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him lord,
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet ;
 All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,

Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth. ·
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all but what is
 in a different character are the very words of the text
 translated from the original.*

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 THOU, Shepherd, that dost Israel keep,
 Give ear *in time of need* ;
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed ;
 That sittest between the cherubs *bright,*
Between their wings outspread ;
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*
And on our foes thy dread.
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
 And in Manasse's sight,
 Awake thy strength, come, and be *scen*
To save us by thy might.
- 3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, vouchsafe ;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of hosts, how long wilt thou,
 How long wilt thou declare
 Thy smoking wrath, *and angry brow*
 Against thy people's prayer!
- 5 Thou feedest them with the bread of tears ;
 Their bread with tears they eat ;
 And makest them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
- 6 A strife thou makest us *and a prey*
 To every neighbour foe ;
 Among themselves they laugh, they play,
 And flouts at us they throw.

- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of hosts, *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine.
And then we shall be safe
- 8 A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drovest out nations *proud and haughty,*
To plant this *lovely* vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast,
That it *began to grow apace,*
And filled the land *at last.*
- 10 With her *green shade that covered all,*
The hills were *overspread;*
Her boughs as *high as cedars tall*
Advanced their lofty head.
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent
And *upward to that river wide*
Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots;
Wild beasts there browze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of hosts, look down
From heaven, thy seat divine;
Behold us, *but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* vine.
- 15 Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long,*
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.

- 16 But now it is consumed with fire.
 And cut *with axes* down ;
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,
 At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid* ;
 Upon the Son of man, whom thou
 Strong for thyself hast made.
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame ;
 Quicken us thou ; then *gladly* we
 Shall call upon thy name.
- 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
 Lord God of hosts, *vouchsafe* ;
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine
 And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud, *and clear*
 Sing loud to God *our King* ;
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*,
 Loud acclamations ring.
- 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a *song*,
 The timbrel hither bring ;
 The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
 And harp, *with pleasant string*.
- 3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new moon
 With trumpets' *lofty sound*,
 The appointed time, the day whereon
 Our solemn feast *comes round*.
- 4 This was a statute *given of old*
 For Israel *to observe* ;
 A law of Jacob's God, *to hold*,
From whence they might not swerve.
- 5 This he a testimony ordained
 In Joseph, *not to change*,
 When, as he passed through Egypt land,
 The tongue I heard was strange

- 6 From burden, *and from slavish toyl*
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry soyl.*
Delivered were *by me.*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assall,
On me then didst thou call;
And I to free thee *did not fail.*
And led thee out of thrall.
I answered thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompassed round;
I tried thee at the water steep
Of Meriba *renowned.*
- 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well;*
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel;
If thou wilt list to me
- 9 Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god shall be,
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear,*
Misliked me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they followed still,
Their own devices blind.
- 13 O, that my people would *be wise,*
To serve me all their days!
And O, that Israel would *advise*
To walk my righteous ways!

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise ;
 And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies.

15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend ;
 But *they, his people, should remain*
 Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
 With flour of finest wheat,
 And satisfy them from the rock
 With honey *for their meat.*

PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states ;
 Among the gods on both his hands,
 He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye pervert the right
 With judgment false and wrong,
 Favouring the wicked *by your might*
Who thence grow bold and strong ?

3 Regard the weak and fatherless,
 Despatch the poor man's cause ;
 And raise the man in deep distress
 By just and equal laws.

4 Defend the poor and desolate,
 And rescue from the hands
 Of wicked men the low estate
 Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand,
 In darkness they walk on ;
 The earth's foundations all are moved,
 And out of order gone.

6 I said that ye were gods, yea all
 The sons of God Most High ;

- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall
As other princes *die*.
- 8 Rise, God ; judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth redress ;
For thou art he who shall by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length*,
O God, hold not thy peace ;
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
- 2 For lo, thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
And storm outrageously ;
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep ;
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 Come, let us cut them off, say they ;
Till they no nation be ;
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
- 5 For they consult with all their might,
And all, as one in mind,
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
- The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood
That in the desert dwell.
- 7 Gebal and Ammon, *there conspire*,
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.

- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,
 And doth confirm the knot :
 All these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
 That wasted all the coast ;
 To Sisera ; and, as is *told,*
 Thou didst to Jabin's host,
 When, at the brook of Kishon old,
 They were repulsed and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rolled
 As dung upon the plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
 So let their princes speed ;
 As Zeba and Zulmunna *bled,*
 So let their princes *bleed.*
- 12 *For they amidst their pride have said,*
 By right now shall we seize
 God's houses, and *will now invade*
 Their stately palaces.
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel,
 No quiet let them find ;
 Giddy and *restless* let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind.
- 14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire
 Which on a sudden strays,
 The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher
 Till all the mountains blaze ;
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase ;
- 16 And, till they yield thee honour due,
 Lord, fill with shame their face.
- 17 Ashamed, and troubled, let them be,
 Troubled, and shamed for ever ;
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never.*

- 18 Then shall they know, that thou, whose name
 Jehovah is alone,
 Art the Most High, *and thou the same,*
 O'er all the earth art *One.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
 O Lord of hosts, how dear
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
 Where thou dost dwell so near!
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
 Hath found a house of rest;
 The swallow there to lay her young
 Hath built her *brooding* nest;
 Even by thy altars, Lord of hosts,
 They find their safe abode;
 And home they fly from round the coasts
 Toward thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
 Where thee they ever praise!
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
 And in their hearts thy ways!
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
 That dry and barren ground;
 As through a fruitful watery dale,
 Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
 With joy and *gladsome* cheer,
 Till all before our God at length
 In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of hosts, hear now my prayer,
 O Jacob's God, give ear;
- 9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the face
 Of thy anointed dear.

- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*,
 Is better, *and more blest*,
 Than in the joys of vanity
 A thousand days at best.
 I, in the temple of my God,
 Had rather keep a door,
 Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode*,
 With sin for evermore.
- 11 For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
 Gives grace and glory *bright* ;
 No good from them shall be withheld
 Whose ways are just and right.
- 12 Lord God of hosts, *that reignest on high*,
 That man is *truly* blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,
 And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favour graciously
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack ;
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive
 That wrought thy people woe ;
 And all their sin, *that did thee grieve*,
 Hast hid where none shall know.
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy fierce wrath, which we had pover
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace.
 Turn us, and us restore ;
 Thine indignation cause to cease
 Towards us, *and chide no more*.
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
 For ever angry thus ?
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
 From age to age on us ?

- 6 Wilt thou not turn *and hear our voice?*
And us again revive,
That so thy people may rejoice
By thee preserved alive?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew;
Thy saving health to us afford.
And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now*, what God the Lord will speak
I will go *straight and hear*,
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear*,
To his dear saints he will speak peace
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
- 9 Surely, to such as do him fear
Salvation is at hand;
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and truth, *that long were missed*,
Now *joyfully* are met;
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 11 Truth from the earth, *like to a flower*.
Shall bud and blossom *then*;
And justice from her heavenly bower
Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good;
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him righteousness shall go.
His royal harbinger :
Then will he come, and not be slow :
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 **THY** *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline,
 O hear me, *I thee pray* ;
 For I am poor, and almost pine
 With need, *and sad decay*.
- 2 Preserve my soul ; for I have trod
 Thy ways, and love the just ;
 Have thou thy servant, O my God,
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
 I call ; [4] O make rejoice
 Thy servant's soul ; for, Lord, to thee
 I lift my soul *and voice*.
- 5 For thou art good, thou, Lord, art prone
 To pardon, thou to all
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*,
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
 Give ear, and to the cry
 Of my *incessant* prayers afford
 Thy hearing graciously.
- 7 I, in the day of my distress,
 Will call on thee *for aid* ;
 For thou wilt *grant me free access*.
And answer what I prayed.
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,
 O Lord ; nor any works
 Of *all that other gods have done*
 Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame*
 To bow them low before thee, Lord.
 And glorify thy name.
- For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done ;

Thou, *in thy everlasting seat,*
Remainest God alone.

- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right,*
I in thy truth will bide ;
To fear thy name my heart unite
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul ,
Even from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
Most merciful, most true.
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*
And me have mercy on ;
Unto thy servant give thy strength
And save thy handmaid's son.
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then see,*
And be ashamed ; because thou, Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast ;
There seated is his sanctuary,
His temple there is placed.

- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
 Than all the dwellings *fair*
 Of Jacob's land, though there be store
 And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
 Of thee abroad are spoke ;
- 4 I mention Egypt, where proud kings
 Did our forefathers yoke.
 I mention Babel to my friends,
 Philistia full of scorn ;
 And Tyre with Ethiop's utmost ends,
 Lo this man there was born :
- 5 But twice that praise shall in our ear
 Be said of Sion last ;
 This and this man was born in her ;
 High God shall fix her fast.
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,
 That ne'er shall be outworn,
 When he the nations doth enrol,
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
 With sacred songs are there ;
 In thee fresh brooks and soft streams glance,
 And all my fountains clear.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD God, that dost me save and keep,
 All day to thee I cry ;
 And all night long before thee weep,
 Before thee prostrate lie.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer
 With sighs devout ascend,
 And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,
 Surcharged my soul doth lie ;

My life, at death's uncheerful door,
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reckoned I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit ;
I am a man, but weak, alas !
And for that name unfit.

5 From life discharged and parted quite,
Among the dead to *sleep* ;
And like the slain in *bloody* fight,
That in the grave lie *deep* .
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand delivered o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barred.

6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*
In horrid deeps to *mourn*.

7 Thy wrath, from which no shelter saves,
Full sore doth press on me ;
Thou breakest upon me all thy waves,
And all thy waves break me.

8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And makest me odious,
Me to them odious, for *they change*,
And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead ;
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?
Shall the deceased arise,
And praise thee from their *loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes ?

11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell,
On whom the grave *hath hold* ?

Or they, who in perdition dwell,
Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?

in darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known ?
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion ?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent ;
And up to thee my prayer *doth his*
Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,

15 That am already bruised, and shake
With terror sent from thee ?
Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire ;
While I thy terrors undergo,
Astonished with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;
Thy threatenings cut me through :

17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me pursue.

18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,
And severed from me far :
They *fly me now* whom I have loved,
And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at
fifteen years old.*

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
After long toil, their liberty had won ;
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand ;
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled.
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head

Low in the earth ; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
 As a faint host that hath received the foil.
 The high huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams
 Amongst their ewes ; the little hills, like lambs.
 Why fled the ocean ? And why skipt the mountains ?
 Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains ?
 Shake earth ; and at the presence be aghast
 Of Him that ever was, and aye shall last ;
 That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
 For his mercies aye endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God ;
 For his, &c.

O, let us his praises tell,
 Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell ;
 For his, &c.

Who, with his miracles, doth make
 Amazed heaven and earth to shake ;
 For his, &c.

Who, by his wisdom, did create
 The painted heavens so full of state ;
 For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain
 To rise above the watery plain ;
 For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,
 Did fill the new-made world with light
 For his, &c.

And caused the golden tressed sun
 All the day long his course to run ;
 For his, &c.

The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright ;
For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land ;
For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel ;
For his, &c

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main :
For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass.
While the Hebrew bands did pass ;
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power ;
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness ;
For his, &c.

In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown ;
For his, &c.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorséan coast :
For his, &c.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue
With all his over-hardy crew ;
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel
He gave their land, therein to dwell .
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery;
For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy;
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need;
For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, Lib. L

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,

Pyrrha? For whom bindest thou

In wreaths thy golden hair.

Plain in thy neatness? O, how oft shall he

On faith, and changed gods, complain; and seas

Rough with black winds, and storms

Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,

Who always vacant, always amiable,

Hopes thee, of flattering gales

Unmindful. Hapless they,

To whom thou untried seemest fair! Me, in my vowed

Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung

My dank and dropping weeds

To the stern god of sea.

FROM GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH.

BRUTUS thus addresses DIANA in the Country of Leogecia.

GODDESS of shades, and huntress, who at will

Walkest on the rolling spheres, and through the deep;

On thy third reign, the Earth, look now, and tell

What land, what seat of rest, thou biddest me seek,

What certain seat, where I may worship thee

For aye, with temples vowed and virgin quires.

*To whom, sleeping before the Altar, DIANA answers in a
Vision the same Night.*

BRUTUS, far to the west, in the ocean wide,

Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,

Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old ;
 Now void, it fits thy people : thither bend
 Thy course ; there shalt thou find a lasting seat ;
 There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,
 And kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
 Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

FROM DANTE.

AH Constantine, of how much ill was cause,
 Not thy conversion, but those rich domains
 That the first wealthy Pope received of thee

FROM DANTE.

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,
 'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn ?
 Impudent whore, where hast thou placed thy hope ?
 In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth ?
 Another Constantine comes not in haste.

FROM ARIOSTO.

THEN passed he to a flowery mountain green,
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously :
 This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
 That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

FROM HORACE.

WHOM do we count a good man ? Whom but he
 Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
 Who judges in great suits and controversies,
 Whose witness and opinion wins the cause ?
 But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
 Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

FROM EURIPIDES.

THIS is true liberty, when freeborn men,
 Having to advise the public, may speak free ;
 Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise :
 Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace ;
 What can be juster in a state than this ?

FROM HORACE.

LAUGHING, to teach the truth,
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

FROM HORACE.

JOKING decides great things,
Stronger and better oft than earnest call.

FROM SOPHOCLES.

'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words

FROM SENECA.

THERE can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable
Than an unjust and wicked king.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

AD CAROLUM DEODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;
Pertulit occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
Virgivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, sortemve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviori tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cecisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro,
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus

Detonat inculto barbara verba foro ;
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
 Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo,
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amator inest :
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
 Gaudia, et abrupto fiendus amore cadit :
 Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
 Nos quoque lucus habet vîcinâ consitus ulmo,
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
 Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sidera flammæ
 Virgineos videas præteriisse chòros.
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
 Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus ;
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ;
 Pellacesque genas, ad quos Hyacinthina sordet
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !
 Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
 Cedite Achæmenia turritâ fronte puellæ
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
 Vos etiam Danaæ fascës submittite Nymphæ,
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romulæque nurus.
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpeia Musa columnas
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
 Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina, posse sequi.
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.

Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
 Quot tibi, conspicuæ formæque auróque, puellæ
 Per mediâs radiant turba videnda vias.
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
 Alma phare trigero milite cincta Venus,
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia œci,
 Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro ;
 Et vitare procul malefide infamia Circes
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
 Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
 Paucaque in allernos verba coacta modos.

ELEGIA SECUNDA.

Anno *Ætatis* 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
 Palladium toties ore eiere gregem,
 Ultima præconum preconem te quoque sæva
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo,
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem ;
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo.
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
 Et celer à Phœbo nuncius ire tuo,
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aula
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
 Retulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
 Testibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge.
 Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ tristes,
 Personet et totis noenia mæsta scholis.

ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno Ætatis 17.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

MŒSTUS eram, et tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo,
 Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo ;
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres,
 Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda faco ;
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis ;
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar,
 Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo.
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosæ,
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ?
 Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima cœlo
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur avis,
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
 Invida, tanti tibi cum sit concessa potestas ;
 Quid juvat humana tingere cæde manus ?
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
 Semideamque animam sede fugasse suâ ?
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
 Et Tartessiaco submercerat æquore currum
 Phœbus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.
 Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
 Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos :
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro,
 Heu nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.

Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
 Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
 Ditiur Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis,
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
 Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
 Ipse racimeferis dum densas vitibus umbras
 Et pellicentes miror ubique locos,
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat,
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
 Insula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat
 Hosque aliquis placido micit ab ore sonos ;
 " Nate veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca."
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos.
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi.

ELEGIA QUARTA.

Anno Ætatis 18.

AD THOMAM JUNIUM PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD
 MERCATORES ANGLICOS HAMBURGÆ AGENTES, PAS-
 TORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM.

CURRE per immensum subitò, mea litera, pontum,
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros ;
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,

Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri ;
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
 Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
 Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves ;
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
 Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu doctissime Graium
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;
 Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
 Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
 Primus ego Aonios illo præunte recessus
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
 Pterosque hausit latices, Clioque favente,
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,
 Induxitque auro lanæ terga novo,
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes :
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
 Invenies dulci cum oonjuge fortè sedentem,
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
 Forsitan aut veterum prælargata volumina patrum
 Versantem, aut veri liblia sacra Dei,
 Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
 Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui :
 Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælii Musis,
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus,
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.

Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
 Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti.
 Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
 Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor ;
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !
 In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces,
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
 Et sata carne virùm jam cruor arva rigat ;
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;
 Perpetuòque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
 Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam,
 Fugit, io ! terris, et jam non última virgo
 Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
 Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
 Patria dura parens, et saxis sævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
 Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent :
 Digna quidem Stygnis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi

Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
 Talis et horrisono laceratus membra flagello,
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi;
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
 Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
 Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum.
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEGIA QUINTA.

Anno Ætatis 20.

IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
 Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
 Jamque soluto gelu dulce virescit humus.
 Fallor? an et nobis redount in carmina vires,
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
 (Quis putet) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
 Castalis ante oculos, befidumque cacumen oberrat,
 Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocti ferunt;
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
 Et furo, et sonitus me sacer intûs agit.

Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
 Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo ;
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatam,
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm ;
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cœca meos.
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore ?
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor ?
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo,
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
 Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis,
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus :
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul insipiamus utrique,
 Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
 Veris io ! rediere vices, celebremus honores
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
 Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
 Flectit ad Aretoas aurea lora plagas.
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Bootes
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ ;
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo :
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus.
 Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
 Hæc, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
 Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas ;
 Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
 " Desere," Phœbus ait, " thalamos Aurora seniles,
 Quid juvat effceto procubuisse toro ?
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
 Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet."
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatctur,
 Et matutinos ocius urget equos.
 Exuit invisum Tellus rediviva senectam,
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos ;
 Et cupit, et digna est, quid enim formosius illâ.

Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!
 Ecce! coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos.
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
 Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
 Aspice, Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
 Cinnamêâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videnter aves.
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjavat ipsa tuos.
 Quòd si te pretium, si ti fulgentia tangunt
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coeraptus Amor)
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
 Et super injectis montibus abdit opes.
 Ah quoties cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
 In verspertinas præcipitaris aquas,
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
 Hesperis recipit cærula Mater aquis?
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lymphâ,
 Dia quid imundo perluis ora salo?
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
 Huc ades, ardentem imbue rore comus.
 Mollior egeidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ,
 Huc ades, et gremio lumino pone meo.
 Quaque jaces circum mulcebit lene susurrans
 Aura, per humentes corpora fusa rosas.
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
 Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;
 Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni,
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo."
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
 Triste micant ferro tella corusca novo.
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.

Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
 Littus, io Hymen, et cava saxa sonant
 Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
 Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus :
 Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
 Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum,
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
 Delphinisque leves ad vada summa vocat.
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.
 Nunc etiam Satyri cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
 Sylvanusque tuâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,
 Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
 Per juga, per scolos expatiantur agros.
 Per sata luxuriant fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres ;
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri,
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
 Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
 Nec vos arborea dii precorite domo.
 Te referant miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris
 Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis ?
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phoebe, jugales
 Quâ potes, et sensim tempora veris eant ;
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes.
 Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

ELEGIA SEXTA.

Ad Carolum Deodatum ruri commorantem,

QUI CUM IDIBUS DECEMB. SCRIPSISSET, ET SUA CARMINA
EXCUSARI POSTULASSET SI SOLITO MINUS ESSENT BONA,
QUOD INTER LAUTITIAS QUIBUS ERAT AB AMICIS ACCEP-
TUS, HAUD SATIS FELICEM OPERAM MUSIS DARE SE POSSE
AFFIRMABAT, HOC HABUIT RESPONSUM.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu distento forté carere potes.

At tau quid nostram prolectat Musa camœnam,
Nec sanit optatas posse sequi tenebras?

Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.

Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim.
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,

Deliciasque refers, hyberni guadia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!

Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.

Neo puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.

Sæpius Aoniis calamavit collibus Eue
Mysta Thyoneo turba novena choro.

Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illie epulæ, non sata vitis erat.

Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Teia Musa modis?

Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum;

Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Elco pulvere fuscus eques.

Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.

Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.

Massica fœcundam despumant pocula veram,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.

Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.

Sillicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te

Numine composito, tres perperisse Deos.
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cœlato barbitos auro
 Insonet argutâ molliter icta manu ;
 Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
 Et revocent, quantum carpula pellit iners.
 Crede mihi dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor,
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem
 Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura Deorum est,
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ;
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
 Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jovo cœlum,
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
 Et nunc sancta canit superum consula Jeorum.
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
 Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos ;
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
 Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juvenus,
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus.
 Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygimque Linon,
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
 Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris ;
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi poter Homerus
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
 Et per monstrificam Persicæ Phœbados aulam,
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
 Spirat et occultum pectus, et ore Jovem.
 At tu siquid agam scitabere (si modò saltem
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)

Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,
 Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris,
Vagiturque Dei, et stabulentem paupere tecto
 Qui suprema suo cum patro regna colit,
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesquo æthere turmas,
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patris meditata cicutis.
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris.

ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno Ætatis 19.

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
 Atque tuum spreui maxime numen Amor.
Tu puer imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas,
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos.
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
 Promptior) et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
 Prodidit astantem moto pharetra Deum;
Prodit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in eterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares,
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et miser exemplo sapiisses tutiùs, inquit,
 Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.

Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et illi mihi;
 Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.
 Me neguit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
 Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques:
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
 Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
 Cætera quæ dubitas melius mea tela docebunt?
 Et tua non leviter corda patenda mihi.
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem
 Dixit, et aurato quatiens mucrone sagittarum,
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.
 Turba frequens, facièque simillima turba dearum
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
 Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
 Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
 Neve oculos potuit continuisse meos.
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
 Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
 Sic regina Deùm conspicienda fuit.
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
 Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
 Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
 Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
 Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inermis ferit.
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
 Uror amans intus flammaque totus eram.
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,

Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? amores
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
 Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui;
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
 Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit,
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
 Parce precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens;
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus et in superis tu mihi summis eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:
 Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea sinqua futura est,
 Cuspis amavuros figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego, mente olim lævâ, studioque supino,
 Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit,
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
 Et Diomedæam vim timet ipsa Venus.

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? an et mītis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcīs,
Liquit Iōrdanios turbine raptus agros.

IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentasti cœlo donasse Iacobum
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidam sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius fœdus in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arts,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter

IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
“Et nec insultus” ait “temnes mea sacra, Britanne,
Supplicium spreta religione dabis.
Et si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non nisi per flammâs triste patebit iter.”

O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!
 Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
 Et Styge damnarat Tænarioque sinu,
 Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
 Quid mirum? Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
 Sensim immortalis assuescere posse sono.
 Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatam cepit Leonora poetam,
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
 Ah miser ille tuo quantò felicius ævo
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ:
 Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pœtheo
 Sævior, aut totus desipisset iners

Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ ;
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fane Achelôïados,
 Littoreamque tua defunctum Naiada ripa
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo ?
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidûm studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino ;
 Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Hæcenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protenûs aret iners.
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnâvit celeres in sua damna manus ;
 Atque ait, heu quantò satius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parvi licet) grato dona tulisse animo !
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem
 Nunc periere mihi et fœtus et ipse parens.

AD CHRISTINAM SUECORUM REGINAM.
 NOMINE CROMWELLI.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem Regina Trionum,
 Christina, Arctoï lucida stella poli !
 Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero ;
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor.
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra ;
 Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

SYLVARUM LIBER.

IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII, MEDICI.

Anno Ætatis 17.

PARERE fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices.

Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iäpete collitis nepotes.

Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassum, dolique ;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.

Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
Nessi venenatus cruore,
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.

Nec fraude turpi Pallidis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Iliion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.

Sic triste fatum verba Hecatæia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.

Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.

Læsisset et nec te Philyreie,
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.

Tuque O ulumno major Appolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum
Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,

Jam præfulsces Palladio gregi
 Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria :
 Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
 Horribiles barathri recessus.
 At fila rupit Persephone tua
 Irata cum te viderit, artibus
 Succoque pollenti, tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespit, et ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
 Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te Judicium-Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatiere campo.

IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno Ætatis 17.

JAM pius extrema veniens Iacobus ab arcto,
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque, sedebat
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis :
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
 Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros ;
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aère diras,
 Illac unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
 Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes ;
 Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus ;
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.

Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
 Ante expugnatae crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque et festâ pace beatam
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur ;
 Qualia Trinacria truxa ab Jove clausus in Ætna
 Efflat tabifico monstruosus ab ore Tiphœus.
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspidis
 Atque pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
 Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
 Hactenus ; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis ;
 Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines : a parte sinistra
 Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem ;
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
 Evehitur, præeunt submisso poplite reges,
 Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum ;
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
 Cimneriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
 Templâ dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
 Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
 Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
 Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,

Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
 Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætémque ferocem,
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
 Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
 Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
 Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
 Astitit; assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
 Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
 Vertice de raso, et ne quicquam desit ad artes,
 Cannabeo lumbos constrictit fune salaces,
 Tarda fenestris figens vestigia calceis.
 Talis, ut fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu
 Solvit in has fallax ora execratia voces;
 Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
 Immemor, O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
 Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque triplex
 Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
 Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
 Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adcrat,
 Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli,
 Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces,
 Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit.
 Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
 Et memor Hesperia disjectam ulciscere classem,
 Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
 Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probosæ,
 Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
 At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
 Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires;
 Tyrrhenum implebit numero milite pontum,
 Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
 Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
 Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
 Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
 Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte laccessos.
 Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:

Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est ;
 Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
 Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
 Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos ;
 Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
 Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
 Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.
 Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fîcôs
 Propositi, factique, mone : quisquâmnè tuorum
 Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ ?
 Percussosque metu subito, casûque stupentes
 Invadat vel Gullus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
 Sæcula sio illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
 Et nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis.
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas .
 Vesti inauratas redeunti lumine terras ;
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis :
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulae,
 Nocturnos visus, et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
 Efferat quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
 Hic inter cæmenta jacet præruptaque saxa,
 Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro ;
 Hic dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces,
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
 Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horror ,
 Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
 Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
 Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
 Et Phónos, et prodotes, nulloque sequente per antrum,
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,
 Diffugiunt sotes, et retrò lumina vortunt ;
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.

Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
 Gens exosa mihi ; prudens natura negavit
 Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo :

Illic, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
 Tartareoque leves diffidentur pulvere in auras
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
 Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
 Despiciit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terra
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;
 Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
 Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros:
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
 Qualiter instrepitant circum muletralia bombis
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
 Dum canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
 Nec tot, Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
 Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
 Lumina non unquam tacito nuntantia somno.
 Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
 Istitis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli:
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
 Culibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax
 Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.

Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
 Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
 Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terrâque tremento
 Fama siles? an te latet impia Papistarum
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos.
 Et nova sceptigero cædes meditata Iacobo?
 Nec plura, il^l statim sensit mandata Tonantis,

Et satis ante fugax stridentis induit alas,
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis ;
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
 Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
 Atque parum est cursu celerus prævertere nubes
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :
 Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
 Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
 Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Insidiis loca structa silet ? stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverit omnem.

Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papticolûm ; capit pœnas raptantur ad acres ;
 At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores ;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit : Quintoque Novembris
 Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

Anno Ætatis 17.

ADHUC madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et sicca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis Præsulis,
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ! semper mali
 Cladisque vera nuntia)
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
 Populosque Neptuno satos,
 Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus
 Te generis humani decus,
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida
 Conceptit alto diriora pectore ,

Graiusque vates parcius
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
 Sponsamque Neobolen suam.
 At ecce diras ipse dum fundo gravez,
 Et imprecor neci necem,
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :
 Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
 Bilemque, et irritas minas,
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
 Subitoque ad iras percita ?
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
 Mors atra Noctis filia,
 Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
 Vastove nata sub Chao :
 Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei
 Messes ubique colligit ;
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
 In lucem et auras evocat ;
 Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ ;
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris .
 At justa raptat impios
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
 Sedesque subterraneas,
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites
 Ad astra sublimis feror :
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum senex
 Auriga currus ignei.
 Non me Bootis terrure lucidi
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
 Non ensis Orion tuus.
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
 Longéque sub pedibus deam
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
 Frænis dracones aureis.
 Erraticorum, syderum per ordines,
 Per lacteas vehor plagas,
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam ;
 Donec nitentes ad fores
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
 Stratam smaragdus atrium.

Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
 Oriundus humano patre,
 Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
 Sat est in eternum frui.

NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

HEU quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avi mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
 Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
 Et se fassa senem malè ertis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squallorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt? an et insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet Coelum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympius aula
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;
 Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
 Tu quoque Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruina
 Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
 Tunc etiam-aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
 Terre bunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
 Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
 Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurne;
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cœlos.

Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et accl ut olim
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
 Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum,
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosis ab Indis,
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
 Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
 Cœruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
 Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
 Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæli vigor ille vetusti
 Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
 Phœbe tuusque et Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
 Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

DE IDEA PLATONICA QUEMADMODUM
 ARISTOTELES INTELEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsidēs nemorum dea
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
 Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm.
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo.

Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei ꝑ
 Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis ;
 Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
 Tamen seorsûs extat ad morem unius,
 Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci ;
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
 Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum :
 Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas :
 Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
 Atlante major portitore syderum.
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,
 Dirçæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu ;
 Non hunc silenti nocte Pkëiones nepos
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro ;
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavas Nini,
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem.
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
 At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
 Jam jam, poetas urbis exules tuæ
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus ;
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

AD PATREM.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
 Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
 Exiguum meditatur opus : nec novimus ipsi
 Aptiûs à nobis quæ possint munera donis
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
 Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,

Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
 Quas mihi semoto somni perperere sub antro,
 Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
 Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
 Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
 Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
 Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
 Carmini sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ ;
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum ;
 Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
 Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
 Nos etiam patrium tunc eum repetemus Olympum,
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi ;
 Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
 Dulcia suaviloque sociantes carmina plectro,
 Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbis,
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercinat ipse choreis
 Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen ;
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila serpens,
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion ;
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitis ab arbore crines,
 Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
 Et chaos, et positi latè fundamina mundi,
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
 Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis ?
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orphea cantus,
 Qui tepuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
 Carmine, non citharâ ; simulachraque funeta canende
 Compulit in lachrymas ; habet has à carmine laudes.
 Nec tu perge precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus

Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
 Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
 Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti,
 Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur ?
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.

Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
 Non odisse reor ; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
 Quà via lata patet, quà prœnior area lueri,
 Certa que contendi fulget spes aurea nummi :
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custodita que gentis
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures ;
 Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem
 Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
 Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
 Officium chara taceo commune parentis,
 Me poscunt majora : tuo, pater optime, sumptu
 Cùm mihi Romulæ patuit facundia linguæ,
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores ;
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
 Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus.
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
 Denique quicquid habet cœlum, sublectaque cœlo
 Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfusus aer,
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
 Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit :
 Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
 Austriaci gazas, Perûanaque regna præoptas.
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
 Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cœlo ?
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
 Atque Hyperionis currus, et fræna diei,
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
 Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo ;

Janque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
 Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
 Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
 In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
 Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
 Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merent
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
 Sic memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapiant oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM
 ÆGROTANTEM.

SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cùm decentes flava Dëiope suras
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;
 Adesdum et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
 Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ
 Viroque, doctæque indolem juventutis.
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitùs sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,

Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat ;
 Nec id pepercit impia quod tu Romano
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.

O dulce divûm munus, O salus Hebes
 Germana ! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror,
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
 Lavamen ægro fert certatim vati.
 Sic ille, charis redditus rursûm Musis,
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges
 Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro :
 Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
 Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Vllensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studii,
 nec non et bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati
 Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus ; erat enim Tassi amicissimus ; ab quo
 etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus *Gerusa-*
lemme Conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, e Corteci
 Risplende il Manso—

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque
 ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab ea urbe
 discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderat, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
 Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,
 Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
 Post Galli cineres, et Mœcænatis Hetrusci.
 Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
 Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebis.
 Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
 Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis ;
 Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
 Tradidit ; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum

Dum canit Assyrios divûm prolixus amores ;
 Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas,
 Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
 Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit :
 Nec manes pietas tua chara fecellit amici ;
 Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.
 Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
 Officia in tumulo ; cupis integros rapere Orco,
 Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges :
 Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
 Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ ;
 Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam,
 Retulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
 Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,
 Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
 Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
 Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabare Musam,
 Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
 Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
 Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
 Credimus obscuras noctes sensisse per umbras,
 Quâ Thamesis late puris argenteus urnis
 Oceani Glaucos perfundit gurgite crines :
 Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo
 Quâ plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
 Halantemque crocum (perhibit nisi vana vetustas)
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
 (Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
 Delo in herbosa Graiæ de more puellæ,
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaerge,
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
 Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,
 Claraque perpetui sucerescet fama Marini ;
 Tu quoque inora frequens venies, plausumque virorvm,
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
 Dicitur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
 Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musæ :

At non sponte domum tamen idem, et regis avidit
 Rura Pheretiadae, caelo fugitivus Apollo ;
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;
 Tantùm ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta,
 Peneium prope rivum : ibi saepe sub ilice nigrâ,
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blanda prece victus amici,
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
 Saxa stetero loco ; nutat Trachinia rupes,
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas ;
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
 Nascentem, et miti lustrarat lumine Phœbus,
 Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim, nisi charus ab ortus
 Diis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.

Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos ;
 Nondum deciduos sevans tibi frontis honores,
 Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
 O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
 Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
 Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem ;
 Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ
 Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modo spiritus adsit)
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonem sub Marte phalanges
 Tandem ubi non tacitæ permeus tempora vitæ,
 Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis,
 Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ ;
 Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
 Curaret parvet componi molliter urna :
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
 Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
 Fronde cemas, at ego securo pace quiescam.
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
 Ipse ego cælicolùm semotus in æthera divùm,
 Quó labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
 Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
 Quantum fata sinunt : et tota mente serenùm
 Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, a pueritia am. el erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetrurix Luca paterno genere ortundus, cætera Anglus ingenio doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus ;
Dum sibi pæruptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis ; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thusca retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictis
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum verò amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,
Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere, Damon !
Siccine nos linqvis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omni silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit :
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piùmque,
Palladiasque artes, sociùmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon,
 At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
 Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
 Frigoribus duris, et per loca foeta pruinis,
 Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
 Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
 Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis
 Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
 Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
 Ducibus alloquiis, grato cùm sibilat igni
 Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus auster
 Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
 Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascea solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
 Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula sylvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni
 Heu, quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
 Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,
 Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
 Mœrent, inque suum convetunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphisibœus ad crnos,
 Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas.
 "Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco,
 Hic Zephiri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas;"
 Ista canunt surdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notârat,
 (Et callebat avium linguas, et sidera Mopsus)
 Thyrsi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis!
 Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum,
 Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
 Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Mirantur nymphæ, et quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est ?
 Quid tibi vis ? aiunt, non hæc solet esse juventæ
 Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi,
 Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
 Jure petit, bis ille miser qui serus amavit.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, et filia Baucidis Ægle
 Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu,
 Venit Idumanii Chlorus vicina fluenti ;
 Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,
 Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hei mihi, quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
 Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales !
 Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
 De grege, si densi veniunt ad pabula thoos,
 Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri ;
 Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
 Agmina Phocarum numerat, velisque volucrum
 Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
 Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
 Quem si sors letho objecit, sua milvus adunco
 Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
 Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
 Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fati
 Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors ;
 Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum ;
 Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
 Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam !
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit ;)
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes
 Tot sylvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes !
 Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
 Et dixisse " Vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra."

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,

Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam,
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multum
 Displicui, nam sunt et apud me munera vestra
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerca vincla cicutæ;
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
 Et Datis, et Francinus, erant et vocibus ambo
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni,
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.
 Ah quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat.
 Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
 Vimina nunc textit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
 Arrigui voto levis, et præsentia finxi,
 Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid fortore tardat,
 Imus? et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbra,
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugora Caseibelauni?
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina succos,
 Helleborumque, humilésque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi.
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum,
 Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
 Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
 Fistula, ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,
 Et tum forte novis admôram labra cicutis,
 Dissiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
 Ferre graves potuere sonos, dubito quoque ne sim
 Turgidulus, tamen et referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
 Brennûmque Arvigarumque duces, prisecumque Belinum,
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iögernem,
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorkois arma,
 Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita supersit,
 Tu procul annosa pendebis fistula pinu
 Multum oblita mihi; aut patriis mutata Camœnis

Brittonicum strides, quid enim ? omnia non licet uni,
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia, mi satis ampla
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ.
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
 Hæc, et plura simul ; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
 Mansus Chalcidicæ non nltima gloria ripæ,
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
 Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento :
 In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ,
 Has inter Phoenix divina avis, unica terris,
 Cæruleùm fulgens diversicoloribus alls,
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis ;
 Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus :
 Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ
 Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo ;
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobili vulgi
 Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tella per orbis
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus.
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
 Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
 Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus ?
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisisse sub orco,
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrâ,
 Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede repulit arcum ;
 Heroùmque animas inter, divósque perennes,
 Æthereos haurit latices et guadia potat
 Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
 Dexter ades, placidúsque fave quicumque vocaris,
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis
 Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon :
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
 Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,

Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos ;
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia Thyrsos.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ
 BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

Jan. 23, 1846.

libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis
 nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber
 Fronde licet geminâ,
 Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
 Quam manus attulit
 Juvenilis olim,
 Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ ;
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
 Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit
 Insons populi, barbitóque devius
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
 Longinquum intonuit melos
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

Antistrophe.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus
 Subduxit reliquis dolo ?
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,
 Docto jugiter obscerante amico
 Illustre tendebas iter
 Thamesis ad incunabula
 Cærulei patris,
 Fontes ubi limpidi
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
 Orbi notus per immensos
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
 Celeberque futurus in ævum ?

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,

(Si satis noqas luimus priores,
 Mollique luxu degener otium)
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm ·
 Immundasque volucres
 Unguibus imminentes
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
 Phinéamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegasto.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuncii licet malâ
 Fide, vel oscitantîâ,
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
 Seu quis te teneat specus,
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
 Callo teréris institoris insulsi,
 Lætare felix en iterum tibi
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ :

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roûsius sui
 Optat peculi, numeróque justo
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogataque venias ille, cujus inclyta
 Sunt data virum monumenta curæ :
 Teque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidebat
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
 Quàm cui præfuit Iôn
 Clarus Erechtheides
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Ion Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amœnos,
 Diamque Pecebi rursus ibis in domum.
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit,
 Delo posthabitâ,

Bifidóque Parnassi jugo :
 Ibis honestus,
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina
 Authorum, Graeae simul et Latinæ
 Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubco
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas,
 Quas bonus Hermes
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,
 Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè
 Turba legentum parva facesset ;
 At ultimi nepotes,
 Et cordatior ætas
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
 Adhibebit, integro sinu.
 Tum, livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
 Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ de-
 mum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero,
 nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secumimus,
 commodè legendi potiùs, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rati-
 onem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici mon-
 strophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχήσιν, partim
 ἀπολειμμένα. Phalœncia quæ sunt Spondæum tertio loco bis
 admittunt, quod idem in secundo lobo Catullus ad libitum fecit.

PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παιδῆς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβου
 Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνο.
 Δὴ τότε μούνην ἔην ὄσιον γένος υἱὲς Ἰουδα.
 Ἐν δὲ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
 Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐβῆρνε θάλασσα
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὃδ' ἄρ' ἐσφυφελίχθη
 Ἴρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροεῖδια πηγῆν.

Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγδάντες ἕτραφερῶ ἔν ἀλωῇ.
 Βαιοτέραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
 Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρονες·
 Τίπτει σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φῦγαδ' ἐρρώησσι·
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;
 Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε.
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγδάντες ἕτραφερῶ ἔν ἀλωῇ;
 Βαιοτέραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὑμμηῖς ἀνασκίρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,
 Οἷα παρὰ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρονες;
 Σείσο γαῖα τρέουσα βέδν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
 Βαῖα βέδν τρέιους' ὑπατον σίβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοῦς χέε μορμύροντας,
 Κρήνηντ' αἰνεῖν πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοίσεως.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem
 inter reos forte captum in seius damnaverat, ἔφη ἐπὶ θανάτῳ
 πορευόμενος, hæc subito misit.

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὄλωσ δράσαντα, σοφάτατον ἴσθι κέρηνον
 Ῥηιδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὔθι νόησεις,
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἐπειτα τεδὸν πρὸς θυλὸν ἔδυρῃ
 Τοῖν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλλακρ ὀλέσσαις

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem

Ἄμαθει γεγράφθαι χεῖρὶ τήνδ' ἐμὴν εἰκόνα
 Φαίης τάχ' ἂν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυῆς βλέπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνότες φίλοι
 Γελάτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

ITALIAN SONNETS.

I.

DONNA leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L' herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d' ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non inamora,
Che dolcemente mestra si di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d' amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s' infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L' entranta, chi dite si truova indegno ;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi.

II

QUAL in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L' avezza giovinetta pastorelia
Va bagnando l' herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E 'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l' altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh ! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro ~~seto~~
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi
 ' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi ?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi ;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, et altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
 Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?
 Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
 Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir, é il mio cuore
 Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

III.

DIODATI, e te 'l dirò con meraviglia,
 Quel ritroso io ch' amor spreggiar soléa
 E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
 Già caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s' impiglia.
 Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea
 Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,
 Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
 Parole adorne di lingua piu d' una,
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' hemispero
 Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
 E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fa poco.

IV.

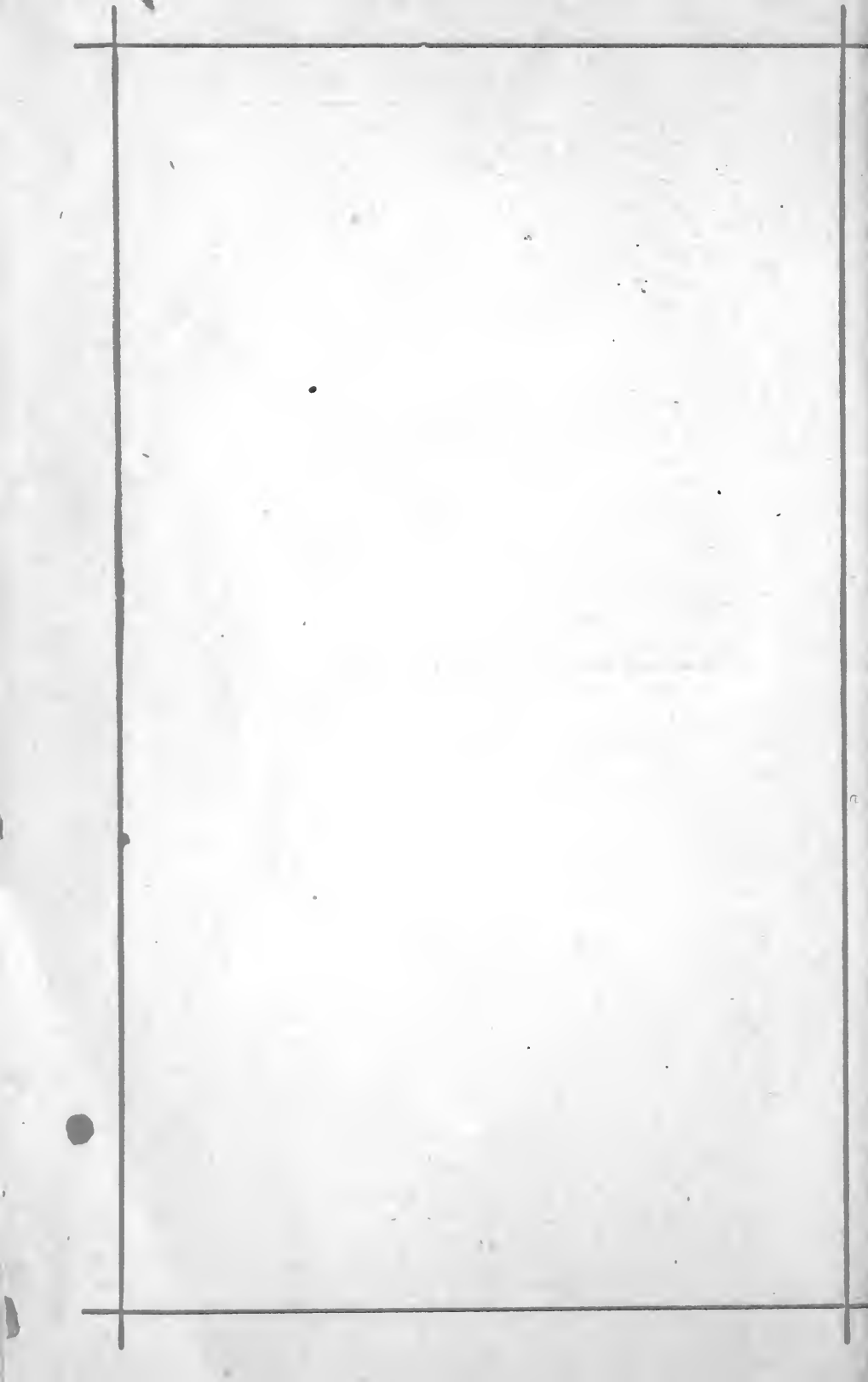
PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
 Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
 Si mi pereuoton forte, come ei suole
 Per l' arene di Libia chi s' inuia,
 Mentre un caldo vapor (no senti pria)
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,

Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir, io non so che si sia :
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia, o s' ingiela :
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge a trovar leco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.

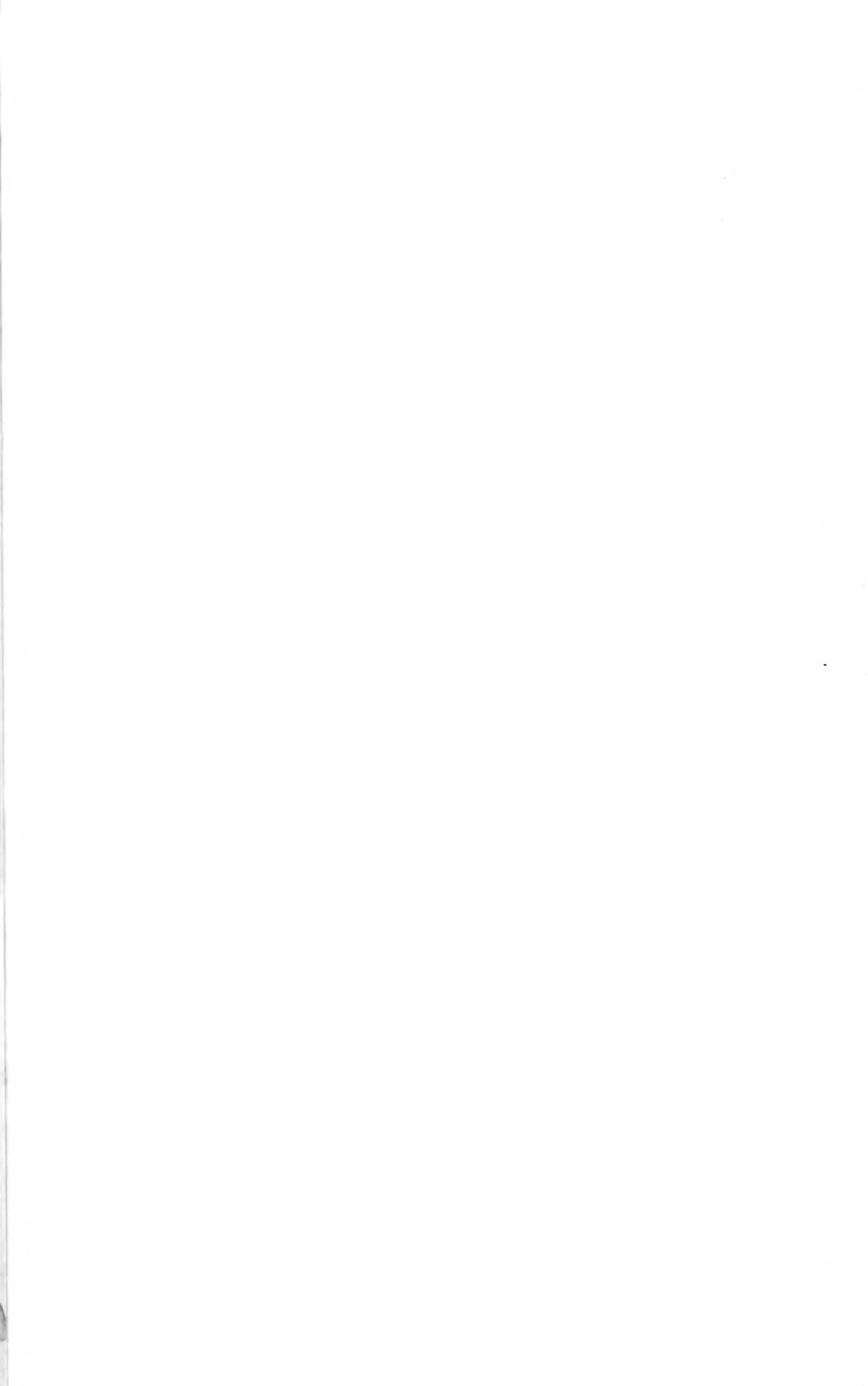
V.

GIOVANE piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono
Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante
L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
Quanto rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono
S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze al popol use
Quanto d'ingegno, e d' alo valor vago
E di cetta sonora, e delle muse :
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor mise l' insanabil ago.

THE END.











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